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-Crash- (1)

Characters: America, Russia, Germany and Canada

___

America hummed to himself as he drove under the moon, his fingers tapping in the steering wheel quietly, taking the driving shift right after Canada, who drove the morning.

He, Russia, Germany and Canada planned a little road trip to camp together, having it planned since last month and finally putting it on action.

Russia was in the passenger seat tapping on his phone while both Germany and Canada slept in the backseat.

Everything was calm as the radio station was in a low voice, the news channel giving a comforting sound in the calm car, the heating system on as the rain tapped gently on the car.

Russia closed his phone and rested his head on the soothing cold window, enjoying the sound of the rain on glass as he looked at the looming trees in the road.

"Don't tell me you'll sleep too." Russia snorted at America's complain and straightened up in his seat. "Wasn't planning to but I wouldn't mind sleeping than staying with you." Russia teased as America turned to him with a deep frown.

"Now I'm offended, sir."

That made the Russian laugh and push America's face away. "Serves you right!" He snickered and turned to look out the window and it went back to the comfortable silence.

"What do you think of the rain?" Russia asked as he stared out the

window, his pressed cheek freezing in the process.

"Why the sudden question?"

"Trying to start a conversation."

"Really..?" America chuckled and heard Russia shuffling in his jacket. "I mean, it's working?" Russia smirked as America rolled his eyes.

"I'm not a fan of getting wet in the rain, my siblings have other plans though." He smiled in memory. "The moment a little droplet falls and they're all out."

Russia smiled as his mind replayed memories as well. "Yeah.." he looked out the window again and got lost down in memory lane and America let him be.

"No careful! Kaz don't- don't eat that mud!" Russia yelled at his little brother whom held the mud ball high up happily.

"It's a mud pie silly!" He said as Moldova grinned and asked for a piece, making Russia grimace as they both were about to eat it.

"Kaz, Moldova, drop the mud and get inside, the rain is getting stronger!"

"Yes papa!" They all walked inside and that's when Ukraine and their mother decided to make something hot to drink, seeing as the boys were soaking wet from the rain, except for Belarus who was with his father, playing with his puzzle and Kazakhstan immediately joined them after he changed to dry clothes.

He remembered looking up at his mother who wiped his cheeks and smiled at him, handing him his mug of hot chocolate and putting a blanket around him.

Russia's eyes were closing slowly, swearing that he could smell the familiar hot chocolate made by his mother and sister.

But it was all interrupted by the sudden tree fall before them.

"Watch out watch out!" Russia gripped his seat tightly and could hear Germany and Canada behind him.

America's knuckles were white as he spun the steering wheel to avoid crashing the tree but due to the wet asphalt, he easily lost control of the car and the next thing, they couldn't tell which way is up or down.

The car swiveled outside the road and fell down the hill, flipping five times and was about to flip even more but a large tree stopped it, bending the car slightly and then it was quiet.

America blinked in shock as he heard the car's beeping system and saw the many lights were on and he pulled the key out and sighed shakily, the adrenaline pumping through him to the point where he didn't feel the pain in his body.

The sudden silence was broken with Germany crying weakly as he was behind Russia's seat, arm bending in the most unnatural way as it was trapped by the bent door, his cheek bleeding from the broken glass and wood entering the car.

Canada on the other hand was shaken up and gripping his seatbelt with shaking hands, his shoulder throbbing with pain and his lower body felt like it was on fire from the flipping car as he felt his ankle in an immense pain.

"A-Ame.." he called out weakly, almost entering a panic attack as he felt confused, one moment he was asleep and now he's in a crushed car where he barely managed to move his body.

"Calm down..everything's alright.." Russia spoke up, ignoring every screaming muscle in him as he tried to reach for his phone, stopping and screaming in pain when his side was irritated and he looked down at it, breathing weakly and laughing.

"Russia..?" America turned to his friend shakily and looked at him, for some reason, he couldn't judge Russia for laughing, sometimes getting shocked does that.

"There's a branch inside my side.." Russia breathed weakly as he

lowered his head and could feel the pain hurting him too much. "It hurts.." he tried to pull it out but he only made it worse as he groaned, the warm blood coming his jacket and seat.

America closed his eyes as he let his tears fall. He wanted to move, to reach his hand under his legs where his phone fell or to look for any phone nearby but every fiber of his body was begging him to stop moving.

Germany's cries broke their hearts as the country was in a full panic mode, his crying was enough to make Canada hiccup and bite his lip to mute his sobs, both feeling scared and lost, the rain entering from the windows and mixing with his tears.

"It's alright, it's alright.." America tried to assure them as he ignored his aching body and reached under his leg, having to guess where his phone fell and once he held it he smiled triumphantly and immediately went to the emergency calls and dialed the number.

Russia breathed weakly as he rested his head back, letting the rain and wood tickle his cheek, the cold wind numbing his exposed body, he felt every breathe he took was like a spike in his side, his head lulled to the side from how dizzy he was feeling.

He couldn't make out the phone call where America was talking to the ambulance as he tried to breathe without causing pain to himself, hearing the weak cries behind him from Germany and Canada.

Russia couldn't get annoyed or mad at the two countries, they let their emotions out and if he would be honest, he wanted to cry as well, but he just couldn't.

"I-it's okay, Germany.." Canada said with his wavering voice as he tried to reach out for the trapped winged German. "Ame called for help..they'll come for us..does anything else hurt you..? Your wings..? Head..?"

Germany's cries calmed down as they were now sniffles and whimpers. "N-no...just...m-my arm..." he said as he looked around him.

"Please hurry.." they all turned to America who clutched his phone and did his best not to lose his grip on his emotions.

Soon his hand fell on his lap as he let out a shuddering breath.

"They'll come...they are coming...j-just stay awake.." America said tiredly and closed his eyes tightly.

"It's alright..."

-Crash- (2)

Characters: America, Canada, Russia, Germany, Francia, Britain, Soviet, Reich.

Author note, important: in my CH world, France has a twin sister who's name is Francia, who is Britain's wife and the mother of the silly four kids (Ame, Nada, Kiwi and Aussie)

—-

Britain was woken up with the news that his two elder sons got into an accident, and before he knew it, he was grabbing the keys to his car with Francia right behind him while holding her husband's cane that he forgot behind him from the rush.

The hospital in which they brought the four boys to was only half an hour away, yet to Britain, it felt like time was stretching on him. Stopping at a red light, he felt a hand squeeze his as he looked to see Francia holding it tightly while she silently cried, hoping that it would calm her down by holding his hand.

"it's alright...they told us they were awake when they arrived at the scene." Britain said to calm her, yet it still didn't calm his racing heart at his kids.

Arriving at the hospital, he was running and ignoring hos he bumped into some people, not hearing how his wife was apologizing and running after him, dedicatedly holding the cane.

He turned his head when he heard the familiar thick Russian accent. "Where is he?!"

"He's currently in the surgical ward being operated-"

"Soviet!" the Russian country turned around immediately, and the nurse took it as a chance and left them before Soviet could eat her alive with his fury. "W-Where are they?! Please tell me they are

fine!" Britain held Soviet's arms shakily and the taller country was shocked at how disheveled he was.

Soviet sighed and looked down at his feet, clinching his hands. "I barely got anything about my son...I don't know about the others..."

Francia bit her lips not to cry, averting her eyes to a vibrant red color and her eyes widened at the sight of Third Reich who was walking silently to one of the doctors and grabbed a hold of his collar.

"Reich-" both Britain and Soviet rushed to the German who was losing his mind while yelling at the doctor for his son's whereabouts, being held back by Soviet.

"Calm down, Reich-!"

" Let go! Tell me where he is! You better tell me he's alive or I'll-"

"You'll do nothing! Reich, both of my kids are there as well, we need to calm down and wait...it's hard. I know."

Reich growled at them and shoved Soviet away from him and went to one of the seats, silently hoping for the best.

A few minutes later, the sound of unrhythmic footsteps filled the room as the first country arrived to them, cheek swollen and instead of his usual outfit and fur hat, he was wearing a hospital gown.

The four adults looked up and Francia immediately shoved the cane away and rushed to her eldest son and hugged him tightly, her tears falling on her cheeks nonstop.

"M-mother...broken rib..." Canada said weakly as he put his good arm around his mother and saw his father come to him.

"S-sorry...my dear oh you're fine...where's Ame?" Francia asked softly as she wiped her son's tears.

Canada looked at his parents then at Soviet and Reich, who were trying their best to hold back their questions. "Ame is fine, he's awake and getting his dislocated shoulder checked as well as his

broken ankle. Germany had a broken arm and some scratches here and there from the broken window...um, R-Russia..."

Soviet felt his heart in his throat as he looked at Canada who was containing his tears. "He passed out in the ambulance. He lost some blood from the branch that entered his side...last I saw him was him being pushed on a rolling bed with a paramedic holding a blood bag...t-the branch...still there..." Canada was shaking with kept tears while Soviet felt the room spinning as he fell on the chair with a force, making Reich look at him and then look away, his emotions in a havoc wreck.

Canada let out a small, chocked sob as he hugged his mother, shaking in her hold. "I was asleep...everything was calm and I woke up with the car flipping..." he felt a hand run through his messy and bloodied hair as he kept on trying to chock back his sobs but the moment he heard his mother tell him to let it out, he broke down in her arms crying his heart out, releasing the trauma and shock that he kept within him.

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He opened his eyes tiredly, the anesthesia still running through his system, making him unaware of what is a reality and what is not. "What..." he groaned when he looked around, seeing that it wasn't the car.

"Easy..." he felt a hand on his shoulder as he turned to the face and blinked in surprise. "Father...? Hah...what are you doing here? And why am I not in the car...?" he slurred tiredly as Soviet smiled sadly and brushed his hair.

"You don't remember huh..." he brushed his hair as Russia pouted and looked around him then back at his father. "what's wrong...any pain?"

"Yeah, my side hurts a lot, like its burning me..." he looked down at his side and moved his gown but Soviet stopped him. "Hey..." he tried to look but Soviet easily put his hand away and pressed the button for a nurse to come over and give him some dose of painkillers.

Russia felt his eyelids getting heavier and soon everything went black.

...

The next time Russia woke up, he felt he was more aware of his surroundings.

"don't make me laugh please my ribs are begging..."

"Guys, Russia is still asleep quiet..."

"So, I was like-"

"America...when will you stop making everything about you...?" Russia groaned and tried to sit up, but it only made his injury hurt him more and he laid back down. "Ugh...what...?"

"You had the branch removed." Germany said as Russia only blinked, trying to remember the events, making a small 'oh' in realization when his memory clicked. Then he looked at the other occupants in the room, his father being the nearest to him, standing by his head. Britain and Francia sitting on a large couch by the window. America was resting on a wheelchair with his foot on a cast. Canada was sitting on a plastic chair as well as Germany whose arm was in a sling, and lastly Reich was on an armchair that was next to the couch.

"Russia?" Soviet asked with slight worry as Russia rested his head on the pillow, looking at the ceiling.

"I'm okay." Russia assured his father and asked him to help him move the bed to a sitting position.

"So, since we're all awake. I think we deserve some good food. I'm starving." America said and took out his phone as Canada chuckled.

"Kids meal or large?" America looked up as Russia snorted while Germany laughed, all who were in the room knew that what America is doing wasn't out of being careless, but its just his way to show his affection to his friends and family.

"I'll break all the rules, get me a double cheeseburger..." Britain grumbled playfully while his kids and wife looked at him in surprise. "What? I'm hungry!"

Reich smirked and looked at America. "As long as you'll pay?"

"Hey now I went through an accident, at least fight me back for payment." America huffed while Canada crossed his arms.

"You offer, you pay." The room was filled with small chuckles and laughter as America kept his grumpy act, but a smile was under there and Canada smiled as he saw it.

(End of Crash, made into two parts)

-Aquaphobia-

Characters: Soviet, Russia, Reich, Germany, Poland, Britain, America, Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

_____

"Cannonball!"

"America!"

Reich hide under the shadows of his umbrella as he watched the younger countries enjoying their summer in the large pool of the chalet.

The chalet was owned by Italy who let America stay in it and invite his friends over. It was a large chalet near the sea, two floors with a pool area outside, and surrounded by a glass fence, behind the fence was the beach with only a little walk on the sand to reach for it.

"You made me swallow water.." Germany groaned as he coughed a little and Russia laughed, putting America in a chokehold and downing himself with him in the pool.

"You little-" America resurfaced with a smirk and tackled Russia.

"No murdering! It's a vacation!" Canada yelled from his spot as he was in the shades with Australia, and Poland who got out of the pool and grabbed a soda to chat with both of them.

Soviet walked out of the chalet with Britain behind him. He glanced over at Reich and waited until Britain was far away from earshot then spoke. "Will you be alright?" He asked as Reich grunted and watched his son.

"Stop treating me like a toddler."

"If you stop acting like one." Soviet went to the cooler and grabbed

two sodas, tossing one at Reich. "I'm only asking because you're my friend."

"I'll be fine. As long as I'm not near the water."

And the conversation was done from there.

After a while, the boys decided to go to the beach, swim there and explore the area around it. Germany pushed his hair from his eyes, shaking his wings to dry them then turned to his father with a grin. "Will you join us down there?"

"No." Reich answered with his eyes closed and heard America talk.

"Lame!" Reich opened one of eyes, staring coldly at America who flinched and hide behind Canada.

"You angered him.." the older sibling sighed and looked apologetically at Reich, leaving with his brother.

"Come on, Germany! Soviet and Russia beat us there!"

"Coming Poland! Take care." Germany waved at his father then followed his friend to the shore.

Reich sighed as he stared up at the sky, watching the clouds move by as he enjoyed the silence.

"That's my shell! I saw it first!"

"Silly little Aussie didn't take it before me~ ah! Get off me!"

"You angered the Australian man, you get what you deserve."

Reich heard the sound of laughter and between all the mixed voices, he managed to know his son's quiet and calm laughter and he has to admit, it made him feel at ease and want to join them.

Because, how many times will he be in a chalet with all these countries and chill together? Apparently not always. So sitting here feels like he is only wasting this gem of a chance to feel free and enjoy a vacation.

"Ugh..okay okay.." Reich got up and stretched himself from being on the chair for so long, then he took his steps to leave the pool area and go down the path where it lead to the shore.

Yet, to his delight, his leg slipped by the edge of the pool and before he could realize what was happening, he was engulfed with that fearsome darkness.

It was cold and freezing, hugging his body and chest tightly, all he could see was a blue blur and air bubbles around him.

He tried to scream, to call out for anyone but that big blue void always made everything quiet and sluggish. Like a slow death crawling at him.

Reich, for the first time in a while, *felt fear*.

..

Soviet stood with his arms crossed as he watched Russia kick at the shore, splashing water and watching the droplets reflect the sunlight.

"AH! Something touched my leg!" Poland screamed and kicked around, making Russia and Germany yell in rage at their friend, who was scared of a seaweed brushing his leg.

Soviet stood there as he watched them and his eye looked distant, as if an inner voice was telling him that something wrong happened.

Reich.

He was supposed to be down here with them. He knows him, he won't stay off with himself for that long. If he knew Reich any better, the man would be down here right now and complaining.

"You look...distressed." Britain stood next to Soviet with a worried frown. "Is something the matter?"

"...Reich should have been here." Soviet said and looked back at the chalet in uneasiness then looked at Britain when he felt his hand on

his shoulder.

"Now now, my friend. You shouldn't fret too much about him, you know Reich-"

"Father!" Both adults turned to the shriek of New Zealand who was running out from the chalet. "Reich! He drowned in the pool!"

Soviet didn't look behind him when he ran to the pool.

..

Dark.

All he saw was the dark around him and could only feel the coldness. He forgot why he was here, but it was calming him.

He looked around him one more time, then heard voices. They were distant and far, like he was under the water. Tilting his head, he tried to call out but couldn't speak as he reached his hand to his throat and frowned.

Opening his mouth again he realized he couldn't breathe. All of a sudden, a burning pain erupted in his chest as he fell on his knees and grunted in agony, it hurt too much.

The darkness around him faded and the voices were becoming clearer.

"—'s waking up! Roll him to his side!"

"It's okay, breathe."

Reich gasped as he opened his eyes and coughed all the water from inside his chest, laying on his side as he let out a shaky breathe, grunting and wanting to speak, but he was yet again interpreted by a cough that sent fire to his throat and chest.

"Easy now. Can you sit up?"

Reich tried to regain his breathing as he planted his hand on the ground and tried to sit up on shaking arms, feeling Germany's hands

assist his slim body to a sitting position.

"What...happened..?" Reich asked in a hoarse voice as Soviet sighed and sat in front of him, crossing his legs.

"We should be asking you that. New Zealand came down to us in a panic and told us that you drowned."

"..." Reich blinked his eyes as he looked around him, seeing the youngest country between them, New Zealand, look worried and scared. Then he put his hand on his forehead. "I..was coming over to you guys, then it was all dark."

"I guess you slipped." America said as he looked at the pool. "The area around the pool was wet and you might have lost your footing."

"Yeah, yeah...that happened." Reich said as he tried to get up, Germany quick to help him on his feet.

Walking inside, Reich was lead to his and Germany's room, going to the shower while Germany took out some clothes for himself and his father.

..

After Reich showered and dried himself, he walked down to the living room, expecting to be alone there but was surprised when he saw his son and the other countries there.

"Oh there you are! We'll start the barbecue soon!" Russia said as he put his last card on the table and got up. "Later losers."

"How can he win three times without cheating?!"

"America please, it's your turn... Also who made the round blue! I'm tired of pulling cards.." Germany whined as Reich looked at his son in amusement then followed Russia who went outside and saw the smoke from outside the pool area by the sand.

Before Reich could walk, he saw Soviet come over to him and walk on his other side by the pool while holding the spikes of meat. "Are

you better now?"

"A bit." Reich said and came over to see Russia helping Britain blow on the fire with some newspaper.

Soon the night fell and everyone was outside watching the meat cook and chat together.

"Are the plates here? The meat is almost done."

"I'll bring them!" Poland got up and Canada went to help him.

"Oh, then I'll bring the cooler." Germany got up and Reich decided to follow his son.

As they walked in, Germany switched places with Reich and stood next to the pool while Reich was on the other side. And Reich didn't say anything, but when he noticed how his son quietly fidgeted with his hands, he spoke up.

"I'm fine, kid"

"I know- I just.." Germany rubbed the back of his neck as Reich shook his head and reached down for the cooler, carrying it.

"Why am I even trying to convince you not to worry, you think too much."

"Vater.." Germany huffed with a blush as Reich laughed and that made Germany calm down.

Putting the cooler down, each country took their favorite drinks and Soviet frowned when he didn't see his own drink.

"I didn't bring it?"

"Ah-! Wait!" Russia snorted and rushed inside the chalet then came back with two bottles of Baikal soda, which made America groan while Reich laughed, sipping his orange soda.

"You did ***not*** bring that!"

"Yes I did!"

"That's my son!" Soviet grinned as he took the soda and opened it, chugging it down with his son.

"That's what I call a father-son bond.." Australia said while opening his soda snd gasping when it got all over him, making New Zealand drown in a fit of chuckles with Poland.

-Vacation Antics-

Characters: Russia, Moldova, Kazakhstan, Belarus, America, Canada, Australia, Slovakia, Germany, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Ukraine and Czechia

———————-

Parking his car, Russia cut the engine and got out, letting his muscles stretch after hours of driving.

"Alright, everyone take your bag and get inside. Estonia, our rooms will be on the east side of the house. Boys will be on the wast." Ukraine said as she got out of the passenger seat and put her bag on her shoulder while her other hand held Russia's bag. "Come on, let's go."

"Raine! Esti!"

"Latvia!" Estonia squealed as she ran over to her Baltic friend and hugged her tightly, both having a reunion while the rest were catching up to them and Latvia lead them to the entrance.

"Lithuania, Czechia and Belgium are waiting for you two. Oh and the boys are in the living room by your side." Latvia pointed her finger to the other side as Russia nodded silently and took his bag from his sister then departed to the west, with Belarus, Kazakhstan and Moldova following behind him.

Belarus turned to the sound of shouting and laughter and pointed at the source of the sound that was behind a door. "Seems like this is the living room?"

"Let's find out~" Kazakhstan knocked the door and before he could open it, Poland did and grinned widely.

"Hey! I saw your car out there! How was the drive-" yet the white

winged country was cut off when Slovakia shouted to Germany.

"Punch him!"

"I'm trying! If he could only stop spamming the same hit.."

Moldova tilted his head to the side and his eyes had stars in them when he saw the video game America and Germany were playing and was about to run to them but Russia held him by the collar, making his youngest brother let out a chocked groan.

"Put your stuff in your room then you can play."

Poland only laughed and decided to lead them to the room where they would stay in.

....

"Alright now that we're all complete. Let's play a volleyball match!" Australia grinned while holding the ball. "I saw a net that's set outside near the lake! Please?"

"Sure, I won't mind." Canada shrugged a shoulder with a smile as America raised his hand. "I get dips on choosing my team!"

"If America is acting like a captain then I'm the opposing team." Russia smirked darkly as America muttered and pointed at Australia.

"You, come with me!"

"Picking the professional? Canada. Come."

Czechia walked over to where Ukraine and Lithuania were sitting and sat near them. "Did I miss anything?"

"Nope, they are choosing the teams." Lithuania said and leaned her chips bag to Czechia who took a handful and tilted her head.

"Does America really hope to win with both Russia and Canada against him? These two would make a terrifying block.."

Ukraine only laughed and shrugged a shoulder. "This'll be fun."

After splitting the teams, they looked like this:

America's team having Germany, Australia, Moldova and Kazakhstan.

Whilst Russia's team consisted of Canada, Poland, Slovakia and Belarus.

"Alright speedy boys, we have to win this for our pride." America said and ruffled Australia's hair. "Win this for us."

Russia took off his ushanka and tied his hair back. "Hey guys, do I get a penalty if I 'accidentally' hit Ame's face?" He said with a wide grin as Slovakia snorted quietly.

Thirty minutes into the game, and both Ukraine and Czechia were cheering for their elder brothers in excitement while Lithuania was opening her second bag of chips, heavily interested in the amusing match.

"Front front!"

"Cover for me!"

Australia jumped up to hit the ball and froze in the air when both Canada and Russia loomed over him to block him.

"Darn it, you tall countries!" He hit their block to rewind the ball back to his team and try again.

"Touched!" Canada smirked as America yelled in anger that his hit didn't break through and Slovakia set the toss for Russia who jumped and spiked it as strong as he can.

Germany tried to run and catch his attack to let the ball fly in the air, yet the ball hit his arms painfully and changed course and was flying to the side where the viewers were.

"Watch out-!"

Czechia jumped when she saw the ball and before she could react, she only managed to put her arms over her face and the ball hit her and made her fall on her back.

A second of silence fell over everyone until Slovakia ran to his sister while Germany rushed while panicking.

"Is she okay?! Did I kill her?!"

"I shouldn't have hit it this hard.." Russia stood next to Germany as he watched Slovakia and Ukraine help Czechia sit upright.

"I'm fine!" Czechia sat up quickly and accidentally bumped her forehead with Slovakia as the siblings groaned in pain.

"Careful! Don't move, I'll help you inside. Do you feel pain in your arms?"

"I'm really fine, my arms are a little sore from the ball hit but really I'm okay!" She shook her arms and grinned. "Keep playing! I want to watch.."

"Slovakia, I'll take her inside and put some ice bags on her arms, she'll be okay." Ukraine assured and helped Czechia up, about to lead the whining young woman inside but Germany spoke.

"I'm really sorry about that, I should have let the ball hit the ground instead, sorry Czechia."

"Sorry for not considering how hard my spike was." Russia nodded as well and frowned while Czechia felt a surge of power when she saw both countries literally apologize in guilt to her yet she only chuckled and shook her head.

"I'm prone to accidents, it's okay Germany, Russia!"

"You shouldn't say that proudly.." Slovakia grumbled and messed up his sister's hair. "Come back and you might catch the second half."

"I hope!" She laughed and was finally lead by Ukraine inside, yet Belgium caught them on the way and started lecturing them.

"Let me take her, you're coming with me Miss 'I'm prone to accidents'!"

"Oof sorry mom..."

"And stop that."

Ukraine laughed and went back to Lithuania, making her laugh as well when she shared Belgium's lecture.

...

Night has fallen as the boys were scattered on the floor by the mattresses, chitchatting together here and there, while the girls were on the other side, with Estonia and Latvia giving both Belgium and Lithuania some make-up and having girly talks.

Ukraine got up and walked around the mattresses, heading to the door. Holding the doorknob, she was about to ask if anyone wanted to join but saw only Czechia was free.

"Want to join me, Czechia? I'll go around the lake a bit." Ukraine smiled and Czechia smiled back while she laid on her mattresses and listened to the girls.

"Oh, I wish I could Raine! But I'm already drowsy.." she yawned and stretched her arms that looked a bit better and the bruises were so small.

"It's okay, I'll be back soon then!" She waved her hand and got out the room.

Poland was walking outside the house while humming to himself yet he froze when he saw a silhouette by the lake, making him worry that someone wasn't feeling well.

"Hello..?" He went over to the figure and the moonlight cleared it for him that it was Ukraine. "O-oh! Ukraine! Uh..you alright..?" He asked nervously and looked behind at the house. "I could get you Russia if you want-"

Ukraine looked back and laughed. "Oh? No no! I'm alright! Nothing

is wrong really!" She felt embarrassed at causing worry for no reason. "I'm heading inside soon anyway, just wanted to watch the stars at night since there isn't much city light here."

Poland made a small 'oh' in understanding and excused himself, immediately walking inside instead of going to his car to get the item he left there.

He bursted inside the room he and the boys are sharing and looked for his target.

"Russia!" He ran to him and sat next to him. "Hey, Russia, I just saw Ukraine outside alone.."

"What?" Russia looked slightly worried.

"Woah is she okay?" Canada asked and Moldova frowned at Poland.

"Did you do anything mister?!" He asked with anger as Russia turned to them both and grumbled, getting up and leaving them behind while taking Poland with him.

"Why are you asking about my sister?" Kazakhstan eyed Canada who blinked. "What I just heard a woman was alone at night? Can't I be worried too-"

"We are enough." Moldova squinted his eyes at Canada who felt pinned by these two then looked at Belarus who looked at him apologetically.

"You sure she said that only?"

"Yeah, and she didn't look like she cried..but I felt I needed to tell you." Poland said as Russia nodded and patted his shoulder.

"Thanks, I'll go see her." He said and walked out, then America looked at Poland.

"Who are we talking about~?"

"No one." Poland and Kazakhstan answered sternly as America lifted his hands up in surrender.

"Okay.."

Russia walked downstairs and went to the door only to see Ukraine walking inside and looked at him with a smile.

"I thought you'd arrive earlier."

"You knew I'm coming?" He asked with a chuckle as she laughed.

"I knew Poland told you even when I told him I'm fine." She shrugged a shoulder.

"You sure you're okay?"

"Yes! Please I was just stargazing!"

"Okay! Can't a brother worry?!" Russia huffed and ruffled her hair aggressively, making her slap his hand away with a giggle.

Soon the two parted ways after assuring Russia that she's totally fine and that there's nothing wrong.

Going upstairs, Ukraine was met with a worried Belgium. "You made me worried when you didn't come early." She sighed and walked beside her to their room. "What took you so long?"

"I talked a bit with Russia before coming." Ukraine smiled at Belgium and patted her shoulder. "You are being a good mom friend~"

"Hey now, I'm the eldest here and you girls sure like doing crazy things." She crossed her arms with a lifted brow as Ukraine laughed.

Both girls reached the room and Estonia was already yawning tiredly while making her night routine care.

"Sleep." Ukraine laid on her mattress next to her sister and playfully pushed her finger on her forehead.

Estonia only chuckled and scooted closer to Ukraine. "Let me do your facial too~ it won't take long!"

Ukraine chuckled and let Estonia do what she wanted, and midway through massaging the night cream on Ukraine's face, she was fast asleep.

-Rain-

A/N: my chapters were deleted accidentally ugh! This is the only chapter I remember that got deleted, I'll try to check and re-upload what got deleted

This was a requested chapter

_____

Characters: Ireland, Scotland and United Kingdom

_____

To Ireland, London is the void of gloominess, it always looked dull and colorless to him. Maybe he's being biased because of Britain but he'll be biased if he wants to. If he could, he wouldn't be here.

Keyword: if he could.

The sound of rain calmed his senses as it hit his umbrella, making a comforting sound that he focused on instead of his surroundings. Right until the familiar building came in sight and he sighed.

Walking in, he greeted the secretary by the desk and closed his umbrella, putting it inside a slot that had other employees' umbrellas.

"I'm here to see Britain." He announced as the secretary typed on the computer she had and nodded her head.

"He's in his office waiting you."

Thanking her, he walked over to the elevator and waited his ride, playing with the string of his file to pass time.

"Ireland! Lad, so good to see you!"

"Let's get it over with, ya know I don't want to be here." Ireland huffed as he pulled the chair and sat down, with Britain chuckling and promising him it won't take long.

It took two hours and a half.

Ireland was already losing his braincells the more time passed. His body was cracking every time he stretched, his hand reaching up his face and dragging it down. "Brit, for the love of- I can't understand anymore." He wants to call it a day and bury himself in his bed.

"Oh well, we are done anyway! I can rerun it over to you once you feel up for it. Thank you for coming today." Britain said as he closed the file and put it in his drawer. "You can leave-"

Ireland didn't need another minute in that chair, he'll burn it one day and get Britain to buy a more comfortable one.

"Where's my umbrella?" Ireland stared at the empty slots that he remembers putting his umbrella there then up at the secretary who looked apologetically at him.

"I..didn't pay attention to whoever took it, I'm sorry sir.."

Ireland took a deep breath and pinched his nose. "It's okay, lass." He sighed and looked outside, defeated that even if the rain wasn't too hard, he didn't want to walk under it and get slightly wet.

Ireland was taking fast steps with his hands above his head, trying to avoid getting himself too wet.

"Well well! Is that me mate Ireland?!"

Ireland turned his head to the voice that appeared next to him and saw the familiar blue flag standing by the entrance of a coffee shop. "Scott?!" Ireland's face brightened as he went to him and both shared a hug. "Grand to see ya! How ya getting on?"

Scotland tightened the hug with a hearty laugh then let go. "I'm good, laddie. What are ye doin' outside without an umbrella is a

wonder!" Scotland asked as he dusted off Ireland's hair. "Ye good?"

"'I brang my umbrella with me! I swear! But some pox stole it." He rolled his eyes and then looked at his friend. "Why are ya in London?"

"Take a guess?" Scotland asked as he walked inside the coffee shop with him and Ireland followed with another eye roll.

"Same here. Made me sit on his uncomfortable chair for more than two hours! I will burn that chair I tell ya." Scotland laughed at his friend and waved for the waiter to come and they both ordered. "This day is dragging on and I'm already tired." Ireland grumbled with his cheek planted on the table. "The weather isn't helping."

"Well, look at the half filled glass. If it wasn't for Britain, I wouldn't have seen my favorite laddie. Add to that the fact my car broke on me." Scotland whispered the last part which made Ireland lift his head up.

"What?" Ireland laughed as he sat upright. "Ya okay? How long is it from here?"

"Just down the park!" Scotland smiled brightly as the waiter brought their orders and he opened the pack of sugar and poured it in his coffee. "I had a great walk and saw this empty shop then thought 'hmm, let me be their costumer!' And then ye came! I couldn't be happier."

Ireland blinked as he warmed his hands with his steaming mug. Scotland was a bright man, he has his scary side that he tends to hide unless it's necessary to show. But what makes Ireland admire his old friend is how bright he is to any inconveniences that occurred to him during his days. He always faces them with a hopeful smile and a bright mindset.

"Ya really see the rainbow at every corner no?" Ireland said with a smirk as Scotland blushed and swatted his hand in the air.

"Hey now, that's what dear mama taught me!" Scotland said proudly as he took his first sip of his coffee, smiling and waving at the

barista, making an 'ok' sign with his hand.

Ireland smiled and tried his drink, his eyes widening at how good it tastes and mimicked Scotland's movement.

With the cafe being empty and the rain not stopping, only Scotland and Ireland occupied the place with their chattering and loud shared laughter. The barista put down two plates of cakes that had the familiar icing of two flags.

"The manager wanted to give you two something, we hope you enjoy it. It's on the house." The waiter left the two alone as it was quiet while both stared at the plates.

"Look he gave ye a grumpy face." Scotland said as he pointed at the said detail on Ireland's plate with a laugh.

"Oh come on!" Ireland blushed furiously. "I'm not that grumpy!"

"Aye, ye are."

☆ -A Father is a Son's Shield

Characters: Germany, Third Reich, German Empire and Russia. (Mentions of Soviet and Russian Empire)

———————————-

Taking off his glasses and resting his head on the table, Germany began to bonder the thought of running away. It sounded good right now, with the current state of his piling up paperwork as well as the rough situations at work that's making it harder for him to handle things.

No matter how much he did he always has to do another, as if it's a non ending cycle of work, a loop that is pushing his body and mind to its limits. Work was tough, but it never reached this point. Germany isn't workaholic, but these past few days, he looked like one.

"When was the last time you took a break?"

Germany lifted his head up quickly, taken back by the voice. "V-vater..?"

Reich sat on the leather chair that was in front of Germany's desk. "I knocked on the door, got it, sat down and you didn't notice me. I don't believe myself saying it but, good thing I listened to the Russian."

Germany blinked in confusion while watching his father poking the name stand that was at the head of the desk. "Russia visited his father and I was there, he told me about you and your days."

"Really..." German sighed as he looked down, feeling embarrassed yet glad that Russia spoke to his father about him, because as much as he wanted to call his father and spend some time with him, a small voice told him not to bother him. Yet here he is, coming all

the way to lecture him.

"Let's go. I talked to UN and he agreed that you deserve some time off." Reich got up and smirked. "You can't escape this~"

——

As soon as they arrived at Germany's house, Reich tapped on his phone, placing a delivery for dinner and turned when he heard the couch squish, frowning when he noticed his son didn't bother take off his shoes and only threw himself there, face down.

Reich didn't need to ask what's wrong, he walked over and grabbed the blanket from the armchair, draping it over Germany's figure and pulling out his shoes. After that he went over to where Germany's head was and lifted it carefully, sitting down and putting his son's head on his lap.

Germany immediately wrapped his arms around his torso and let out a small whine, burying his face there.

"Es ist okay...es ist okay..." Reich soothed, running his figures through his messy hair, seeing his glasses and taking them off not to break them.

The pure comforting words were enough to make Germany shed his tears as he cried in his arms, venting about being tired of work and the pressure of burnout eating at him, and it struck something in Reich he didn't want to remember.

He was in this place exactly, crying in his father's arms about everything being too much for him to handle, the events after the Great War were still felt fresh in Reich's mind but he shook his head.

That was before. He changed from Weimar to Reich, and he made many mistakes, but he won't let his son walk the same path as him.

Tightening his hug around his son and putting his wing over him like a blanket, he gently hummed a lullaby to calm him. A lullaby his mother used to sing for him back then.

Germany slowly calmed down and resorted only to small sniffles and hiccups, apologizing about crying and messing up his father's shirt.

"It's alright." Reich smiled and ruffled his hair, messing it up even more than it already was.

Germany groaned and swatted his hand away, only to be interrupted by the doorbell. Reich got up and went to take the delivered food, walking back to his son with a wide grin. "I got us Chinese take outs!"

___

Reich rested his cheek on his fist, watching the television on silent while his son slept with his head on his lap, finally looking like he's taking a real rest.

UN has given Germany a week off and Reich will use everyday in it to make his son feel better. His thoughts were cut short when Germany's phone buzzed with messages.

Russia: a week off? What did your father do to UN hah

Russia: I can't believe I'm saying this but good on him, glad he was there when I visited father

Russia: message me back once you're up to it, I know how harsh it got on you

Russia: good night

Reich looked at the messages with an eye roll then put the phone away, looking down at his son and returning to brushing his hair.

_____-

"What do you want to do today?" Reich asked and munched on his breakfast, watching his son sitting on his chair in the dinning room with his eyes still closed from being sleepy.

"Uh..." Germany mumbled as he blinked his heavy eyelids. "We

could..." he put his glasses on then took out his phone, rummaging through old messages from last week. "I remember.."

"Stop with the puzzles, we could what?" Reich huffed and got up, pouring his son a cup of coffee and pushing it towards him.

"This?" Germany asked, more awake now as he flipped the phone towards his father and showed a picture of a coffee shop.

"Boba? That's the name of the coffee shop?" Reich chuckled and took the phone. "Why this specifically?"

"Well, Japan and Italy have both been pestering me to try its specialty drink, which is called bubble tea; boba for short. Hence the name." Germany answered as he sipped his coffee and let his father take his time to think.

"Yeah sure." Reich handed him his phone back and continued his breakfast.

———-

Reich held the menu while sweating. "There are too many to choose from..." he said as he traced his finger over each picture of their drinks. "Ask him which is better?"

Germany laughed and took the menu, walking over to the counter and talking with the barista a little, then came back with his receipt. "I got you classic bubble tea, while I took brown sugar. They should be done in a minute."

Reich nodded his head and stared outside. "There's an aquarium near here, let's go see it afterwards?"

Germany looked at his father with a knowing smirk, making Reich fumble with his words and blush. "Stop smirking!"

"Hah! Sorry sorry~! I just know your love for aquariums. Sure we can go there." He chuckled happily and got up when the ordered was called for.

Reich watched from his place as his son went to get the items and

come back, smiling warmly at seeing the sight of his son being happy and enjoying his time.

"Let's try!" Germany smiled and handed his father his drink, both taking a sip together and their eyes sparkled with stars.

"Oh.." Reich let out a gasp of surprise and sipped more, chewing on the black pearls. "Oh this is so good..." he melted unconsciously.

On the other hand, Germany was too far into the drink he didn't say anything as he kept sipping it, and in Reich's eyes, he swore he saw his son the young child he once was.

"Vati, do you think Opa will like this?" Germany finally spoke, his drink half gone already.

Thinking about his father, Reich grinned a wide mischievous grin as he remembered his father isn't a big fan of sweet stuff. "Oh I see where you're going! Hah! Too bad we won't see his scrunched face but let's do it." Reich got up to the counter and asked about their delivery services, paying for a drink to be delivered on a specific address.

———-

"For this house? Are you certain?" German Empire held the colorful paper bag while watching the delivery boy nodding his head and taking out a receipt with Reich's name on it.

"Yes, sir. It was made and payed in the branch. Is this name familiar to you?" He pointed at Reich's name and German Empire sighed in annoyance, a curious glint seen in his eyes as he wondered what his son is planning as a prank this time.

"Yes...thank you for your work." German Empire walked inside the house and looked at the bag in wonder, taking out the drink and shaking the bottle, seeing the black pearls moving inside.

Scowling, he put the straw inside and took a sip, his shoulders jumping up and his body freezing at the amount of sweetness that was in a single sip.

Turning over to his phone when he heard the notification sound, he picked it up and saw a message from his son.

Reich: tastes fancy yes? You're welcome

———

Reich and Germany were both in the aquarium, with Reich talking nonstop about random sea facts each time they visited a tank. Germany couldn't help but wonder at how for an aqua-phobic guy his father us, he does have a good amount knowledge about the sea.

"That's wonderful.." German said as he read a sign about whale facts and before he could take out his phone to take a picture, he felt a tug at his arm and he was being dragged. "What-"

"I see the gift shop. We're going there." Reich kept dragging his son as they both went there.

Germany laughed and followed suit, feeling that everything on his chest and shoulders were getting lifted off the moment Reich came over to him at work and stayed with him. Germany wishes that this week could stay a little longer, even if it was only the first day.

They ended up getting a few new plush toys for Reich's room that was in Germany's house, two blankets for each, keychains with their favorite sea creature, as well as some set of pens and sticky notes for Germany's work.

Walking back into the house, Reich was heading to his room to decorate it with the new goods while Germany stood and stared at the messy couch from last night, his heart itching for more cuddles again.

"Wait vater-" he stopped himself as he blushed and looked down, feeling embarrassed and troubled about what to say since Reich stopped and turned with his full attention towards his son.

"Yes mein sohn?"

Reich noticed Germany fidgeting with his fingers, his eyes darting on the floor then, for just a flying second, he noticed his eyes

landing on the couch then away. And it clicked in Reich's mind.

"I'll go change and come back to the couch. Prepare the DVD, yeah?" Reich said as if it was the normal and that he already was planning for it, and Germany's eyes sparkled for a split second then turned normal.

"O-of course!"

Reich got into his room, his closet always ready for whenever he wanted to stay over at his son's house, some of his clothes there. He has a study desk, a bookshelf, his own bed of course and a nightstand. Getting into a comfortable pajamas, he grabbed the new blanket and the giant plush and went to the couch, finding his son on the ground hooking up the wires, and on the coffee table was a fresh bowl of popcorn.

Reich sat down and made the couch as comfortable as it can get with the many pillows from last night and the newly bought blanket that was both lightweight and fuzzy. Once Germany pressed play, he got into the couch and immediately put his head on Reich's lap.

Reich smiled and laughed softly, running his hand through his son's hair and rubbing his back with his other hand. "You know, you shouldn't be shy to ask for cuddles with your vati." He heard a muffled grumble and saw Germany bury his face more, making Reich huff with a smile. "You hurt me."

"I'm an adult..it feels wrong to ask you that.."

"You shouldn't feel that. I come to vater when I feel down. Vater goes to opa to spend some time with him or just to be hugged by him when he feels down. Even Russia sees his father when life gets him down."

"They don't cuddle.." Germany said with a hint of embarrassment, hating himself for being touch starved at such age.

"You didn't hear this from me, but I saw Soviet carrying his crying son once. And Russia had both his arms and legs wrapped around his father whilst he cried. And I didn't think any low of him."

Germany looked up at his father, both surprised at the story and assured by the fact that; it's okay to ask for comfort from your parents. "Before you ask, i didn't mean to spy on both of them when it happened. Both me and Russian Empire witnessed the sight but never told anyone about it. And you shouldn't."

Germany laughed and rested his head on his lap, facing the television. "I won't tell, promise." He smiled and held his hand tightly. "Thanks vati..."

"Anytime, mein sohn.."

☆-Mending What We Broke-

A/N: another chapter that got deleted ugh <\3

Characters: Soviet, Russia, United States of America (mentions of other characters)

_____

Soviet was sleeping peacefully when his phone interrupted him, waking him from the nice sleep he was having. Dragging the phone over to himself and looking at the screen, he almost clicked the glowing red button but stopped himself when he saw the name.

Looking at the time, his heart skipped a beat and he immediately sat up and answered.

"россия?"

The sound of ragged breathing and sniffles was his answer as he clung to the phone. "Russia, where are you? Do you want me to come to you?"

"....no...I'm near you...c-can I come over..? I-I'm sorry I know it's late I-"

"It's alright, come over." Soviet cut his panicking son off and got off the bed. "Meet me in the backyard, I'll be there. Are you sure you don't need me to pick you up?"

"I-I'm sure.." his voice quivered and had a small choke in it, as if he was muting his sobs. "I'll-I'll see you soon." And the line was cut.

Soviet frowned and ran his hand through his hair. He can sense something wrong, his son hasn't been in touch with him the past week and now he calls at two in the morning, sounding like he has been crying.

Biting his lips, he sat on the patio and looked up at the starry night sky, hoping for the best.

Fifteen minutes later, Soviet saw the figure walking over to the backyard and rushed to him, wanting to hug him yet instead, he put his arm on his shoulder. "Son, are you alright?"

Russia had his head low, tugging at his own sleeves as his lips were quivering, his nose red and his eyes glistening with unshed tears.

"I'm fine." Russia squeaked weakly, taking a small breath that turned into a small gasp, trying as best as he could to keep himself intact. "I just...wanted to see you...and..." Russia shrugged a shoulder with a forced smile.

"Russia." Soviet frowned and sighed. "When was the last time you took your meds?"

Russia froze and looked up at Soviet, their eyes finally meeting for the first time this night.

And the kid looked like a mess. His hair appeared more unkempt than usual, his eyes bloodshot from crying and his hands were a shaking mess, the peaking gauze looked dirty and bloodied, seeming to not have gone through a cleaning for the past week.

"I won't get mad. Just tell me..." Soviet's eye softened at the state his son appeared to be, gently squeezing his shoulder and that made him break down.

"I-I threw it away...in a river..." Russia cried in guilt while wiping his face with his sleeves. "I don't want to take it anymore! The new prescription makes me more tired and nauseous, and each time I take it I feel like passing out! I don't want it, I'm fine! I'm not sick in the head and I don't need to be pitied by everyone!"

Soviet frowned in confusion, didn't his son keep his depression known to a small group? No one else knows about it really. "What do you mean, son...?"

Russia hiccuped and covered his eyes with his hands, trying to quit crying. "Me and America fought.." he started, sniffling as he

remembered the flashbacks. "We said things we shouting say..t-then he threw a comment about my depression...while everyone was there...they didn't need to know.." he broke down more as he threw his head on Soviet's chest, crying weakly and tiredly. "Ever since that day and everything is just...I...I'm tired..." he mumbled and felt Soviet putting his hands under his arms and lift him up in a hug, letting Russia wrap his arms around his neck and his legs around his torso.

"It's alright...why didn't you tell me earlier about the meds...?" Soviet asked softly with a sad frown. Yet Russia didn't have an answer for the question, and Soviet could tell why his son didn't talk about his meds.

"Don't worry, I'll make an appointment to see the doctor and we can change the meds, I promise." Russia nodded meekly and clung to him tighter.

After a while of carrying his son and calming him down, Soviet sat down on the patio and rested his cheek on his son's ushanka. "Also, I'll see what I can do with the capitalist pig." He felt his son vibrate with a small tired laugh and he smiled. "Now, can I change your bandages?"

The next time Soviet woke up, he found himself alone on the couch, the blanket that was used for Russia was on him, and Russia's place empty.

"Why did you sleep here?" Austria Empire walked into the room with his head tilted to the side.

"I woke up in the middle of the night, went back to sleep here." Austria made a small 'oh' in understatement, adding on about how sometimes going back to sleep on the couch can help indeed.

Soviet took out his phone and saw texts from Russia thanking him about last night and a message stating that he left before sunrise, not wanting to make a scene or be questioned by the other housemates about why he's here.

Soviet smiled and answered his texts, going to his contacts and

pressing the psychiatrist office number, arranging the new appointment for next week and once he was done with the call, a confirmation message was sent to his number and Soviet sent a copy of it to Russia to let him know.

Reich walked over to Soviet and put his mug of coffee, but didn't choose to say anything. He saw what happened last night and knew better than to bother to Russian. Soviet put his phone away and sipped his coffee, enjoying the comforting silence that fell over them.

———

A few days later, Russia sat outside of UN's building, looking up at the sky with Germany next to him revising his notes.

"When is your appointment again?"

"Tomorrow at eight." Russia answered with his hand unconsciously reaching for his wrists. "Hopefully things get better."

"Did you talk to Amerika?" That question made Russia lower his head and look at his hands. "You two said awful things. I know he addressed something heavy but still-"

"I know I know." Russia grumbled and crossed his arms. "I'll try to talk to him after the meeting." Germany smiled as he closed his file and looked up at the sky.

"Lovely weather." He commented as Russia lifted up his head and stared.

"Yeah, it is."

———————

"Wait where are you going?" Russia asked when he saw Germany wearing his bag and getting up before Russia got his things.

"Leaving. You will talk to Amerika, without me." Germany said nonchalantly as he wore his bag on his shoulder. "Tschüss!"

"Are you serious..." Russia grumbled and put his stuff away, getting up and looking around him until he spotted America on his signature spot, talking with Canada.

Russia walked towards him and once Canada saw him, he immediately excused himself and waved at his brother, mouthing something to him then walking away.

Russia and America stood there in silence, each one waiting or the other to speak. Then America sighed and opened his mouth. "I'm sorry I yelled about your depression...when I knew you didn't want others to know." He said and rubbed the back of his neck. "I just- I lost myself and..."

"I'm sorry about that day too, I crossed the line as well." Russia said awkwardly and rubbed his wrist but stopped when he felt America put his hand on his shoulder.

"Russia. If someone needs to apologize here then it's fully on me. I was a bastard to address something mental like that. I don't know, I might even have worsened it on you!" America said with guilt evident even under his shades. "Did I make it worse, Russia?"

Russia shrugged his shoulder. "The meds weren't helping anyway...I am seeing the psychiatrist tomorrow to change them.." he said and America groaned, running both his hands in his hair.

"I'm so sorry...what did I do..." America sat on his chair and let out a shaky sigh. "H-how much do they cost? I can pay for the appointment and the medication I-"

"It's alright. Don't make this all about me as if you're the only one at fault." Russia sat on the empty chair next to America. "I said I crossed the line too. Let me feel guilty at least." Russia huffed as America stayed silent, not laughing or humoring him.

"It's okay. You don't have to pay for anything."

"I didn't know that your current meds were making things harder..."

"No one knew. Not even father." Russia put his hands in his pockets. "I just hope that the new one can work."

America nodded and both stayed silent, which made Russia get up and look down at America. "Well...I'll go now. See you around."

"See you..." America replied without looking up, taking out his phone and making his research.

_____

"I see, I was worried about the side effects of the meds I prescribed for you... may I see them?"

Russia flinched and blushed in embarrassment. "Umm..." he mumbled in a low tone as the doctor looked up from his notes.

"What did you say? I couldn't catch that."

"I threw them away..." Russia said quietly. "Things were...a bit of a havoc last week." He answered honestly and the doctor jotted down some notes, nodding his head and taking out a file.

"It's alright, I do have your previous appointment file with me so we still know what meds to avoid. I'll write you these new ones, and I'll appoint you to see me in two week to see how they are doing, alright?" He pulled the small paper and handed it to Russia. "You should find them in the pharmacy next to the building."

"Thank you.." he took the prescription and walked out after the doctor instructed him about the new medication and finally wrapped up the session with him.

"How did it go?" Soviet got up from the waiting area and walked to his son who handed him the small note. "This is a newer one?"

"Yes, he said they'll be much better for me since the old ones seemed to be too strong. He suggested this one, said I'll take two tablets everyday." Russia said and blinked in surprise when he felt Soviet tightly wrap his arms around him and engulf him in a hug.

"You'll get better, I know that." Soviet said and felt his son wrap his arms back around him, tugging at the back of his shirt as he shrunk in his hold. Gently, Soviet patted his back then let go. "Shall we go get them?"

Russia took a shaky breath, wishing the hug stayed longer but smiled. "Yeah.."

Walking outside of the building and heading to the pharmacy, Soviet went to get the medicine while Russia was striding around, stopping when he saw colorful lip glosses and grabbed two.

"Why did you get that?" Soviet stood by the reception of the pharmacy waiting the doctor to bring the pills while Russia put out the lip glosses and took some bagged gummies.

"Belarus and Ukraine. I see them put these on everyday." He said and Soviet shook his head, a smile tugging at his lips.

Once their items were scanned, before Soviet could pay, the doctor shook his head and smiled. "Mister Russia, someone came here and payed for any of your purchases for the upcoming few months."

"What?" Russia and Soviet both asked in shocked. "Who's that mysterious payer?" Russia added as the doctor prepared the bag and shook his head.

"I'm sorry, sir." He handed the bag to Soviet. "He asked me not to identify him to anyone. He only handed me a signed check and told me to use it for you until it goes to zero."

Russia and Soviet looked at the doctor then at each other. Pondering the question as to who payed such amount of money.

Walking outside, Soviet got into the car and waited Russia to get inside, starting the engine. "Do you have anyone in mind?"

Russia chewed on his gummies and stayed in his thoughts. "Ah, yeah...I guess I know who is it. He's been pestering me to pay for my session and meds." Russia sighed and took out his phone, muttering in annoyance. "I didn't think he'd know where I was. That capitalist.."

Soviet almost gave himself a whiplash when he turned to his son. "You're saying-"

"We apologized yesterday about our fight. And seems like he did

what he wanted to do. And now he's not answering." Russia shoved his phone away. "Great. Now I don't know how to face him..."

"....America payed for your meds? I can't believe it..." Soviet looked at the road and drove in silence, then he spoke again. "Lucky bastard. I was about to knock out his teeth too..."

☆-Melatonin-

Characters: America, South Korea, Germany, Belarus, Ukraine and WHO (World Health Organization)

TW: mention of mental illness, antidepressants, overdose (doesn't happen but it's mentioned, this chapter is actually lighthearted but covers deep subjects)

———-

"Ame!" A loud shout erupted inside America's office with a kick of his door that swung it open. "Get up! UN paid a coffee shop to open a small stand down the ground floor and make free coffee for everyone! They are sitting up their things, let's get in line before anyone else knows!" Standing there with a gun from ear to ear was South Korea, delivering the news to America.

"You. Are. Joking." America grabbed his shades and jacket as soon as he heard the words 'free coffee' escape South Korea's lips, putting them on and running out of his office, the Asian country right after him with a loud laugh.

As America ran, careless to notice the small item that fell out of his jacket pocket while he was wearing it. The small plastic bottle rolled on the ground, stopping once it hit Russia's feet.

Watching the two countries run like the lunatics they were, Russia looked down at the bottle and tilted his head. "Mm?" Bending down and picking the bottle up, he shook it. "Hey Ame, you lost your candy!" He yelled out yet America was too far to listen.

Russia shrugged his shoulder and opened the bottle, seeing a little handful of colorful gummies with the shape of a crescent. "Eh, I'll buy him a newer one." He said monotonously and ate some as he walked over to Germany's office.

Knocking the door, he walked inside after hearing Germany speak to 'get in.' Russia slouched down on the leather seat that was in front of the desk, chewing on the last two gummies. "Didn't know Ame has a good taste in candies." He said while playing with the empty bottle. "Do you know where they sell these?"

Germany didn't lift his head up as he wrote down his notes and Russia knew his friend heard him, he gave him his time in filling up his file, looking at the ceiling and yawning, muttering about suddenly feeling sleepy even though it's still morning.

Once finishing the last line and closing the file, Germany did turn to Russia and took the bottle. "Huh?" He looked at it and paled immediately after seeing the label, opening the lid and seeing the whole thing empty. "Russia! Did you read before you ate it?!" Germany frantically shouted as he turned the bottle to Russia. "These are sleeping gummies!"

Russia gulped while he blinked his eyes, sweating as he opened his mouth to speak but -not surprisingly- was interrupted by a yawn. "W-what?! Why did America bring these?!" Russia tried to twist the fault on America but he knows it's useless

"How many did you eat?!"

"F-four." Russia answered and felt his head spin a little, resting it back on the seat suddenly. "Ugh...that's why I'm feeling a bit too tired.."

"Russia?!"

———-

"We got it!" America said triumphantly while holding up his coffee, shaking the cup and listening to the rhythmic ice hit the cup while he and South Korea left the stand, going back to their office floors. "Can't believe we managed to get in line first too. Thanks for telling me early, South. Now let's take a picture!" America smirked and took out his phone taking a picture of his drink with his companion. "Neat~ Nada will be so mad about not getting his own." He grinned mischievously.

South laughed and held the cardboard cup holder in his hands, having his drink and an extra one as well. "I'll go see my brother and give him his drink, thanks for joining me!" South smiled and parted ways while America sipped his coffee and got out the elevator, going back to his office.

Sipping his coffee, he saw Germany's office door slightly ajar and knocked on it. "Yo, I'm coming in." He announced nonchalantly, only to see Russia asleep on Germany's chair, looking extremely out of it and tired. While Germany, Ukraine and Belarus stood over him in visible worry.

"Woah hey now, what's happening?" America laughed as he walked in. "Are we babysitting the little sweepy boy?" America cooed then snorted but froze when Germany handed him the empty bottle. "Wait, Where did you-"

"He found them on the floor when they fell from you and thought they were normal gummies. Now he's passed out." Germany sighed, pinching his nose in worry and looking at the slouched body. "Can you carry him to the infirmary?" He pleaded as America scoffed and sighed, putting his half empty coffee on Germany's desk, easily lifting Russia on his back.

Belarus looked at her sister who nodded for her to follow America. Once they left, Ukraine turned to Germany. "We should let WHO know about this, she might help us and hopefully tell us nothing is too dangerous." Ukraine suggested and Germany agreed, taking the bottle with him and both headed out.

_____-

WHO looked at the sight of Russia, out cold on the infirmary bed with Belarus airing on a chair near Russia's bed her hand holding his. Next to her were America, Ukraine and Germany standing and waiting the news from the higher rank doctor.

"Don't worry about him..the candies he took weren't heavily dosed with melatonin. Therefore he's safe from having an overdose. But next time I'd advise him to check whatever he is about to eat especially when it's not his. And for America, these gummies should

stay at home."

"I-" He huffed as he didn't have an excuse to make himself look better, looking down at the empty bottle in his hand then throwing it in the garbage. "Will it affect his antidepressants?" America bluntly asked while looking at WHO, his eyes under the shades were hiding his worry for his friend.

Germany, Belarus and Ukraine's colors paled, looking up at WHO and waiting for her answer.

"No, he can keep taking them as usual. But he will be more tired than usual due to the melatonin intake he just had. So I'd say go easy on him this week. I'll talk to UN about giving him some time off work." She assured and checked her pager. "I need to go. Get me as soon as he wakes up." She walked out the room and closed the door.

Belarus looked at Russia and sighed sadly. "I hate how I'm conflicted about whether I should be happy he's finally getting a real shut eye or angry that he did this to himself accidentally."

"You're saying he hasn't been getting sleep?" Germany frowned as he leaned on the wall. "For how long..?"

"As long as we both remember." Ukraine looked at Belarus then at her brother. "He barely sleeps...sometimes the meds can cause him to sleep and other times they just..don't...the only times I see him really sleeping is when papa visits..."

America looked at Russia and crossed his arms, scowled in anger and guilt as he looked at his suffering friend. "Until he wakes up, I'll try to see some doctors here and there about getting him some sleep aid gummies that can be taken with his meds. Can you show me what antidepressants he takes?" America asked Ukraine, who fished the pill bottle out of Russia's jacket that she was holding in her lap, handing it to America.

"I'll be right back. Germany call me if anything happens." America walked out as Germany nodded in confirmation and went to sit by the window, a bit away from Russia and his sister to give them

privacy.

About an hour or so later, Russia twitched in his sleep as he opened his eyes groggily. "Ugh..." he reached his hand up on his face as he shielded his eyes from the bright lights of the room. "Меня тошнит.."

"Of course you'll feel sick!" Ukraine said with knitted eyebrows, both Belarus and Germany trying to calm her rage down. Seeing that Belarus was taking care of her sister's rage, Germany immediately got up to get WHO, his phone in his hand as he dialed America's number.

"Raine...?" Russia looked at her in surprise then turned over to Belarus and blinked his eyes. "Hey..."

"Don't 'hey' us after the scare you made. You really ate it all?" Ukraine crossed her arms with a deep frown on her face, her posture stiff from anger and worry.

"I didn't know...there were only like, five or four pieces..." he slurred tiredly as he closed his eyes again, his head pounding. "Am I in trouble?" He asked meekly after a small silence that fell on them and Ukraine shook her head.

"WHO said she'll talk to UN, give you some time off to heal. Germany just went to get her so she can see you. America-"

The door opened suddenly as everyone turned, thinking it was WHO. Yet to their surprise it was America. "You woke up! Good timing, I just finished getting the sleep aids. Here you go."

"What-" Russia tried to sit up as he felt a bag thrown on his chest, looking at the items and seeing the familiar orange bottle of his antidepressants and another bottle. Looking up at America quizzically, wanting a small explanation as to what's happening.

"Good to see you up, Russia." Turning his head, he saw WHO walk inside followed by Germany. "How do you feel?"

Russia blinked as he rested his back on the pillows. "A little

dazed...my stomach feels sick but not too bad.." he rubbed his eyes as he let out a small yawn. "I'm so sorry—"

"It's normal. UN allowed you to take a week off. Try to stay away from any sleep meds. And I mean even the ones America got. You can start taking them after two weeks so that we're assured your system is well healed." She clicked her pen and put it in her coat pocket, smiling at the young country who still looked guilty for causing the rackets. "Can you stand?"

Russia carefully swung his legs off the bed, standing up and wobbling a little as Belarus quickly caught him in her arms and he leaned on her, whispering a small apology.

"I'll bring my car to the door and drop you off at your house if needed." Germany proposed but Ukraine declined, taking upon herself to drive Russia's car since he has it parked by the building.

Soon the room emptied and America was about to leave the Slavic siblings as well but stopped when Russia spoke.

"Спасибо..."

Turning around with a smug grin and his eyes glinting under his shades, America stuck his tongue out. "Anytime, Ruski~"

——-

Lesson of the day, read labels and don't be like Ruski!!! x)

☆-Housemates!-

A/N: a new chapter! No this wasn't deleted heh! I had so much fun writing this one! ^^

Characters: Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Reich, Soviet, Kingdom Of Hungary and Prussia

_____-

Living in a mansion filled with other housemates is something Russian Empire never thought of needing. For he's always the man to do things alone and live alone and collapse alone. He was never the man to give people affection or easily befriend them. He was a complicated man when it came to showing emotions, and yet it's funny how his son turned out just like him as much as they both deny it.

But meeting Prussia and Austrian Empire quite changed how his life has become. Because who would have thought that Russian Empire would accept to help these two in building the mansion that they live in now with their spouses and kids? Russian Empire never imaged that, yet he's grateful to be lucky enough to have these people.

Turning off the whistling kettle, Russian Empire poured the hot tea in a pot and arranged the cups in the tray, carrying it out of the kitchen and walking into the living room where most of the countries were there, either chatting or having the television on some random channel.

"Tea." He announced as he flipped his cup open and helped himself with his drink, sitting back and watched as Austrian Empire open the rest of the cups to serve the others in the room.

Taking a sip, Russian Empire opened his book where he last marked it before he slept at night and started reading, only to be

interrupted by a scream from the second floor. What a great start for his noon tea.

"I was hoping for a quiet day." Kingdom Of Hungary rolled her eyes, turning to the living room's foyer and waiting to see the screamer who was running all the way from the stairs and towards them.

"Who put my sweater with pink colored clothes?!"

"What?" Austrian Empire asked in confusion, sipping his tea but only to choke on it when Prussia walked into the living room fuming with anger.

"I'll say...pink is certainly a new color on you." Russian Empire mumbled while flipping a page of his book, letting the hot steam tickle his nose.

"Well...the sweater is very old. Just buy a new one vater." German Empire suggested as he came from behind his angry father.

Before Prussia could throw a tantrum at his son, a newer voice arrived to the scene and frantically began talking and waving her hands in the air.

"I'm so so sorry Mr. Prussia! Laundry duty is on me today and I didn't realize I mixed our baskets!"

Turning around at hearing her, Prussia's anger vanished into embarrassment in a record time as he rubbed the back of his neck. "Ah- oh no it's okay liebling...you're fine...I'm not angry at you-" he held her hands to soothe her as she pouted.

Prussia turned behind him when he heard Austrian Empire barely breathing while laughing. "C-come on now, throw it~? It's cute on you! You have t-to keep it!"

Soviet raised his cup to his mouth not to be seen smiling while Reich was cackling loudly and slapping Austrian Empire's back the more he added comments.

"You..." Prussia's wings fluttered as he rolled up his sleeves only to stop when Austria-Hungary cleared her throat.

"Oh really? Real mature, everyone. Mr. Prussia, I'll take you shopping to get you a new sweater and it'll be on me." She flashed a warm smile towards Prussia who awed and held his heart.

"Really, liebling?"

"Yes really, and it's only me and you. The others can stay back, they don't deserve to accompany us."

"What?!" Austrian Empire pushed Reich's face away. "But- but I'm your father!"

"And he's my após, so clearly you two are the same to me." Austria-Hungary scowled and put her hands on her hips. "Any other things you all want to add?" She squinted her eyes at the figures around the living room

"No, mutter..." Reich sipped his tea quietly and shrank in his place, seeing Soviet fixing his posture and look away from the angry woman.

"Am I coming?"

Everyone turned to German Empire who asked quietly and Prussia broke into a fit of laughter while Russian Empire raised his book over his face, doing his best to keep his shoulders from shaking due to his chuckles.

———————-

German Empire held the shopping bags as he followed Prussia and Austria-Hungary through the town, having finished their shopping and are now looking for a cafe to rest at and enjoy their evening.

They stopped by an Italian cafe and took their seats by the rails that had the view of the city's bustling river with boats crossing the open bridge. Austria-Hungary enjoyed the sound of the waves as they calmed her and muted out the sound of people and engines, resting her cheek in her palm as she hummed.

"Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?" She sighed dreamily as German Empire looked up from the menu and saw her gazing at the river. "I

may have lost a bit of my sight, but the big blue sea always seems to be my source of relaxation."

"Seems like I don't need to wonder too much about why Reich loves the sea then." Prussia looked down at the menu while Austria-Hungary laughed sheepishly.

"I still find it a little baffling that he likes the sea so much but fears it too." Austria-Hungary wondered as she put her thumb under his chin, tilting her head a little then shook it. "Well, we all have our quirky things." She smiled and turned back to the sea, feeling the breeze hitting her face gently.

"I'll take the madeleine cake." Prussia spoke after a minute with a grin. "They look tasty with a cup of coffee." He closed the menu and looked at the two who stared at him. "What? Did I say its name wrong?"

"Vater, would you still order it if I told you that they originated from France?" German Empire didn't need an answer as he saw Prussia aggressively re-open the menu to try and find another dessert.

"German Empire why did you tell him! Now he's sad!" Austria-Hungary joked with a giggle, turning away from the river snd finally opening the braille menu that the waiter provided to her.

_____-

Soviet stopped cleaning his hammer and sickle when he heard the sound of the keychains by the entrance door.

"You have a lot of keychains, who got them for you?" It was Prussia who opened the door while using Austria-Hungary's keys.

"Wait-"

"German Empire did!"

Prussia looked back as he stared at German Empire who looked flustered while Austria-Hungary was smiling brightly. "They are adorable right?"

"...right." Prussia smirked at his son and handed him the keys. "Adorable."

"Vater..."

"Welcome back." Bitter laced the voice of Austrian Empire who had his arms crossed over his chest while Kingdom Of Hungary just waved at her daughter and German Empire.

"He's in a bad mood, Édesem. Can you fix it?" Kingdom Of Hungary walked over to her daughter who laughed and went to Austrian Empire, opening her arms and hugging him, knowing that her father would be like this when she comes home.

"Aw...papa, don't be sad." She pecked his cheek and smiled up at him. "I got you something!"

Austrian Empire tried as he could muster not to warm up to his daughter hugging him or the fact that she got him something.

"It'll be your favorite once you see it~"

Austrian Empire huffed and uncrossed his arms, ruffling her hair. "It better be." Austria-Hungary laughed and held his hand, dragging him to the living room after she took a bag from German Empire.

"Here you go~" she took out a knitted sweater and opened it. "As soon as Kaiser read the words out to me I knew I had to get it for you!" The sweater was deep shade of grey, with bright white knitted writing that said 'best dad ever'.

"So? I don't hear anything?" She teased playfully, wanting her father to speak and comment even though she could hear his small sniffles over what she's holding out for him. "Papa~? ompf—"

Blinking, Austria-Hungary laughed and hugged Austrian Empire back, who he has already engulfed her in a tight embrace while being too emotional about the sweater.

"I'm the best dad ever? Really?"

"Yes! You are!" Austria-Hungary was a giggling mess as she patted

her father's cheeks.

"The day is saved by Austria-Hungary. She managed to handle two grown adults swiftly." Russian Empire leaned down on the couch behind where Soviet was sitting. "Impressive if I do say so."

"Yeah." Soviet agreed with a head shake.

"Indeed. Sometimes I wonder what would happen to the house if mutter and Oma weren't here to save the day with their intelligence." Reich wondered loudly.

"Probably up in flames." Soviet and Reich snorted as they high-fived.

"Look at this~!" Russian Empire, Soviet and Reich turned over and watched as Austrian Empire took off his shirt to try on the sweater.

"I'm so going to wear this everyday. Hey Russian Empire, I don't see your son giving you one." He smirked at Russian Empire evilly.

"I do not need such things." Russian Empire spat with an eye roll, yet there was humor in his tone.

☆-A Gut Feeling-

A/N: I want to thank everyone for engaging with my reloaded chapters! It made me happy that a lot of you enjoy this book!! Enjoy this chapter :D

Characters: Prussia, Russian Empire, Austrian Empire and German Empire. (Small appearance of Soviet like. Really really small-)

———————

Austrian Empire stood in front of the door of Prussia and Russian Empire's shared room. He was contemplating whether he should knock the door or leave them be.

The sound of the ticking clock was the only thing heard in the empty house, for it is currently one in the morning and everyone would normally be asleep, yet Austrian Empire found himself awake and unable to go back to sleep. It's not the first time this week it happened, to be woken up with his gut wrenching painfully and his mind running a mile ahead, his heartbeat loud in his ears and his hands clammy with sweat.

It wasn't a nightmare he could just fight back, no, it was his gut feeling that something wrong was going to come. Yet each day passed on smoothly. So why? Why is he feeling that? Why can't this feeling be gone when nothing wrong happened?!

Austrian Empire sighed heavily and knocked the door gently, putting his hand on the handle and opening it slowly when he heard the invite to come in. "Prussia...?"

Prussia looked over from grooming his wings and hardened his eyes. "It better be worth it." He closed his wings and sat on the edge of his bed, watching as Austrian Empire looked over at Russian Empire who was reading in his bed then walked to sit next to

Prussia.

"Do you want me here?" Russian Empire asked simply without looking up and Austrian Empire froze a little, shaking his head and frantically telling him that it's okay he stays.

"What is it?" Prussia asked, seeing Austrian Empire looking at his blind eye then averting his eyes away nervously, not used to seeing the sight of it.

"I...my gut...my gut feeling has been bothering me, and I worry that..." Austrian Empire groaned and ruffled his hair angrily. "I-I don't know if I should even give it that much attention or if I should just ignore it! It's been three days with me waking up in the middle of the night feeling like this!"

Russian Empire closed his book and crossed his arms over his chest, listening to his friend then looked at Prussia who closed his eyes and arched his head back. "Gut feeling huh..." he hummed in thought. "You have always had this gut feeling instinct, right?"

Austrian Empire looked at Prussia, nodding in confirmation. "Yes..ever since I remember it.." He fidgeted with his hands, wiping the sweat on his shirt. "I don't want it to be true..."

Russian Empire and Prussia shared a look and then turned to Austrian Empire, they didn't need to talk to assure him that it won't happen.

Because it was known to the trio that Austrian Empire's gut feeling was never wrong.

———

"Out for a walk?" Austrian Empire asked Prussia from where he sat in the living room couch. It was the morning of the day, they had finished their talk and had a few hours of sleep and just woke up now while some of the housemates were still asleep due to the early hour.

"Yeah. I'll run until I reach the beach, stay there a bit then come back." He opened the door after checking his shoes were tight

enough then waved his hand. "Later."

Austrian Empire saw the door closing, thinking nothing of it yet his gut wrenched badly and he held it. "Nothing will happen...nothing..." he mumbled to himself and closed his eyes tightly.

Prussia breathed out the mist of the cold morning, running along the sidewalk and enjoying the chilly winter. Looking up, he saw the sky's colors were purple tinted with a bit of orange and pink, meaning that it was the start of the sunrise. He enjoyed the slow morning of the winter, when the clock would point at six yet it would still feel at four. How the night is so long and relaxing, cold yet comforting.

He smiled as he chuckled, picking up the pace and hiding his mouth in his jacket, feeling the flying zipper tickle his freezing nose.

Ten minutes later, he slowed down and stood by a tree, putting his hand there and was catching his breath, looking over at the beach and relaxing his shoulders.

The crashing waves, the water that reflected the many colors of the raising sun, the contrast between the sand and the water made him tranquil. Was it something in the family? To find the sea a comfort place? He would t admit it. But the sunrise at the beach made all his worries fade.

Maybe he should take Austrian Empire here, that way his gut feeling might give him a rest. He chuckled and shook his head. He may be selfish, but he wants to keep this for himself.

At the last moments of the sunrise, Prussia hopped off the brick wall that was by the sea and turned around to start his run back home. Taking a long breath, he stretched his arms and legs, leaning down to let his hands touch the shoes.

Lifting himself up, what came next all happened in a flash. A masked person with pitch black jacket, a beanie and gloves ran up to Prussia in a fast motion. Before Prussia could open his mouth to talk, pain erupted from his own stomach.

It burned.

Taking a ragged breath, Prussia stared at the person then lowered his head down, seeing that his white jacket got dirtied with blood- his own blood- trying to acknowledge what just happened yet before he could, the attacker had no intention to let Prussia have it easy. The attacker mercilessly pulled the knife out and stabbed him again, making Prussia groan in agony, feeling the knife getting pulled out for the second time. Weakly, Prussia's hands were reaching down to his stomach as he held it tightly and fell on his knees.

Looking up, the man threw the knife at the ground, then pulled the hood of his jacket up to cover himself more, running away from the scene of the falling country.

Breathing has never been a hard task like it is now. Every breath Prussia took felt like it took a bit of what remind from his strength.

He reached out his bloodied hand to his phone and tried to open it, blinking hard as his sight was blurring. He pressed the first contact that showed up and winced painfully, the cold feasting on his body faster as he lost more blood.

"Hello?" Russian Empire. "Prussia?" He was immediately worried as soon as he managed to make out Prussia's slow and painful breathes. "Where are you? What happened?"

Prussia winced and took a shaky breath. "Help..."

"Prussia— stay with me, hey! Austrian Empire and I are coming right now. Don't close your eyes!"

Prussia blinked groggily, Russian Empire's voice fading in an alarming way and yet the sound of the crashing waves were there.

Comforting him. Talking to him.

Prussia smiled and felt a metallic taste in his mouth, his eyes closing as the last thing he heard was the distance voice of Russian Empire.

The ambulance arrived at the scene as one of the passerby saw the whole ordeal and immediately called for help, yet she couldn't make out the face of the attacker.

As Prussia was carried to the ambulance, Russian Empire parked the car and got out of it. "I'm coming with you! Austrian Empire follow us." He ordered as Austrian Empire jumped to the drivers' seat and as the ambulance took off with Prussia and Russian Empire, Austrian Empire hit the gas and was at their tail.

———

Prussia was in a peaceful dream. He was young and energetic, agonizing Austrian Empire and laughing with Russian Empire, back in their old days. He saw a flash of the duo colored flag, red and white...an eyepatch on one of his eyes. The bright red wings that he could recognize from a mile.

But that peaceful moment was cut short when his body started aching him, especially his stomach. Letting out a groan, he fought his heavy eyelids as he opened them drowsily, seeing that he was met with a white ceiling.

"Pruss..?"

Turning his head, he saw Austrian Empire sitting next to the hospital bed that he's currently in, with German Empire standing near Prussia's head. Turning to the other side of the bed, he saw Russian Empire alone.

Prussia stayed silent for a minute until his memory came back to him about what happened and why he's in a hospital. "Oh. I was stabbed."

"Vater, you shouldn't say it like that...they had to stitch your wound close, be grateful that no organ was harmed." He spoke in exasperation, sighing and looking at his father. "You..got us all worried." German Empire frowned, worry clear on his face as he put his hand on Prussia's shoulder. "We're glad you are alright."

Prussia laughed tiredly, the sedative working on numbing his

injuries as he patted German Empire's hand and apologized about being careless.

"I-I'm sorry...it's all my fault..." Austrian Empire sniffled as he looked at how weak Prussia looks. "If I stopped you when you left...then nothing would have happened..."

Prussia blinked in confusion, looking lost as to why it's his fault. "My gut feeling was true...yet again haha.." Austrian Empire laughed a dry laugh, followed by a chocked sob. "I'm sorry..."

"Don't be, it's not your fault a man decided to attack me." Prussia spoke nonchalantly, knowing very well that there really was nothing to do to stop what happened or to even predict it. "Stop crying...you were always a crier ever since father took you under his wing. It's annoying." Prussia groaned teasingly, swatting his hand in the air. "Russian Empire, tell him how much of a crier he is."

Russian Empire heaved a sigh of relief and annoyance, then looked at Austrian Empire. "I agree with it not being your fault." He assured the Austrian country. "We should be glad that we made it on time, as well as thankful that someone saw the scene and reported to the ambulance. Now go wash your face, your eyes look puffy."

Austrian Empire excused himself as he got up to wash his face, German Empire getting up and helping him as well as make a call outside of the room to tell the others about the current state of Prussia.

Once they were gone, it was only Prussia and Russian Empire in the room, and Prussia let the mask fall as the fake sparks in his eyes died immediately. "What happened?"

Russian Empire looked down at Prussia and dragged a chair near his bed to sit down. He knew Prussia was trying to keep the pain on the back of his head as much as possible to assure Austrian Empire that he's fine, but if there was someone he couldn't lie to about what he's truly feeling, then it's Russian Empire.

"You were attacked by a man who's not over thirty years old. It was a hate crime, he was caught by the CCTV on one of the stores in that street and has been arrested." Prussia nodded his head and moved his hand over his stomach, clutching the gown.

Russian Empire saw as Prussia's face was bathed with sweat from the pain he's enduring. It was rare to see Prussia's face having clear signs of pain and discomfort, to show these emotions even. The last time Russian Empire saw this face was during the wars against the French.

"It hurts.."

Reaching his hand out, Russian Empire grabbed a towel and started cleaning Prussia's face from the sweat.

"You'll heal...we'll make sure of it."

———————

Three weeks later after the incident, Prussia stood staring at himself in the mirror as he traced the faded scar.

"Well, what do you know. The benefits of being a country makes your scars heal faster." He said to his roommate as he grinned, grabbing his shirt and putting it on, closing the buttons.

"We may heal faster but it doesn't make the scars fade." Russian Empire said while doing his bed, turning over to Prussia froze in his place for a split second then went back to normal, trying to shrug the thought that passed in his mind off. "Sorry." Russian Empire was quick to apologize.

"It's alright. You and I both have scars we wish to erase." Prussia shrugged a shoulder, taking the sweater and putting it over the shirt then dusted it off. "Come on, let's go stay with the others."

Russian Empire followed behind Prussia as they entered the living room, with Prussia immediately bursting into the energetic man he is and started annoying Austrian Empire in whatever he was doing.

Soviet looked up and smirked as he saw the smallest hint of a smile

on his father's face from where he sat.

☆-Laser Tag!-

Characters: Prussia, Austrian Empire, Russian Empire, German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Soviet, Reich, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Ukraine and Belarus (mention of Kingdom Of Hungary)

———

"Are we all ready?" Germany asked as he fixed his glasses and looked up at the group of countries who stood at the gates of the mall. "Maybe I should count again-"

"One two three ten! Okay! We are complete!"

"Ten? But we are twelve—" Germany was pushed inside the mall by Reich who grumbled about how he overthinks the situation.

The whole group of fourteen countries were gathered today on the weekend to play together in the laser rage arena that Russia booked for them. The session will be for three hours and both he and Germany decided to invite their families over to have more fun.

The current count was: Germany, Reich, German Empire, Prussia, Austrian Empire, Hungary, Austria, Russia, Soviet, Russian Empire, Ukraine and Belarus.

Both Kingdom Of Hungary and Austria-Hungary passed on coming and decided to head over to a spa to do their nails and relax for a day without the men.

"Alright! Here we go!" Prussia wore the gadgets that the receptionist handed for him after going everyone the instructions on the game.

"How will the teams be?" Austrian Empire asked as he fastened the belt around his shoulders where the sensor pad was. "The old

versus the new~?"

"Oh! I like that!" Prussia grinned and pointed his finger. "Me, you...Russian Empire German Empire Soviet and Reich...that's six to seven."

"I can pass-" "no. You are playing." Austria cut off her brother who huffed and stood next to her. "

"Oh my, this sure will be a piece of cake." Reich smirked at his sister who gave out a forced smile.

"Oh really? You'll regret it, Reich..." she threatened, cocking her gun.

"We shall see~" Reich grinned wildly, his sharp teeth showing brightly.

Five minutes later, the teams were in their spawn points and ready to start the match, waiting the green light to turn on and for them to sprawl out and try to win the battle.

"Go!" Prussia yelled as soon as the green light went on, and within a second he was gone.

"Good thing he's with us..." Austrian Empire sighed nervously while holding his gun and hiding behind a wall.

Beep! Beep!

"What?!" Hungary looked down at his chest pad as it vibrated and turned red, indicating that he was hit.

"Hehe! This is so easy~" Prussia laughed and aimed his gun at his third target but before he could shoot the frightened Germany, his pad vibrated and he froze.

"Got you." Russia grinned while Prussia whined, dragging himself out of the battle ground with both Hungary and Ukraine whom he got them.

"Okay, focus and you can win this." Belarus spoke to herself and

stalked quietly around the edges of the ground, watching the enemy team leap to the center of the field and try to put her team in a chokehold.

"Agh!"

"Yikes!"

Both Reich and Germany stared each other, bursting out and laughing. "How did you hit me?!" Reich ruffled his son's hair as they both walked out of the battle ground while Germany admitted that he didn't see where he shot.

Russian Empire looked around him, hearing the sound of the light footsteps behind him and smiled to himself. But he didn't do anything and kept walking ahead, seeing Austria hiding from her grandfather and he took his aim and shot.

"What- ugh..."

"Thank you~!" Austrian Empire grinned to Russian Empire and went to hunt for the next target to shoot.

"Who's left there from our team?" Austria asked Germany as she came to the others who were shot.

Looking up at the screen, Germany saw that Belarus, Russia are the only two remaining. While on the other team, it was Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, German Empire and Soviet.

Beep! Beep!

Soviet and German Empire looked down at their pads and saw that they were red, looking at each other then up, they saw the figure of Russia smiling as he hid behind one of the inflatable walls that were around the battle ground.

"He got you out?!" Ukraine ran over to Soviet who smiled at her and ruffled her hair.

"That he did."

"Russian Empire, I'll go from the right, you go from the left and we can trap him and win!"

Russia was trapped yet he fired his shot at Austrian Empire while he was target from his back by Russian Empire, smirking at the displeased Austrian country at being taken out.

"But we won anyway!" Austrian Empire smirked proudly only to see Prussia point at the screen where it showed one player remains against Russian Empire.

"Come on Bella! You can do it!" Russia and Ukraine shouted together as they cheered for their sister.

Russian Empire walked around the arena, his gun by his side as he tried to locate where Belarus has gone to.

"Don't move."

Freezing in his place, he felt a gun behind his back that pressed in his plate. Russian Empire could swiftly dodge and fire at Belarus to secure the win, but he wanted something else.

"You have me trapped. I seem to have been outsmarted by my granddaughter." He spoke as Belarus grinned and fired her gun, getting the last player out.

"I win!" She shouted happily and jumped on her toes. "Papa, I won against дедушка!" She jumped into Soviet's arms happily and hugged him.

"You lost on purpose, old softie~" Prussia grinned mischievously while Austrian Empire made a heart with his hands.

"Aw, big grandpa wants his little girl to win? How cute~ he really does have a heart!"

"Knock it off." Russian Empire grumbled, walking away from them as Prussia and Austrian Empire looked at each other, howling louder as they laughed together at the fact that it was true.

The session just started, they all kept playing and switching their

teams every now and then. When the others wanted to rest and take a break, Prussia had dragged both Austrian Empire and Russian Empire to battle in a death match. And out of six death matches, Russian Empire won four of them while Prussia won two. Leaving Austrian Empire with zero wins.

"Alright. One last match?" Russia got up and dusted off his pants. "A death match. All of us against the other."

"Whoever loses won't get another try." Germany smiled nervously. "Yeah, let's do it."

"Alright, that's the spirit!" Austria waved her gun. "Last match, begins in ten! Nine!"

Everyone ran to their hiding spot, smiles wide on their sweaty faces. They all listened tentatively to Austria as she counted, and once she screamed 'Go!' They all broke out from their hiding spots.

The last match: **start!**

———-

"How was your day?" Austria-Hungary asked as she sat on the bed, feeling German Empire put his head heavily on her shoulder. "That much huh?"

"It was fun...been a while since I saw our kids having fun." He smiled as he recalled watching the three kids join fun a team together. "It took out all of our energy."

"I'll say...Prussia is asleep on the floor down the living room." She ran her hands through his hair and untangled it. "Austria kept bombing me with voice messages about today, I'm glad you all had fun." She laid her head over his own and felt German Empire hold her free hand and caress it.

"Your nails look pretty." He complimented as Austria-Hungary smiled with a tinted blush on her face.

"Thank you, dear."

———

Russian Empire put on his pajamas and carried his dirty clothes, tossing them in the laundry basket and went to his bed. He could hear the snoring of Prussia on his own bed from his tired he was - Russian Empire had to carry him all the way to his bed and the man didn't wake up even- but he didn't mind the sound, he was too busy staring down at his phone where both Belarus and Ukraine were sending him some pictures they took during the day.

He was surprised to see a picture of himself smiling while talking to Soviet, he didn't even notice himself smiling in the first place yet the girls caught him.

He sent a message and let out a breath as he chuckled quietly, closing his phone and laid in his bed to sleep.

дедушка , did you enjoy today? It was fun right?

I did enjoy it. I had fun with you all.

☆-Nightmares-

Characters: Prussia, Napoleonic France, Russian Empire and Austrian Empire.

_____

It felt too real, the pain, the itching metallic chains on his wrists and neck, the burning red metal that had the letters "N.F" being pulled out from the livid fire and brought closer towards him.

"Hold him tight, this one will get messy."

That voice sent shivers down his spine as he struggled to escape the torture, letting out a gasp when a wet cloth was forcefully shoved in his mouth to mute him.

His eye widened as his struggles continued, turning into harsh thrashing and incoherent screams as he saw the threateningly glowing red hot metal come closer to the left side of his chest right near his heart .

It was burning him before it even touched his skin, the chains were pulled with even more intense power to try and hold him down.

"There's nothing personal about this, really. I just want to mark my own territories, Prussia."

The merciless smile became wider as her saw Prussia kept struggling and screaming yet the cloth did its job to make it unclear as to what he's screaming about, but Napoleonic France didn't need to know what he's saying.

Pressing the metal, Prussia felt the world stop for a millisecond and then the pain dawned on him harshly. He couldn't breathe, he couldn't hear

anything anymore. His throat hurt him as well as his whole body burned with pain and anguish, wanting it all to just stop and just end.

The world was blurring and his screams became more quieter as his eye slowly grew smaller.

"Hah? He's out cold. What a shame...we shall continue next time, playmate!" Napoleonic France smiled and tossed the metal stick to the side. "Patch him up." He ordered with no emotion evident in his voice but pure hatred and cold blood.

Prussia sat upright on the bed immediately, his breathing hitched as he clutched his chest painfully, the pain feeling too realistic as if the metal was stuck there.

Taking a shaky breath, he looked to the other bed in the room and saw that Russian Empire wasn't in it. Taking a look at the clock in his nightstand, he saw that it pointed to ten in the morning.

Running his hand through his clammy hair, he tried to even his breathing and to calm his racing heart. It was just a dream.

Hugging himself and bringing his knees to his chest, he gritted his teeth in disdain. How can he be such a weakling? He won. He got his revenge and killed the tyrant of Europe at that time. So why, why is that memory still fresh?

Prussia lifted his head up so fast when the door opened, almost causing himself a whiplash at that. Before he could get angry and immediately tell whoever came to get out he saw that it was Russian Empire, so he turned his face away and kept hugging his knees.

"You look worse than usual. And that's saying something." Russian Empire closed the door behind him and went over to stand over Prussia's figure. "May I?"

"Suit yourself." Prussia muttered bitterly and felt the dip in his bed as Russian Empire sat down on the edge, looking out the window of the room.

"What was it about?"

"Take a guess."

Russian Empire looked back at Prussia and saw one of his hands clutching his chest while the other hugged his knees, his head planted on them to hide himself. Russian Empire didn't need to guess too much, he didn't even need to ask what was it that bothered Prussia too much, because he knows. He was there, and he was helpless to get Prussia out of that hellhole that was his suffering.

Russia lost against Napoleonic France that time, but it was incomparable to what Prussia lost. Not only a big portion of his land, but also a man he saw as his own brother. More than Austrian Empire.

"I was so weak...i took years to build myself up...and I eventually won. I avenged myself and Brandenburg. But at what cost? I was shamed and used as a prized possession to him. Something to show off to everyone..." Prussia clenched his jaw, his sharp teeth showing as he growled. He was a pet, abused and marked by Napoleonic France, with even a collar on his neck to make everyone see him. Like a dog.

"When I remember all of that...It makes my victory taste bitter..."

Russian Empire listened to his broken friend vent about his pain, the pain that he always managed to hide yet it was triggered again by a dream. A flashback that haunted him.

"You lived, didn't you?"

Prussia looked up at Russia, his eye lost its light.

"You lived. You watched your son grow and become a superpower. You had a family, and you still live with them. Napoleonic France is dead. He has nothing of whatever you have. If he was to be alive who would envy you. He would envy what you have become."

Prussia clicked his tongue yet he didn't speak back to him. And Russian Empire took this as a sign to continue his speech.

"Have you ever wondered what the younger countries think when

you are mentioned? They think 'it's the kingdom that started from nothing and became everything.' You started off as merely a small land, nothing but you, Brandenburg, and your ambition. Napoleonic France may have had his own ambitions, but they died with him. Yours never died. They lived on even with your son." Russian Empire looked down at his lap and took a breath.

"In my opinion, you were a winner even in that defeat. Instead of playing the guilt game and whining about your loss, you got up again. You built a stronger power that took down Napoleonic France like he was nothing. You got back up on your feet and proved yourself. If anything, I admire such strength."

Prussia looked down at his knees, blinking as he felt his eyes watering. "Hah, that's funny. I know when someone is lying. I never thought you'd lie to cheer someone up, that's low." Prussia let out a dry laugh and looked up at the ceiling, trying to secure the tears not to fall out.

"I never lie and I'm not lying right now, Prussia. I mean it when I say I never saw you weak or pathetic. You were a kingdom to look up to."

And Prussia broke. He started crying as he brought his hands up to his eyes and bawled out all the pain and grief that he was feeling.

Russian Empire turned around and stretched out his wing to covered Prussia, opening his arms and letting his friend fall into them and hide himself whilst he cried.

Prussia was too busy to notice the door opening and closing, with Austrian Empire rushing over to them and making sure that everything was fine. Russian Empire handled the situation smoothly as he assured Austrian Empire that it's good now, asking him to go bring a bottle of water and a plate of cut fruit for Prussia since he didn't have anything in his body ever since he woke up.

As Austrian Empire left, Russia looked down at Prussia whose cries became more quieter and his body became sluggish to move. Prussia slowly let go of Russia, his eyelids becoming heavier with each blink until he couldn't get himself to open them again.

"You should rest...we shall be here when you wake up. And I shall remind you of your true self if you ever need."

Before he could thank him, Prussia felt a lightness in his chest as the pain subsided into nothing, passing out asleep in Russia's arms, letting fatigue take him away.

———-

"Russia...Russia, wake up."

Groaning, Russian Empire opened his eyes groggily and looked up from where he sat on the floor of the room and leaning on Prussia's bed frame, seeing Prussia looking at him.

"What is it...?"

"I'm hungry."

Russia looked at Prussia ridiculously then turned to look at the clock that pointed at one. The window was dark outside. It's one in the morning.

"Prussia- what am I supposed to do? You can cook for yourself." Russia argued while closing his eyes and pinching his nose in disbelief.

"I don't feel like cooking..." Prussia rubbed his arm and frowned, kicking the air gently as he dangled his legs from his bed.

"It's one in the morning! Who's the sane person to leave his restaurant open at this hour?!"

"It's the twenty first century...of course we can find one..."

"You know what, I-" Russia stopped himself as he grumbled, rubbing his face. "Fine. Get dressed and I'll wake up Austria." He huffed and watched as Prussia grinned and went to his closet to grab something to wear.

Russia went over to his bed where Austria slept and woke him up, telling him that they'll be going out to eat and wasn't surprised to

see that Austria didn't want to miss the chance.

Once in the car, Russia got out of the parking after he was sure that the two buckled their seatbelts. He managed to find a ramen shop that was open when searching his phone and decided to head towards it since it was only a ten minutes drive.

He looked at the mirror and saw Austria yawning and rubbing his eyes, chatting quietly with Prussia who was fully changed with energy and bumped to be going out at such an hour with the two.

Russia looked back at the road and smiled to himself as he relaxed his tense shoulders. Times like this he wished could last forever. Just the trio being together and the moon over them.

☆-Curfew! Stay Indoors!-

Characters: surprise, go ahead and find out ^^
——-

With his mask on, Russia signed the papers to send aid to the suffering countries with the current pandemic that wrapped itself around the while planet.

Watching the packages get taken away and wheeled out of the storehouse, Russia let out a sigh and put his pen in his pocket solemnly. He wished to go back home where his sisters were, but the two were sadly infected due to the disease and therefore, he had to move out to a hotel room until they're both cured.

"Russia."

Turning around, the Slavic country was shocked to see China walking to him with his own mask. "C-China?! I wasn't expecting you to come..."

"I had to come and see the son of my teacher."

"Just say friend." Russia offered his hand to shake it but China offered his elbow and that made Russia laugh and bump his elbow.

"Elbow bump! More safe." Russia grinned then looked over to the plane that took off, putting his hand up to cover himself from the wind and so did China.

"Aid kits?"

"Yeah. North Korea asked me for help and I answered." Russia watched the plane leave and he looked towards China. "May I be of your help? Did you need anything?"

"I heard about your sisters...I only came to see how you're doing."

China said with warmth evident in his eyes and Russia blinked in surprise, breaking into a small smile under his mask.

"I'm honored to be remembered by you, sorry if the travel caused you troubles."

"Nonsense, let's just go somewhere quieter and have a chat, shall we?"

"Please, follow me."

———————

"Can't smell or taste? Bah! My taste buds have never been more stronger than now!" America smirked while grabbing a piece of fries and eating it, watching the football game while Canada was talking to him through a video call.

"Ame, the more you praise yourself that more bad things can happen, you should be grateful."

"Stop being mom." America stuck his tongue out and watched Canada roll his eyes and move a bit as he sat comfortably on his bed, his hair messy while he kept working on his hockey stick.

A while later, America frowned and dipped his fries in the sauce, eating it. "Man this sauce tastes like nothing but texture."

Canada lifted his head up from patching his hockey stick and watched silently as America took a handful and dipped them in the same sauce then complained.

Then went to the other sauce.

And complained.

Then got up and went to the kitchen, coming back with a hot sauce imported from Mexico. "This oughta make me feel something." He said and put his fried in the sauce and ate it.

Then froze. "Nada, I can't taste."

"Ame— go get your diagnoses now! You might be infected! Get up!" Canada was shocked at how careless America just sounded, making it seem like a little fever.

"I don't want them to put the stick in my nose-" he must be joking. Canada's face got hotter as he planted his face in the camera and blew up in his brother.

"I said get up! Now!" The screen of the call went black, showing the time taken with the call and the contact picture of America as Canada groaned and rubbed his face.

"He got that to himself..."

———————

Germany laid on his couch, balancing the remote on his hand as the television was muted. Living alone has always been his thing, kind of.

He's used to having the house all to himself after a tiring day at work, and something he'd have his father over and enjoy their time together.

But right now, he can't invite him, not with the curfew being set on specific hours and his father would be busy while Germany would be working from home.

But he misses him, for once in his introverted life, Germany really wants someone with him. And that someone is his father.

Groaning, he buried his face in the couch and kicked his legs. It's helpless to go there, the house is full and Germany doesn't want to intrude in their privacy.

His thoughts were cut short when he heard his phone ringing and picked it up to see the name, at reading the first two letters, he pressed the green glowing button.

"Vati! How did-"

"Mein sohn! Oh how I missed you! I knew I had to call you, the grey

cloud came all the way here buddy, what's up!" He could hear the voices of the others in the background as Reich spoke brightly.

Germany blushed and huffed. "I- I just miss you...it's boring to be alone."

"That's new." The voices faded as Reich moved and went somewhere quieter. "Want me to come see you?"

"But...it's hard to get out at curfew...and I don't want to get you in trouble or have you trapped in my house for longer than you wish for..."

"Mein sohn. I am ready to move in with you until the pandemic is over. You are important to me. More than anything."

Germany pouted as his lips quivered, letting out a shaky 'please' as he wiped his eyes.

"Alright then, as soon as I can I'll be in your home. That's a promise, okay? Keep on being tough."

"I'll try...it just...feels hard to do things when you're trapped alone...it was fun to hang around the workplace and see the others..."

"It was, I'm sure it was son, and this pandemic will pass before we know it."

———————

"I see..thank you, doctor." Once the phone was put down, a small girl spoke in a squeak.

"Is papa okay?"

Turning around, Greenland felt his heart break when he saw his younger sister look up at him pleadingly, hugging her stuffed polar bear.

"Papa will be fine, why don't you go play with your toys as I make dinner, hm?"

Faroe Islands frowned and lifted her hands up sadly. "It's not the same without papa.." she sniffled and felt Greenland lift her up in his arms.

For the past two weeks, Denmark has been hospitalized with the infection being severe on him. Luckily, Greenland and Faroe were safe and clear. But the fact their father was out of the house for this long mentally drained them.

Faroe hasn't been touching her food as often as a toddler her age must do. Greenland hasn't been keeping up with the chores as he must due to feeling tired and anxious about the health of his sister.

If it lasts for one more week, Greenland doesn't want to imagine what would happen.

Greenland's thoughts came to a halt when the bell rang, and the door was knocked harshly.

"Who-"

"Open up!" Norway shouted. "The bags are too heavy!"

"I told you not to carry them all at once.."

"Finny!" Faroe jumped off her brother and ran to the door, opening it and being greeted with her two favorite uncles. "Finny! Norway!" She thee herself at them and Finland smiled and lifted her up, pecking her cheek.

And suddenly, she was crying in his arms.

Greenland walked over to the door and rubbed his arm, clutching it shakily. "I..."

Norway looked at Greenland and put the bags down, leaping forward and hugging him tightly in his arms, feeling Greenland shaking and burying his face in his shoulder.

"It's okay you two, things will get better...come on now, we got you your favorite food. Let's make it together!" Norway said and let for of Greenland, wiping his tears. "Yeah? I can tell you two haven't

eaten for a while."

"Y-yeah...it just...we couldn't find our appetite without Denmark keeping the house in one piece.." Greenland nodded and laughed weakly, sniffling.

Finland looked at Faroe and smiled fatherly at her. "Faroe, little one. Look at me.."

She looked up and hiccuped. "Yes...?"

"After we have dinner, can you play with me? I brought my Lego whale but I just can't build it! I need your smart mind to help me, hm?"

Faroe wiped her eyes and nodded her head eagerly. "W-will Finny and Norway stay here?"

"Yeah we will...for this long!" Donald held up his hand and showed all his five fingers, making Faroe bright up and hug his neck tightly.

"Thank you thank you thank you!!!"

Norway smiled as he washed the vegetables, looking over at Greenland who was chopping the potatoes and putting them in the water. "That's the way to do it, you're a natural!"

"Ah...when i go visit my land, it would be very cold...so potato and meat soup was my way to go."

"Ah, I miss having your cooking, Greenland!" Norway smiled and leaned on him while washing, smirking and splashing water at Greenland who froze and turned to him.

"You didn't."

"That, I did~"

Norway broke into a sprint, with Greenland hit on his tail and laughing brightly.

Finland lifted his head up from the storybook he was reading for

Faroe and saw the chase in front of him, shaking his head and looking down at Faroe.

"Shall we stop them?"

"Hmm...no! I like watching them play like silly adults..."

☆-отец, сын-

Characters: Soviet, Russian Empire, Prussia, Austrian Empire, small appearances of German Empire and Reich.

_____-

The sitting in the living room today has been quiet. Awfully quieter than the usual rackets that would be in the house, but no one wants to complain. It's one of those days that is lazy, slow yet welcoming.

German Empire let out a soft sigh as he sat stretched on the chaise lounge of the couch, having his arms resting on his lap, watching the television accompanied by Soviet.

The quietness wasn't really interrupted when Reich walked in, as he came in silently, went to where his father sat and moved away his arms then got into a comfy position and curled in his chest.

German Empire blinked his eyes in worry and surprise, wrapping his arms around Reich and opening his wings to cover his son entirely, making him feel like a cocoon.

"Is something wrong, my dear sohn?" His whisper was gentle and soothing, having the warmth of a caring father as he spoke quietly so Reich could hear him.

Popping his head out of the shield that was his father's wings, Reich gave a wide grin and bumped his head under German Empire's chin. "I'm okay, I just wanted some attention."

"Ah, of course you did, you little rascal." German Empire rubbed his chin on his son's hair to torment him playfully, smiling as he saw Reich try to escape the attack and hide under the wings again.

Soviet looked at them and smiled gently while resting his cheek on

his knuckles. It must be nice, doesn't it?

You never had it.

Soviet's smile slowly vanished as he turned to watch the tv, his eyes glued on it but his mind elsewhere. He and his father still have things...complicated, to put it easily. They may have 'forgiven' each other; but the awkwardness stayed. As if things haven't been resolved.

Soviet had it hard as a child, he knows and remembers. He was neglected by his father physically and emotionally, he was never given the love he thirsted for as a child and has always been belittled by him, to the point where hate grew in him dangerously. They have always been polar opposite about everything. And all of that lead to a lot of things Soviet wishes to just forget forever.

Every time he'd tell himself that it was bound to happen, that he was bound to explode and go against his father and his rule. But a voice inside him always taunted him and spoke about how if his father did hate him, then he would have kicked him out of the castle the moment he was born, yet he hasn't. So did he really love him? But he never saw it. He never saw the affection and care.

And Soviet killed him. Not really, but at that time, seeing the body of his father on the ground motionless with a bullet hole in his chest did seem like seeing a corpse. That image never left Soviet's mind, It is planted there in the back of his mind, a sore reminder of the worst times in his life. But he's alive, he never came back for revenge. He invited him to live in the house he built with Prussia and Austrian Empire.

It makes the guilt weigh heavier on Soviet.

Shaking his head, Soviet got up and walked out of the living room, feeling cramped with his thoughts and fatigued.

"Where to? Dinner is almost done." Russian Empire spoke to his son when he saw him pass by the kitchen yet Soviet didn't turn around, going up the stairs and giving a small apology, saying he'll sleep early this night.

Austrian Empire watched from next to the kitchen's sink, looking awkwardly at Soviet then Russian Empire. But he didn't dare speak, he wishes to help yet he doesn't have the right words to soften the subject between the two.

"Man, your relationship with him sucks."

But Prussia was always here to be *too honest.*

Russian Empire looked over towards the voice, sternly eyeing Prussia who was putting down the plates and spoons. "Don't pretend like I'm not saying the truth. Right Austria?"

Austrian Empire flinched at being mentioned, stammering as to what he should add. He didn't want to be involved! Well, he wants to help. But not like this!

"I-I....well..." he waved his hand on his sweaty face and gulped. "He's right...Russia, you and your son need to really talk it out...it's unhealthy!"

Your son.

Russia took off the oven mitt and leaned against the counter. "Since when did you two become therapists?"

"This is not a joke, Russia. And you know it." Prussia looked up at his friend with a sharp eye. "Stop putting up a wall over us, we've known you for so long."

"And if you did know me for that long, then you know I don't want to talk about it. **Got it?**" Russia took a step ahead and so did Prussia, both glaring at the other.

"T-the dinner! Russia can you check the oven, please?" Austria stood between them, his hands trembling as he spoke with a shaky smile.

The rest of the night passed without bringing up the subject.

———

Russian Empire has always been the first to wake up, sometimes

he'd start his day with the rising sun too. This day wasn't any different. Everyone has gotten used to waking up with the smell of freshly brewed coffee hitting them. They'd always go to the kitchen no matter what time they awoke and would see the coffee machine waiting them with the coffee Russia made for himself and the other to reheat and drink.

Holding his mug, he gently traced the rim of it and watched the steam come out slowly, his thoughts going back to Soviet, how he looked slouched and drained when he went to sleep. Did he wake up at night? There are some leftovers, he hopes he had something at least. But why must he care? He doesn't deserve to be in that position to Soviet. He can't call himself a father after all that he made him go through. He doesn't dare to even address him as his son-

"You and me? Good. Let's continue our talk."

Russian Empire groaned as he heard Prussia's voice come to the kitchen at this early hour of the morning. The moment of silence he thought he'll have for himself was immediately gone up in smoke.

"Prussia, please-"

"Don't. It won't work. I'm here talking to you as a friend who wants the good for his friend. You always help us out so please. Please. Stop being stubborn and let me help." Prussia poured himself coffee and sat down. "Speak. And don't do any tricks, I'm not up for that."

Russian Empire looked at Prussia, clicking his tongue and lowering his head. "What is there to talk about? Tell him I'm sorry? That we should hug it out and forget all that happened? I've done too much to him. The least I can do is give him space to live as he wants. I've always caged him, Prussia. I've never given him what a father should always give their kids."

"Russia, mistakes happen. And you still have a chance to fix this. Everything can be fixed! My son fixed his mistakes, my grandson fixed his own mistakes too and so can you. Russia you aren't different from them." Prussia saw Russia clutch his mug tightly, the veins in his hands showing from how tight his grip was.

"If they can fix their own mistakes and redeem themselves, then so can you. You deserve it like them."

Russia clenched his jaw and hitched a breath. "If I deserve anything...is that Soviet's bullet should have killed me-"

"No!"

Prussia's eye lifted up in lightning speed and widened at the figure that appeared behind Russian Empire and stood by the foyer of the kitchen. Disheveled, missing his signature ushanka, and wearing his black sleeveless turtleneck, there stood Soviet, his eyes showing pain and...

Prussia immediately got up and left once he saw the second emotion in Soviet's eyes, knowing well that his time is up and that the two should be left alone.

Regret.

Soviet felt regret that his father thinks that. Years after the events, haunted by the image of his death, crying himself about the fact that he dared lay a hand on his own father and kill him. Holding on tightly to the cold motionless body of the man who he called his father.

Yet he still makes Russian Empire wish death.

"I..." Soviet fisted his hands as his shoulders were tense. "I'm grateful...that the bullet didn't kill you..."

Russian Empire bite his lips as he felt a wave of nausea hit him all of a sudden. What is this feeling? Shame? Guilt? Sadness? Hatred? What is happening?

"I'm sorry....I'm sorry I...-"

"Stop it." Russian Empire pushed his chair out and turned his body towards Soviet, yet his head was low. "Sorry? Sorry for what? Don't be ridiculous...I was never in the place to be called your father. You were...you were a child. You had so much potential to be better than me and I was scared..."

Russian Empire looked at Soviet and their eyes met, the nausea hitting him more now as he saw the familiar golden eyes shimmering with tears.

Russia's lips trembled as he couldn't move his eyes away from Soviet's. "If anything, I caused all of this...it's all my fault. If I had been a better father...things would have been different...yet I was never a great father for you...the one who needs to be sorry in all of this is me, Soviet."

Soviet didn't care as his tears fell against his cheeks, trying his best to mute his sobs. "No...I'm sorry too..." Soviet reached his hands up to wipe his face. "My hatred was blinding me...to the point where I almost killed you. I-I thought I'd be happy if you died, that I'll succeed and achieve all my dreams..but ever since that day and I...I was never happy...I thought I killed you...and it always haunted me, even to this day.."

It hit Russia's heart and shattered it how Soviet sounded in pain. All these years and he still brings pain to Soviet.

What a great father indeed.

"Then when I saw you alive...I was speechless. You lived. You survived, you came to me after all that I've done against you and offered sanctuary for my kids during the Second World War. Even after my collapse...I thought I'll be alone forever, yet you told me to move over here." Soviet ran his hand through his messy hair. "Here with you...and that...made me happy again..."

Russian Empire's eyes widened, the tears streaming down his face as soon as Soviet said that. "Soviet..." he didn't know what to say, but he knows he doesn't deserve Soviet to forgive him. "Soviet, you can't forgive me..."

"Why is that?" Soviet looked up and scowled. "I get to decide. You changed...things changed us and...I know I can forgive you."

He can't. He doesn't deserve it. He deserves to rot alone and forgotten.

Blinking his eyes, he looked and saw Soviet hugging him tightly and pulling at his back. "I missed you."

Soviet looked down in surprise when Russian Empire slid down and fell to his knees, clinging to the shirt of his son and sobbing his heart out with his head hanging low.

"Why...why do you forgive me? Why am I given everything I don't deserve? I should have died alone in the castle, buried in the snow! Yet I'm given too many chances that I don't deserve!" Russian Empire screamed pathetically and pulled tighter at Soviet's shirt. "**Why?!**" It was filled with pain and hatred.

Hatred for himself.

"Prussia..?" Austrian Empire stood at the top of the stairs, seeing the back of Prussia who was sitting a few steps down. "Is everything alright? I heard yelling and..." Austrian Empire froze as he heard the gut wrenching cries from a few rooms away. "Is that- is Russian Empire crying? Prussia what's going on?"

Prussia lifted his hand up and wiped his face, turning around and looking up at Austrian Empire with a tired smile. "Everything's alright."

Before Austria could open his mouth to ask Prussia if he was crying and why, he found himself being pushed up the stairs with Prussia telling him that they both should go to their rooms and continue their sleep since it was too early.

Watching Austria wave his hand and close the door of his room, Prussia took the stairs to the second floor where his room was as well as Soviet's room.

Things will take a better turn now, Prussia hoped as his eyes closed once he laid in his bed, finally having a decent sleep without his thoughts keeping him up.

☆-Ohana (1)-

Characters: Reich, German Empire, Prussia and Germany (mentions of the Austrian family)

———

Today was the last day of work, and the first day of summer vacation. To Reich, Prussia and German Empire: it didn't mean something that different to them, for they've always been on a 'holiday' ever since becoming dead countries.

But. This holiday does affect a certain member of the German family.

The car halted to a stop dangerously near Germany's house, almost crashing into a street lamp and a mail box while doing so.

"Vater!"

"Trust me, I'm a good driver! Just go pack his things you two." Prussia groaned with an embarrassed blush on his face at being scolded by his son, watching Reich and German Empire get out of the car and walk towards Germany's door.

Germany was still at work, having one hour left before he could get off and come back home, but today will be different as Reich smirked. He took out the spare key that he owns and opened the door to the house.

"I'll go turn off the electricity around the house since we won't be here for a few days, you'll get his things." German Empire said and both parted ways.

Their plan for this vacation is to go to a holiday house near a water park. Reich felt like he needed to let his son bond more with the family and to also have their time together, just the family and fun

times to share.

Germany's bond was great with him. Both have a strong relationship together as a father and son. For German Empire, he shows clear respect and comfort when being around his opa. But with Prussia, Germany isn't that close to him and Reich wants to get that fixed.

'I-I'm not like him, Vati! I'm sure he sees me boring...'

'What?! Nonsense! Prussia won't think that! You just need to get to know him more and you'll be fine.'

Reich chuckled at the memory, grabbing a luggage bag and opening it to put Germany's clothes and necessities. Opening his closet he took three pieces of pajamas, three short sleeved shirts and two hoodies. -his son finds sanctuary in hoodies no matter the weather and Reich will make sure that his son gets to have the best time and comfort when in the trip- closing the clothes zipper, he went to the bathroom to grab other items such as his toothbrush and shampoos.

"Are you done?" German Empire walked inside the room and saw Reich closing the bag, pulling the handle to drag it but before he could answer, the horn of Prussia's car blared loudly.

"That's our cue, let's go." Reich went out and German Empire turned the last switches of light on his way, closing the door after him as it locked.

"Come on, kid will be out of work in fifteen minutes." Prussia shouted from the window, watching Reich out the bag in the trunk and get in the backseat. After making sure they both got in, he took off to Germany's workplace.

_____-

"What are your plans for this summer?" Russia hummed as he looked at Germany who kneeled down to grab the drinks from the vending machine, handing Russia one. "Oh- thanks."

"You're welcome...as for summer...I don't plan anything. Maybe visit my vater and the others, get to see how they are doing." Germany

answer while smiling unconsciously. "You?"

"Eh. Survive it." Russia laughed when Germany punched him playfully on the shoulder. "Ouch! Okay okay! So Ukraine and Belarus want to visit Switzerland and I might try to get us the tickets."

"What?! That's amazing! If you need any help I'm always happy to be of assistance." Germany grinned, shielding his face from the sun as he and Russia got out the building.

"Germany! There you are!"

Germany looked before him in surprise at seeing Reich running towards him with his toothy grin. Before Germany could talk, he heard small whispered and could feel eyes burning him.

They are staring...They are talking about him...About his father. Again and again, after he redeemed himself they still whisper the harsh words that Germany pretends not to hear. They still point fingers at them both...

Russia looked at the countries and with one cold stare and a glare, the place became silent. Reich gave Russia a grateful smiled and went to Germany who apparently didn't noticed the exchange between the two.

"Vater- why are you here?" Germany asked in surprise, hearing Russia laugh and Reich huff.

"You want me gone? Really?"

"N-no!!" Germany stammered and shook us head. "I'm just surprised! I was talking to Russia about visit you and-"

"Hush!! No need to talk or visit, we are going now. Prussia and German Empire are waiting us." Reich grabbed his hand and began dragging him away. "Now say bye to your friend!"

"What- opa and Urgroßvater?! Where are we- ah! B-bye Russia!" Germany waved his free hand while still asking his father questions about what was going on.

Russia waved his hand back and finished his drink, tossing it to the trash and going his way, the car that picked Germany gone off the road and into the destination the Germans had in mind.

——

"Oh...but- why Oma isn't here?"

"She went with her parents on their own vacation, they left last night for their flight."

"It'll be a boys' night, mein sohn~" Reich smirked and put his legs up on the small storage that was in the middle between the two front seats. "Right, my minions?"

"Hah?" German Empire looked back with a dark look, Prussia held Reich's legs, his eyes still glued to the road.

"You-" he easily pushed them off and then reached one of his hands to the back row to push Reich's face. "-put them away! Who are you calling a minion?!"

"U-urgroßvater! The red light!" Germany panicked frantically and German Empire held the steering wheel and pulled the break, telling Prussia that they'll changed seats by the gas station.

Prussia agreed with a pout, driving to the gas station and filling up the car, Reich and Germany getting some snacks and coffee for the way.

——

The holiday house that Prussia booked for them was something luxurious indeed, and it was for staying four days only!

"Booking? We need to buy this thing! It has a pool too!" Reich slid the patio door open and awed. "There's even a jacuzzi..." he whined and walked over to it, taking off his shoes and socks then dipped his legs inside it.

"Come on, don't you want to go to the water park?" German Empire walked to where Reich was, next to him was Germany in his

swimming shorts and a short sleeved button up shirt.

"We're going now?! Let me get dressed!"

"You mean, undressed." Prussia walked towards them, already prepared and swinging the keys but German Empire took them away quickly. "Ow. Lame..."

Germany put his hand over his mouth to stifle a laugh and German Empire looked back at him, his heart exploding with warmth at seeing his grandchild relax with them more.

The water park was a ten minutes drive from where the holiday house was. German Empire opened the sunroof and let both Germany and Reich peak outside and look around the area.

It was a beautiful town that only had luxurious holiday houses and the beach, but once the water park appeared, the holiday houses vanished into restaurants and mini food trucks that had customers coming from the beach or the water park itself, getting their snacks and taking pictures around the grand entrance of the park.

"Woah..." reich looked next to him and froze at seeing his son shivering in excitement. "I-it's so...big...Vati, we will play all day here?" Germany turned to Reich with his eyes sparkling in innocence and pure happiness.

Reich almost cried at seeing that. A sight he never got to see from Germany when he was a kid, he sees now. "Yes. We will play all day, me you Prussia and vater."

"This is the best day ever." Germany grinned widely, his cheeks hurting him but he couldn't help it. He's never been this excited.

And to get to spend four days with his family, he can't ask for anything more.

———-

Germany didn't look at his watch nor his phone when they entered the park, but he does know that when the sunny day turns dark, it means they spent a lot of time in the park, especially more than he

thought he could do.

The four of them were sitting outside a restaurant that was within the park grounds, and all four of them were too exhausted to finish their meals.

"I'll get the waiter to wrap them up and make them a take away, wait for me." German Empire took the food and got up to talk to the waiter who was by the counter.

Germany rubbed his eyes, yawning and putting his head in the table tiredly. "I can't open my eyes..." he mumbled sleepily, the words merging together and becoming slightly sluggish and confusing.

Reich laughed and ran his hand through his son's hair, watching him relax his shoulders and wings, letting out a small sigh of content. "That's relaxing..." Germany smiled with his eyes closed.

Prussia rubbed his head and watched as Germany was slowly falling asleep, chuckling and rolling his eyes. With German Empire coming over to them holding the bags of the food, and with Reich's size being smaller than his own tall son to carry in his arms, Prussia knew he'll be the one carrying him.

"Alright, up we go." Prussia carried Germany on his back, huffing playfully. "How much do you weigh! You are heavy!"

"Mm...I'm not heavy..." Germany groaned sleepily. "I'm perfectly fit." He buried his face in Prussia's soft hair and continued his sleep with Prussia howling in laughter.

"Perfectly fit? I doubt it. You weigh like a feather, kleiner." He said and easily pushed Germany up so his dangling arms could wrap around his shoulders to carry him better.

Reich watched Prussia and Germany, looking up at his father with pleading eyes. German Empire looked down and sighed, shaking his head. "Go on..." German Empire watched as Reich flew up to his son's shoulders and sat up on them, hugging his head and smiling.

"The weather is nice up here."

———-

"Guten Morgen....i can't walk..."

Germany looked up from where he sat at the dining table with a cup of coffee his own eyes looking as sleepy as Prussia's, watching Prussia limping tiredly and sitting in the chair next to him.

"Do you want coffee?" Germany asked Prussia who laid his head in the table and yawned, letting out a 'yes' mid yawn.

Germany got up to fix him a cup of coffee and a buttered toast with jam, giving it to him and seeing his eyes brighten up and start eating.

"Did you..." Germany asked sheepishly. "Did you really carry me..? Or was I dreaming? I mean- no way it happened! I just-"

"I did carry you." Prussia licked his fingers after finishing the toast and sipped his cup. "Why don't you think it happened?" He looked at him and raised an eyebrow.

"I-....it's just that...you are, uh..." Germany gulped, unable to find the words to describe Prussia as he sees him. Prideful? Amazing? He can't describe him!

"He thinks you don't like him." Reich walked in with his hair and wings a mess. "And thinks you are too superior and cool and majestic and that he's lame-"

"Vater! Stop!" Germany's wings puffed up in embarrassment and he hide his face, mumbling incoherently and whining. "It was our secret..."

Prussia looked at Germany in surprise. He thinks that of him? How...heartwarming...

"You think that?" Prussia hid his smile with the mug. "Really?" He is so going to enjoy this.

Germany's face turned bright red, slowly uncovering it and preparing himself to look at Prussia's face showing disappointment

in him. But to his surprise, he saw a twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

"Y-yes..." Germany sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. "I see you as a strong and powerful Urgroßvater while I'm just...a working man. I'm not as cool as you or opa are, you two are just— too amazing." Germany spoke with admiration in his eyes, looking at Prussia then away. "I'm, I can't be compared to you two.."

Prussia put his mug down and smiled at Germany. "If there's one thing to correct in your cute little speech, it's the fact that I don't hate you." Prussia chuckled warmly, his body relaxing in a rare way that Germany never saw. "I never did, actually. It's just that...we couldn't really see each other that much, huh kleiner?"

Germany looked down at his hands and sighed. "Yeah...a lot happened..I'm happy to be with you all after everything." He looked over at Reich and smiled sadly. "You too Vati..I'm happy you're here."

Prussia smiled and laughed when he saw Reich wipe his eyes and groan about the dust entering his eyes and Germany joined Prussia in laughing, getting up and making his father some breakfast as well as German Empire who just walked into the group and sat with them.

This vacation is one that Germany will dearly hold on to.

☆-Ohana (2)-

A/N: when some of the book chapters got accidentally deleted, my reads fell down to 4k which made me sad. But in this week, you guys made the book hit 6k!! Thank you all so so much for enjoying this book, your engagement makes me excited to write and make more stories! Now, I hope you enjoy this chapter ^^

Characters: Russian Empire, Soviet, and Prussia
————-

"You are leaving now? Oh finally I get to have the house for myself." Soviet faked an evil laugh, watching Reich stick his tongue out and close his bag after making sure all his clothes and items were there.

"Hah! Yeah, yeah... you do know you'll be doing chores, right?"

"With you gone? It'll be much more easier on me and my father." Soviet gave a wide smirk with his shoulders high, fake narcissism radiating from him.

Soviet stood by the entrance door, watching Reich throw his bag in the trunk with his iconic toothy smile and slamming the door shut, waving at Soviet and getting into the car. Soviet waved his hand back and once Prussia drove out of the parking and left, he got inside and closed the door behind him.

Quietness quickly settled down in the empty house, with only himself and Russian Empire being the occupants of it. Soviet walked to the kitchen and started cleaning the table from the breakfast plates and coffee mugs Reich and Prussia left behind in their hurry to get ready, taking them to the sink and cleaning them.

Russian Empire entered the kitchen and saw his son washing the

dishes, going to the coffee machine and turning it on. "I'll take care of the laundry then."

"Huh- oh...sure..." Soviet looked down while scrupling the plate gently, his mind going back to the memory of that day.

It happened last week and ever since then, neither he nor Russian Empire spoke to each other more. If they ever had a talk it would be the very small and awkward ones that would last less than a minute. Would things really get better? Soviet wants them to heal indeed...but if only his father forgave himself then maybe...maybe it'll work out?

Soviet still feels the need to forgive himself for what he did as well, he wants to move on and open a new page with his father, to live free from the past that's clinging to them both.

Yet Soviet also doesn't want to push his father to do something that he's not yet ready for...seeing him breakdown that day, it made Soviet realize that this was bigger than he thought. He never considered that his father carried this much guilt and lived with it.

"The water is running."

"Ah- sorry!" Soviet flinched at getting his thoughts interrupted and immediately turned off the running tap, putting the clean plate away and taking the mug to start cleaning it. Maybe he shouldn't think while working, or else that plate might have gotten scratched or worse, broken.

Russian Empire stared at the back of his son, turning to the coffee machine that beeped and filling his mug of coffee, taking it with him to the laundry room so he could start working as well.

He could already tell what was running in Soviet's mind, but he doesn't know what to do or feel about it. Has it been his wish to be forgiven by Soviet? Yes. Does he deserve it? Absolutely no. Does he forgive himself for the suffering he caused Soviet? No, maybe never.

And yet Soviet forgave him. Soviet granted him the wish he'd been hoping for yet he can't accept it. It should always stay a wish,

something that he wishes to have but can't because of his own mistakes. So why did Soviet give it to him that easily?

'I get to decide. You changed...things changed us and...I know I can forgive you.'

Did he really change? Or is he still the worst father ever? What if he reclines back to who he was? What if he hurts Soviet? What if he hurts his grand kids?

Russian Empire stopped when the mug fell from his trembling hand and spilled inside Austrian Empire's basket. Groaning, Russian Empire took the mug out and threw the dirtied clothes into the washing machine, feeling glad that they were already dirty anyway.

He started the machine and walked out the room, hoping that Soviet left the kitchen so he can refill his cup without questions.

"Didn't you just drink one?"

Russian Empire grimaced and put his mug on the counter. "It spilled."

_____-

Soviet opened his eyes tiredly, groaning as he cracked his neck and looked around him.

Apparently he dozed off and took a nap in the living room. Looking outside the window he saw the sun was already setting, so he got off the couch and started stretching himself until he felt more energized to walk around the house.

He found his father out in the backyard taking the clothes off the hanger and folding them in the laundry basket to take them inside.

"Do you need help ironing them?" Soviet asked, yawning and brushing his hair lazily.

"I'll iron them tomorrow. I'll be leaving now to get some groceries if you want to come help me."

'Wait... Why did I invite him?! I know for sure that he'd rather go with Reich then me-' Russian Empire panicked immediately but kept a straight face while carrying the basket inside.

'He... He invited me..?' Soviet was alarmed at the offer and followed his father inside the house, closing the patio door. "Oh, Sure." Soviet answered nonchalantly. "I'll go get dressed."

"Alright then, we'll meet in the car." Russian Empire put the basket down and went to his room to get dressed, quite surprised that Soviet actually accepted to go with him and deep down inside, he felt happy.

———-

Russian Empire held the small handwritten list in his hands, with Soviet grabbing a cart and following him. "Where to first?"

"Eggs. They surprisingly have a good deal on them." Russian Empire said and walked with his son to the aisle, taking the item and putting it carefully in the cart. "Now we will go to get some cleaning supplies."

The rest of the list was easily scratched as they kept shopping, Russian Empire being very pleased with how easy it was having Soviet help him than Prussia.

A smile slipped on Russian Empire's lips as he remembered the last time he came here with Prussia which was last month. "What's in your mind? You are not laughing at me are you?"

Russian Empire looked up and saw Soviet holding the bags of freshly sliced bread. "Hm? Laughing?" He questioned genuinely, his smile vanishing as soon as it came.

"Well, you were smiling just now."

Russian Empire blinked and titled his head to the side a bit, rubbing his cheek with his finger. "Oh..well, I remembered something is all..."

"What is it?" Soviet asked with curiosity, wanting to know what was

it that made his father smile and just wishing to engage in a conversation.

As a first baby step.

Surprised, he didn't expect Soviet to ask more about the subject but he answered him. "How shopping here with Prussia is more of a pain than with you. Don't let him know but you're better at this than him."

And Soviet laughed. A pure, heartfelt laughter while putting the bags in the cart, wiping his eye.

"Right, I'm supposed to believe that you just handed out a compliment to me."

"Your lose, you know I don't give these out a lot."

Russian Empire looked over at Soviet and stared at him, how relaxed he looked and how he gave a real smile. It felt...blissful. He wants to see more of that, more of his son relaxed and happy around him.

Maybe Soviet was right, maybe he changed.

Maybe, just maybe...he can believe that.

———

Dinner today was simple, they didn't feel very hungry and each one of them wanted a small meal for the night, so each made their food and sat in the dining table, already feeling tired after arranging all the items in their places throughout the house.

Soviet picked his bowl and sipped the noodle soup, letting out a satisfied sigh and leaning back on his chair, watching his father finish his meal carefully and collect his plate and cup to wash them as well as grabbing Soviet's fork.

Soviet took the bowl and threw it in the trash, watching Russian Empire finish up the few dishes he had and dry his hands with his napkin.

"You act with so much etiquette..." Soviet spoke his thoughts out loud and covered his mouth. "Wait- I'm sorry—"

Russian Empire turned behind him to look at Soviet and raised a brow. "Is that so? Something wrong with it?"

"No! No! Never! It's just, interesting? You don't see that everyday I guess." Soviet rubbed his hands together. "You still perfect everything...I remember when you'd try to get me into it as well, I wasn't a fan of it."

"You were a stubborn child, that's what the teachers told me." Russian Empire said with a chuckle, yet it didn't reach his eyes, getting a little lost as he remembered punishing Soviet for his unwell behavior. "Sorry about what I did then..."

"It's in the past. I moved on from it and now I see it as an old memory to laugh at and entertain my kids with it..." Soviet got up and raised his hand to his father's shoulder, freezing in the process but doing it and letting his hand rest there. "I told you I forgive you. You should do the same to yourself."

Russian Empire lowered his head and turned it away, letting Soviet squeeze his shoulder in assurance.

———

Russian Empire grunted at getting woken up to the ringing of his phone early in the morning. Taking the device he looked at Prussia's contact info and wondered if he should answer or just turn the phone off and return to sleep.

The ringing stopped and Russian Empire thought he'll be able to return to sleep but Prussia called again and he sighed, sitting up on the bed and answering the phone.

"H—ello-"

Russian Empire froze as he heard his scratchy voice, rubbing his neck once he realized that it hurt him to talk.

"Woah, it's only been one day and you're sick? Aw you feel lonely

without us all?" Prussia taunted and laughed. "Get off the bed and get something warm, I'll call you later then."

"Wait-"

The line was closed and Russian Empire sighed in annoyance. Why call in the first place then...

Russian Empire ran his hand through his hair and touched his forehead to check the temperature, seeming normal. He wasn't sweating or drowsy, therefore it's not a fever. Clearing his throat, Russian Empire winced and rubbed his neck again at the pain, deciding to do what Prussia suggested and drink something warm to ease the pain and make his voice return as well.

Getting out of the room after getting dressed, he went down the stairs and could smell some eggs and hash browns being made, and right as he walked into the kitchen he saw Soviet looking at him and point at a plate. "Oh, you finally woke up. I'm making breakfast, I'll get you some."

"Thanks..." Russian Empire managed to say in a hoarse voice, going to make himself and Soviet coffee.

"You sound awful." Soviet spoke and put down the two plates, taking a seat and watching as his father put the creamer in both mugs, adding a spoon of sugar to Soviet's and stirring it.

"Sore throat. It'll pass." He put down his mug and gave Soviet his own, taking his seat and starting to eat but stopped and lifted his head up when he saw Soviet stared at him. "What?"

"You know how I like my coffee?" Soviet asked in pure surprise, taking a small sip and melting to the sensation of the coffee moving in his system and boosting him awake. "I never told you how I like it..."

"I know. I see you making it something or Reich would make it for you." Russian Empire took a bite of his food and relaxed his tense body, smiling at the taste. "It's good."

Soviet smiled and leaned back in his chair, feeling a comfortable

aura surrounding them. "Thanks."

After breakfast, Soviet had decided to help his father in his chores so he would have the remaining of the day to rest himself and tend to his throat so it wouldn't worsen.

And to Russian Empire, it was the best adventure he's ever encountered. He never knew how careful Soviet is and how professional he can be when it comes to doing chores, but he doesn't need to question too much because taking care of his kids made him have this much experience. Russian Empire didn't get to see this side of Soviet a lot, a vulnerable and expressive side that he finds warmth in seeing it.

"Agh!" Soviet shook his face, rubbing his eyes as the glass spray hit his eyes accidentally. "I aimed at the windows, show did it hit me! Oh it burns..." Soviet started blowing air with his hand over his burning eye.

Soviet froze when he felt a cold cloth being placed over his tearing eye, the pain slowly subsiding due to being cleaned. "You should be careful next time, the spray has many different pressure types." Russian Empire sighed with a humorous tone, clearing his sore throat and smirked. "Well, there goes your other eye I guess."

Soviet snorted and began laughing his heart out. "Hey now, I'm not the only one here with an eyepatch, sir!" Soviet threw back, holding the wet cloth and taking it off his eye that was a little red but at least he could keep it open.

And he saw it, for the mere second that Russian Empire was looking at him, he saw it. A genuine fatherly smile that was directed to no one else but Soviet. And it vanished as Russian Empire turned his back to him and went to continue his cleaning of the living room.

Soviet stood frozen outside by the patio windows that he was supposed to clean, his eye filled with stars and he turned to the windows, a stupid smile uncontrollably blasting his face as he began working, his heart pounding in his ears.

Russian Empire had the broom in a tight hold as he leaned on the

wall of the corridors, looking down at his feet and took a deep breath to keep his emotions at bay. He made Soviet laugh, he made him happy and he saw it, the spark in his eyes and the warm smile that made Russian Empire feel like the world was alright and healing.

He wanted to see more of that smile, hear more of that laughter. And he'll do what he can to get it out of his son.

His son.

Soviet was right, he really did change. And right now, they're both healing, together.

"Hey, mein freund! How is your throat? And how's being with Soviet alone hm?"

Russian Empire looked at the television, a blanket draped over him while watching a muted horror movie alongside Soviet who seemed to be very quiet the last thirty minutes. "It's better now, It might have to be due to the cold air conditioner. As for Soviet, things are-"

He felt a weigh crash on his shoulder and looked to see Soviet sleeping there, his hair falling over his eyes with his eyepatch off of him. When did he take it off?

Russian Empire looked down at his son, seeing the scarred eye and unconsciously ran his hand over the scars, moving his hand up to brush his hair and lean down to rest against him.

"They're getting there..." Russian Empire said softly and smiled down at Soviet, feeling himself relax as well.

"Ah, I see..." Prussia said in understanding, looking over at his own family and smiling. "I'm happy for you, Russia."

"Thank you..."

It's not easy, it's still baby steps, but Russian Empire felt that he made a lot of great progress in that, and so did Soviet.

☆-"103.8 F"-

A/N: I've never had a sick-fic be so hard to write like this one and it's either one of these reasons:
1- I didn't get the hang of writing the characters
2-my perfectionism is having me in a chokehold
(It's both and I'm so smad-)
ENJOY!! I'm both happy and shocked that this chapter is 4k words!! Seems like I clearly have favorites xD

Characters: Soviet , Russian Empire, Reich, Prussia, Austrian Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary and German Empire.
————————

Soviet blinked his eyes to clear them, looking down at his barely touched breakfast and sipping his coffee. It wasn't unusual for Soviet to not eat a lot, but today felt a bit different for him.

Other than the intense headache that was with him ever since waking up, If he put a spoonful of his breakfast in his mouth, he felt like he couldn't keep it down, but did his best to swallow it and wash it down with a sip of his warm coffee.

"Are you done?" Reich looked over at him and pointed at the plate, to which Soviet nodded and rubbed his temple to soothed his headache.

To the sharp eyes of Reich, it didn't go unnoticed how Soviet looked slightly paler than normal and more quiet. Swiftly, he kicked his chair back and went to the fridge, opening a plastic container and taking out a strip of painkillers. "Here. They might help." He said and took the leftover food, covering it and going to wash the rest of the plates from everyone else.

"What's the schedule today?" Austria-Hungary walked to the kitchen, her hand reaching up to the small board that was hanging on to the fridge, running her fingers over the braille.

"It's a day off, mutter! No chores." Reich put the plates away to dry and went over to her. "Let's go see Germany with vater!" He bubbled excitedly as he and Austria-Hungary went out of the kitchen, chattering about things to do for today.

Off day. That sounded like the thing Soviet needed indeed. Taking the painkillers and sipping the last bits of his coffee, Soviet got out of the kitchen and went to the living room, blobbing down on the couch and sighing deeply.

For the next minutes, Soviet watched whatever channel Austrian Empire put on, not paying that much focus as he felt himself dozing off, the headache finally fading away slowly thanks to the meds.

Austrian Empire hummed and leaned back on the couch, stopping at a random channel that played a movie and started to talk. "Hey, you know this movie?" He turned to Soviet and stopped as he saw the man was already out cold where he sat on the couch.

Frowning, Austrian Empire was going to ignore it but his gut wrenched and he knew it was something far from the usual. Soviet rarely naps after waking up, as well as after having coffee. The only person in this house who could soundly sleep after a coffee was Reich due to his addiction to it.

"Is something wrong? I know that look." Kingdom Of Hungary held the hand of Austrian Empire when he turned quiet for longer than usual. Squeezing her hand tightly, he looked over at her with a worried expression.

"I...I think so. I'll go see Russia-"

"See me for what?" Russian Empire entered the living room with a book in his hand, glancing over at the sleeping Soviet and his eye showed concern. "He doesn't usually sleep after waking up."

"That's what I thought too." Austrian Empire whisper-yelled and got up, walking towards Soviet and poking his shoulder, jumping back when Soviet opened his eyes and looked around him.

"I'm awake!" He blurted out and looked at the two looming figures

of Austrian Empire and Russian Empire. "What's wrong...?"

"Are you okay...? You passed out asleep on the couch suddenly..." Austrian Empire said nervously, rubbing his arm and watching as Soviet began laughing and waving his hand.

"I'm fine! I just woke up with a headache and Reich gave me some painkillers to help. I guess I relaxed too much and fell asleep." He smiled to assure Austria who still looked unsure. "I'm fine, really." He patted his shoulder and got off the couch, stretching.

"Where are you going?" Russian Empire asked while watching Soviet run his hand through his hair and try to fix it, going to the door and putting his shoes on.

"I'll go take a breather in the park, might pass by the bakery and get us some sweets if I feel up to it." He smirked as he saw Reich stand with his mouth agape.

"You **better** go there and get me a fruit tart. Or else." Reich pointed his finger at Soviet's chest and poked it.

"Awe, what happened to seeing Germany?" Soviet smirked and towered over Reich. "Too busy to see his Vati?" He shielded himself when he felt Reich punch his chest, making him break into a fit of coughs and laughters. "Ow ow- okay I'll go there!"

———

Soviet was hoping that the walk would help make him feel better and energized, but what it really did was drain him and make him feel a lot more sick and nauseous.

Seeing an empty bench, he heavily planted himself to sit there and let out a ragged breath, using his hand as a fan to cool down his sweating. It didn't hit a ten minute walk and Soviet is already breathless, with his eyes unfocusing and his cheeks heating up.

But Soviet pushed it away, it's either the summer heat getting to him or just a little fever that'll pass. And he hopes it isn't the latter.

After the small rest, he decided it's time to head back before he

could feel worse, planning to return home and rest for the day. He got off the bench and went to the drinking fountain, splashing his face and hair with the cool refreshing water then drank from it.

"Much better..." he sighed with a smile and shook his head, drying his hair from the water and then started his walk to the bakery.

Soviet could swear that the rest of the day passed by as a blur. He could barely remember anything after the bakery other than lying on his bed tiredly and taking small gasps of breaths.

It felt too cramped, he couldn't take in enough breaths and his body was on fire. Letting out a weak groan, Soviet buried his face in his pillow and curled under the blanket in a ball, waiting for sleep to capture him.

———

Sharing a room with Soviet wasn't bad. Years after the end of the war and after a long way of healing and redeeming himself, Reich and Soviet are in better terms now. They still bicker, they still fight: but it is part of who they are.

Even with all this 'frenemy' relationship they have, they can understand each other better than anyone in the house: due to growing up together when they were kids. No matter what happens, these two can understand one other like the back of their own hands.

Reich looked over at Soviet who was asleep, barely able to see his face from how he was curled and huddled in his blanket. Soviet excused himself to go to sleep two hours ago, and Reich just got in the room to sleep since it hit a late hour.

The way Soviet excused himself from everyone else made them all feel uneasy, even Reich got worried. Austrian Empire looked pale as he whispered to his wife about his gut, Russian Empire looking at Austria then at the back of his son as he was leaving.

It all felt on thin ice. Soviet was trying to hide something from them and it's slowly begging to unravel itself.

———

"Kill me."

Soviet was standing over the body of Reich, a gun was in his shaking hand and pointing at his heart. "You can do it. Just pull the trigger."

Soviet felt frozen as he looked at the face of Reich, or what was visible of it.

It was covered in blood, his eyes hidden under his hair but his wide toothy grin was there, mocking Soviet.

"Kill me, Soviet. End your pain as well as mine."

Soviet tried to open his mouth to speak, but he couldn't. He felt something pressing down on his chest and it made breathing harder.

Reich's grin immediately faded, his eye staring at Soviet under all the hair and blood, wide and dead from any light.

"Pathetic." A bang was heard and everything faded to black.

Soviet sat up on his bed and gasped for breath, his fast movement caused him to get sick as he covered his mouth and got off his bed, almost falling due to his tangled leg in the blanket.

Soviet went to the bathroom in the room and kneeled on the ground, opening the toilet seat and heaving whatever that was in him.

Soviet took a weak breath and coughed, feeling the burning sensation in his throat as he kept throwing up, until he could only rest his head on the seat and pant heavily, his hair stuck to his forehead from the sweat and his eyes fluttering weakly.

Leaning back, he found himself lying on the bathroom floor, the coldness of it felt soothing on his burning skin. Soviet didn't notice the shadow of someone walking in and talking to him, too dazed to focus on the blob of color that was there.

He flinched and shivered at feeling a hand running on his back, the

voice of someone trying to talk to him was there but Soviet couldn't understand anything.

Soviet let out a weak sound of discomfort when he felt a freezing hand touch his forehead, yet the cold hand was gone as soon as it came.

"This is bad...come on Soviet, get up."Soviet looked up as he saw the blob of Reich taking his arm and putting it over his shoulders, pulling him with strength. "Mmf! Ugh, help me will you?" Reich huffed and took a deep breath, puffing his cheeks and trying to pull Soviet up, yet it went unsuccessfully as he fell down on his bum.

Reich looked at his friend and saw his eyes were slowly closing, his chest barely moving with hard gasps of breaths.

Frantically, Reich got up and went to the other room that was on the same floor: Russian Empire and Prussia. He kicked the door down without care as the two countries sat up from their beds quickly, Russia had his wings open and prepared while Prussia with his dangerously sharp claw out.

"Reich?! You better explain yourself!" Prussia growled and got off his bed, ready to teach his grandson a lesson but when he saw the worry on Reich's face, his claw transformed back to his hand and he put it on his shoulder. "Hey, what's wrong-"

"Soviet is passed out on the bathroom floor. I can't carry him to his bed and he's heating up-" Reich was cut off when Russian Empire got off his bed and put on his shirt, running out of the room to Reich and Soviet's room.

True to his words, Russian Empire walked in and saw Soviet on the floor of the bathroom, lying very still with his eyes open and unseeing, too out of it to do anything else. Getting on his knee, Russian Empire swiftly put Soviet's arm on his shoulder and got up to walk with him.

On the other side came Prussia for support, telling Reich to prepare Soviet's bed and get a rag draped in cold water.

Russian Empire laid his son down carefully, pulling the blanket over his shaking body. He felt something within him break at the sight of Soviet looking weakened and in pain, shivering violently even under the blanket.

Soviet reached his hand up to his head, pressing hard on it as he felt immense pain there, burning up even when he's shivering.

"I'm back." Reich came back with a bowl full of cold water and a towel. He walked over to the bed and wrinkled the clothes from any water, putting it on Soviet's forehead and watching as he hitched his breath and let out a grunt of pain.

"You two can go back to sleep...I'll watch over him." Russian Empire said without taking his eyes off of Soviet, holding his hand back from pushing the towel off himself.

Prussia frowned and got up to leave, but not after telling the two that they should get him if anything got worse.

Reich went over to his bed and sat his pillows up, resting them against the bed frame and sitting there. "You may have gotten Prussia to sleep, but I don't plan on doing that." He said and grabbed his portable gaming device, hooking his headphones and wearing only one of them as he started playing.

The night went on with Russian Empire changing Soviet's towel and Reich refilling the bowel when it would dry out.

_____-

The next time Soviet opened his eyes, it felt worse than the bathroom. He felt that his body was radiating with too much heat yet he was still freezing under the blankets that were mounted on him.

He saw the figure of Austrian Empire sitting next to him, coaxing him to drink the soup that was made for him. Soviet tried to protest and turn his head away but he felt a pair of strong arms holding him up and he heavily leaned on whoever was helping him sit.

"Come on, you can do it..." Austrian Empire smiled fatherly at

Soviet and held the spoon up to his lips, smiling triumphantly as he saw him drinking it.

Austrian Empire kept gently encouraging Soviet to drink the soup until he reached halfway through it, that's when Soviet shook his head and buried it in the shoulder of who was holding him up.

"It's alright, you did well. I'm proud of you." Austrian Empire said and nodded at German Empire who kept Soviet upright. "You can make him lay down, he's clearly out of it...I'm just glad he managed to keep it in."

Austrian Empire frowned in worry while watching German Empire lay down Soviet who felt like a doll getting put in a box, his arms straight and his head unmoving from its position. And yet even with Soviet being taken care of by everyone in the house, Austrian Empire couldn't shake off his gut feeling.

"How's he?" Russian Empire walked in, holding a newly warmed blanket and handing it to German Empire so he chould change the old sweaty one.

"He managed to drink half of his soup...that's the only good sign I saw." Austrian Empire frowned worriedly and fidgeted with his hands. "Maybe we should change his clothes. I'm sure they are soaked with sweat. He needs to be hydrated too. I'll go get some water and a fever medicine. You and German Empire can take care of changing him."

"We will." Russian Empire agreed and went to his son's closet, grabbing a fresh sweater and sweatpants. "Soviet, look at me. We'll get you changed, alright?"

Soviet opened his eyes tiredly and nodded his head, letting them do their work as they changed him out of his old clothes and into fresher ones.

Soviet felt a sense of comfort as the newer clothes didn't stick too much to his skin, melting to the warm blanket that eased his shivering and chattering teeth.

"You can go, Germany. I'll take the watch now. You did well."

German Empire only gave a curt nod and got up, taking the clothes and the blanket to get them washed, pulling the door to close it with his leg.

"I think taking you to the doctor will be a safer idea...don't you agree?" Russian Empire spoke gently and saw Soviet open his eyes, looking around him and scoffing.

"It's just a cold..." Soviet spoke hoarsely and breathlessly, his eyes already closing and his words slurring together. "It'll heal.." he passed out asleep.

Soviet woke up again but the room was dark, he blinked tiredly to focus on his surroundings. His head was throbbing painfully and his limps felt heavy to move. Taking a shaky breath, he tried to get up to sit on his bed, feeling the room spinning around him and something fell off his head.

"Easy now." He felt a jab in his chest and looked up to see Prussia staring at him. "Lay. Rest. If you need anything just let me know."

"W-water..." he answered and felt his arms give up on him, lying down on the bed and sighing. "Prussia...it feels too hot..." he bite his quivering lips, shivering under the weighted blanket.

Prussia opened the bottle of water and helped Soviet drink it, watching as the country collapsed on the bed weakly, panting.

"Hold on, kid. You can get through it." Prussia said with a deep frown, fearing that it was only worsening more and more. "Don't give up." Prussia hissed and changed the towel on his head, seeing Soviet smiling weakly and chuckling.

"I won't..."

It went on like this for Soviet the next day, he kept passing out and waking up to a new face next to him. One time he'd wake up with Austrian Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary talking quietly together, with Austria keeping a hand near Soviet's bed.

Another time he'd wake up and see Reich and Russian Empire chatting together, with Reich laughing loudly and Russian Empire smiling at him gently.

Soviet looked at them and felt his heart ease at seeing his father smile, his eyes feeling heavy and his breathing slow and ragged.

"You're...smiling..."

Russian Empire turned over to his son in surprise, seeing Soviet smiling and pointing at him. "It's...nice to see it..."

Reich rested his cheek on his hand and watched silently as Russian Empire lowered his head, a shadow falling over his face. "You're becoming delusional...try to sleep..." he said softly, his tone having a hint of sadness to it as he reached his hand and brushed Soviet's hair away from his eyes.

Soviet unconsciously leaned to the touch and was out cold again.

"He might be delusional, but he's speaking the truth you know? Like how you blurt out what's in your heart when under a sedative effect." Reich spoke to Russian Empire who didn't turn to him, his hand still resting on Soviet's head.

Soviet didn't wake up again until next morning, the sun was peaking from under the curtains, trying to illuminate the room that barely had any natural light for the past few days that Soviet was bedridden.

Soviet felt like leaving the room today. Not out of energy and feeling like he's better than the past few days, but because he felt the need to change the atmosphere. He has been in the same position for three days, waking up to have a bite or a medicine then falling asleep to let his body heal itself from the fever.

"Ugh..." Soviet removed the cloth off of his forehead and tossed it to the side, feeling a hand on his back helping him sit upright.

"Take it easy." Russian Empire's voice came out clear next to Soviet. "What do you need?"

"I...want to go outside..." Soviet breathed out, feeling like it drained him to even talk.

"Go outside ..? You are too sick."

"Please." Soviet wheezed and rubbed his face, pushing his sweaty hair out of his eyes. "I just want to sit outside and take a breath....I've been in my bed way too long...and I stink." Soviet joked with a tired laugh.

"Great, you can smell." Russian Empire smirked and put his arm behind Soviet's back to steady him. "Alright..I'll help you up and take you to the backyard. But as soon as you feel tired then we're getting inside. Got it?"

Soviet only managed a small nod, heavily leaning his weight on his father but Russian Empire didn't flinch, being one of the physically strong countries in the house.

Reich watched from where he rested in his own bed, wishing to help but also not wanting to invade their privacy, and he knew very well that Russian Empire can handle carrying Soviet on his own.

The walk downstairs took longer than expected, but Soviet needed his time to take his steps and breathe since he's all the way in the second floor. Once by the patio, Russian Empire pushed the door open and Soviet looked up at the rising sun, his eyes finally seeing the light as he put his hand up over his eyes to shield them.

Feeling Soviet relax, Russian Empire helped his son sit down on the steps, watching as Soviet leaned his body on his shoulder, looking at the clouds with a content sigh.

It was comforting, with both of them sitting next to each other, the summer breeze hitting them gently and easing their stiff bodies after a long few days of Soviet being sick.

"Look at that, you're out of your room!"

Soviet looked up and saw Prussia leaning on the patio door. "This calls for a celebration ~" Prussia swayed his shoulders and smirked playfully, earning a laugh from Soviet and a grumble from Russian

Empire.

Prussia left the two, greeting whoever woke up and talking eagerly inside.

Soviet took a shuddering breath, suddenly feeling his body worsen on him and his head start to spin too much for comfort. "Father..." he whispered softly and his body got heavier on Russian Empire's shoulder. "I..I wish to go back to my room...I feel tired..."

Russian Empire looked down at his son, his heart racing when he saw the sweat padded in his head more than when he woke up. "Yes. Alright let's go.."

They both got up, with Russian Empire guiding his son through the house and nearing the stairs.

Soviet felt his legs shaking, his head hung low and his eyes unable to focus on the spinning ground. He let out a small mumble, his hand reaching up and tugging tightly at his father's shirt, pulling at it. Soviet felt a panic when the black dots began to appear around his sight, his head getting lighter.

"What did you say?" Russian Empire looked down at Soviet, feeling fear crawl at his heart. "Soviet? Look up at me."

"I think...I think I'm going to faint..." Soviet's face was getting paler as his legs gave up on him, feeling his body letting go and falling forward.

But before he could hit the ground, Russian Empire reached his hand and held Soviet's wrist tightly so he wouldn't fall and hurt himself. "Soviet?! Soviet!" Terror now had a tight grip on Russian Empire's heart, making him now realize that his son's fever was more than anyone thought.

Prussia and Reich came to the noise, freezing at the sight of Russian Empire carefully laying Soviet on the floor and holding his burning cheeks, calling out for him to wake up.

"Reich, start the car! I'll help Russia carry Soviet to it." Prussia ordered in a hurry, with Reich opening his wings and taking off

quickly to do as he was told.

Prussia took a hold of Soviet's legs and nodded to Russian Empire who took his arms, both carrying the unmoving body to the backseat of the car.

Instead of taking the passenger seat, Russian Empire sat in the back with his son, putting Soviet's head on his lap and holding his head straight. Prussia buckled his seat and before he could take off, he noticed the red figure in the passenger seat. But because he was in a hurry, he didn't ask Reich why he was with them.

The nearest hospital was fifteen minutes drive, but to Russian Empire it felt like it was taking an hour to arrive there. He put his hand up on the windows when he felt the car swivel to a harsh stop, looking outside and seeing the hospital.

"I'll help you-" before Prussia could unbuckle himself from the seat, he saw that Russian Empire was already out of the car and carrying Soviet bridal style while running towards the emergency's doors.

"Help him! Please!" The fear was so clear in his tone as he almost slipped but kept a tight hold on his son, not daring to let him fall from his hold.

It was the first time ever for Reich to see Russian Empire on the verge of a panic attack like that.

———

The beeping sound was a comforting company to Soviet's void. It was gentle, calm and steady.

His chest was much better, feeling like he could finally breathe freely. His forehead wasn't soaking in sweat and his body didn't feel like it burned him.

He felt like himself again.

The beeping sound got quieter when he heard the sound of people talking around him, their voices hushed and gentle not to disturb him.

"Any changes?" That sound, it was Austrian Empire's.

"Nothing yet." Russian Empire...

"Hey, don't lose hope my friend. Your son is as stubborn as you. He'll make it."

He felt a gentle squeeze in his hand, a thumb caressing it with so much care as if Soviet's hand could crumble at any second.

"Thank you..."

"You're welcome. I'll go get you some lunch. Prussia told me you haven't eaten anything. Do you wish to greet your son while being tired yourself? I don't think so."

Before Russian Empire could protest and say that he's not hungry, Austrian Empire left the room and closed the door behind him.

And it was quiet again.

"Well...they never change." Russian Empire spoke softly, his hand still caressing Soviet's. "I wouldn't want them to change..."

Russian Empire tightened his hold on Soviet's hand and blinked his burning eyes. "You know...I couldn't believe that we were slowly healing from our past together...it felt so unreal...but I want to heal and to be a good father to you.." his voice had a small quiver in it, and Soviet felt a few droplets hitting his hand. "You can't give up on me...not now..."

Russian Empire lifted his head up when he felt Soviet squeeze his hand back. Looking up at him, he saw his son slowly open his eyes.

Soviet felt the light blind him for a second, but after a few blinks the room cleared and he saw him. His uncovered eye was glistening with tears and his lower lip quivered.

"Hey..." Soviet greeted weakly and felt arms around him, embracing him in a tight hug. But it wasn't a painful or a forceful hug, it was warm and needed.

Soviet returned the hug strongly, feeling his own eyes watering and he buried his face in his father's shoulder. "I'm sorry..." Soviet pulled at his shirt and tightened the hug as much as his body could muster.

"Don't be...just- please get well soon. I can't stand to see you like this, Soviet."

Soviet let out a wet chuckle, wiping his eyes and smiling. "I will, I will..."

☆-Misfits and Freaks-

Characters: Germany, Russia, Reich, Soviet, Austrian Empire, Russian Empire, Prussia, Kingdom Of Hungary, German Empire and Austria-Hungary.

———

Germany was sitting in his desk, working on one of the files that needed to be transferred from paper to computer and taking his time doing it since he didn't have anything to do afterwards and could leave work.

He turned over to his phone when it rang, closing the scanner on the paper and answering. "Hallo, vater!" He couldn't help himself beaming up excitedly at seeing the contact name, his free hand tapping the table in a happy stim.

"Deutschland, hey! How are you doing?"

"I'm good. I don't have much work for today and I can leave early to start my weekend." Germany stopped and thought about it, blurting out immediately: "Hey...can I come over?" Germany raised his shoulder to hold the phone, going over to the scanner to scan another page. "I mean-If it's okay of course! I just- suddenly thought about it and I want to see you and the others-"

Germany got flustered when he heard Reich laughing. "Mein sohn, if only you knew that this question was on the tip of my tongue! Yes you can come over! House is open for you any time you want!"

"Thanks, Vati...oh, since I'm coming, can I invite-"

"Yes. You can invite Russia." Reich cut his son off with a knowing smirk, listening as his son groaned and whined at him for casually making him flustered that easily.

After the call was done, Germany found himself working faster so he could get off earlier as well as go to Russia's office to see him.

"Russland?" He knocked on the door and opened it once he heard a quiet invite. Germany saw Russia closing his laptop and putting it in his bag, getting off his chair and hanging his jacket around his arm.

"Oh, Germany. Needed something?"

"You're coming with me to visit the dead countries." Germany said it more like an affirmation than a request, which got Russia to chuckle and shrug a shoulder.

"Sure. It's been a while since I saw father after he was hospitalized. I'll go home to get dressed and let my sisters know. We can meet there."

"Good. Yes, true. I should change too. Danke, Russland!" Germany left the office and Russia let out an amused sigh, leaving after Germany and pulling the door to close it.

———————-

Germany stood by the entrance, fixing his hoodie and pants to make sure he looked presentable before he knocked gently on the door.

"Coming." Germany was greeted by Reich who launched himself to his son and grinned. "There you are! What took you so long?"

"Sorry! I went home to get changed into something casual and comfortable. I'm here now!" Germany looked behind his father and titled his head. "Is Russia here?"

"Hah? I thought he'll come with you." Reich walked inside with Germany following him.

"He said we'll meet here-"

"Mein kleiner junge!!" Germany was engulfed in Austria-Hungary's arms and smooches. "I missed you so much! How are you doing?" She asked motherly and squished his cheeks gently.

Germany wasn't keen on touches from anyone around him. But there are a few special people in his list that have the access to hug him or hold him anytime they wished to, and he'd melt in their hold from how touch starved he is.

"Hey, Oma.." Germany felt his cheek hurt him from smiling as he hugged her back, feeling a big hand ruffle his hair and he looked up to see German Empire smiling down at him.

Thirty minutes later, there was a knock on the door and Germany was going to get up and answer it from the living room but Soviet got up before him to the door, opening it to see his son.

"Russia?" Soviet asked in surprise, thinking his eyes were deceiving him. "I wasn't told you'll come! Get in get in!" Soviet immediately opened the door for him and before he could speak, he heard a snicker from behind him and turned to see Germany and Reich fist bumping.

"You planned that?" Soviet yelled at Reich.

"I thought you let them know about me coming?!" Russia groaned while being in a flustered mess.

"I mean, I told Vati~ but seems like he wanted Herr Sowjet to be surprised at seeing his dear son." Germany grinned and hid behind his father when Russia glared at him with a blush decorating his face.

"Oo! What's that?" Reich came over to Russia who was holding a white box with fancy golden writing on it.

"I-I brought a cake...Raine told me to not come here empty handed so I got this. We can eat it now with coffee." Russia's nervousness faded as his shoulders relaxed and he held the box up.

"Well? Let's go!" Reich grinned and walked further into the house, Germany Soviet and Russia following after him to the kitchen.

The cake was served as everyone was in the living room, talking together about random topics here and there, the sitting was radiating a soft family vibe that everyone welcomed.

Russia put his mug down on the coffee table, leaning back on the frame of the couch as he sat on the floor, putting his arm around Germany's shoulder while listening to his father and Reich discuss something while they were being intensely focused, chuckling when he saw his father rolling his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose.

"You are being illogical right now I want to punch you." Soviet groaned from where he sat on the couch, hearing Reich try to cut him off and prove his point.

Germany had his knees up while eating his cake, unbothered by Russia's arm and actually resting to it to the point where he didn't feel it there, watching the debate that was happening.

A while later, Prussia walked back into the living room with his refilled coffee, seeing Reich, Germany and Russia sitting in the ground. Soviet, Russian Empire and German Empire were hogging up the whole couch. Kingdom Of Hungary wasn't in the room while Austrian Empire and Austria-Hungary were standing behind the couch and listening with amusement.

"How lovely." Austria-Hungary covered her mouth to stifle a giggle. "Who'll punch the other first?" She turned to her father who grimaced and rubbed the back of his neck.

"Reich would lose his temper before we know it." He said and saw Prussia come over and pass by him, going over to the reading chair in the living room and standing on top of it.

"Prussia?" Austrian Empire asked in confusion at seeing Prussia stare at them and smirk. "Prussia what's going on? And why are you on top of the reading chair like this. Get down!"

"Bold words from someone who's in the lava."

It all broke loose when Reich took off from his spot and threw himself at German Empire and Russian Empire on the couch, squeezing his body between them. "Hah! I'm safe!"

"Eek-! I need a safe spot!" Austria-Hungary ran to Prussia's voice

and got under his legs to sit in the chair while he kept on standing.

German Empire quickly lifted his legs and sat cross legged in the couch, watching with amusement as Germany and Russia frantically got off the ground and were trying to find a safe spot.

"Here!" Reich pushed Russian Empire and German Empire a little, ripping the couch cushions and tossing them on the floor, seeing Germany and Russia each take one and sit on it.

"You know you could fly right?" Russia laughed at Germany who blushed and tried to hit him, saying that he actually forgot to open his wings and just float above the lave.

"Reich, the couch can't take all four of us." Soviet said and closed his eyes dramatically. "A sacrifice must take place. I'm sorry my friend."

"Wait-" Reich felt the world tilt around him and he fell off the couch and on the floor after Soviet pushed him, watching him smirk and wave his hand.

"You're out~"

Reich held his head and started making a fake gurgling sound. "Argh! Traitor! Avenge me, vater."

"No!" Germany put his hands on his cheeks in a display of shock and made a sob. "My vater was so young..."

"He will be missed." Russia stretched his hand from the safety of his cushion and patted Germany's back.

The match kept going as each country would try to make the other lose, ending up in Russian Empire and German Empire victorious up their podium -the couch. Really..-

Kingdom Of Hungary walked into the living room and froze by the foyer at seeing the mess. "Who caused this?! And why are the pillows everywhere!"

"Prussia!" Everyone in the room pointed at the black winged

country who was lying on the floor, smiling nervously.

"I'll pretend I didn't see this mess and go to my room then come back, I hope this place gets to be is as clean as it was."

With that threat thrown out, Kingdom Of Hungary turned her back towards them and walked away. Russia got up and dusted his pants, watching Germany stretch his arms and laugh with his father.

"I'll wash the dishes." Russia offered, leaning down and reaching his hand to collect the dishes, but someone came next to him and beat him for it. "Huh?" Looking at who it was, he saw Austrian Empire smiling warmly at him and holding the dishes.

"I'll take that. You're our guest."

"But-"

"Nonsense fighting him." Russian Empire reattached the pillows and cushions back to their place, patting the spot next to him for Russia to sit. "He's right, you're our guest."

Rubbing his arm, Russia sat next to his grandfather and thanked him quietly.

Russian Empire smiled down at Russia and ruffled his ushanka, starting a small conversation with him about Ukraine and Belarus.

Soviet threw the plastic forks in the trash, looking at the two who were on the couch and joined them, with Russia getting even more excited to talk with the two.

"Good thing you invited him, he seems relaxed." Reich held the mugs while Germany held some of them as well, taking them to the sink where Austrian Empire was washing the dishes.

"Mhm! He deserves a well earned rest." Germany smiled in pride and walked out of the kitchen with his father, feeling Reich put his arm around him and give him a side hug.

"You are so thoughtful of your friends.."

Germany smiled sheepishly and played with the him of his hoodie sleeve, lowering his head in shyness. "Thank you.." he mumbled and laughed when Reich started messing up his hair.

"Stop!! Opa!" Germany escaped Reich's playful attack and ran into the living room, German Empire immediately opening his arms in defense and standing before Germany.

Prussia pushed the reading chair back to its place and looked at the scene, unconsciously letting his guard down and smiling warmly.

German Empire looked chill and even playful with Germany around. Reich was more mischievous -than normal- as he teased his son and Soviet's son.

Soviet and Russian Empire felt like there was no wall between them when Russia would talk with them, even if the kid looks scary to who doesn't know him and tired due to his mental health, Prussia can see that he's looking himself when around his father and grandfather.

"I wish to see it..." Austria-Hungary stood next to Prussia who was quiet the whole time he analyzed the scene. "I could feel the warmth around me. Their laughter and their playfulness is always welcoming in this house. I just wish I could see how they all look right now.."

Prussia reached his hand out and stroked a hair behind her ear gently, seeing the scarred and grayish eyes staring at the room. "What do you see, liebling?" He asked gently.

"....the blobs of their colors...sitting together." She smiled softly as she turned her head towards the Russians then the three Germans. "They seem at ease...and having fun."

Prussia smiled and patted her head proudly. "You seem to be seeing just what I'm seeing. Don't worry, you aren't missing anything..."

Night fell and Reich suggested ordering pizza take outs and turning on a horror movie.

Germany and Austrian Empire grumbled about not wanting to

watch a horror movie, while everyone else accepted and encouraged the idea; leading the two to sit and watch as well.

"Idiot! Why is she running to the forest?! She'll die!" Austrian Empire covered his eyes as the screams filled the entire room from the television, Reich laughing at the scene and at Austria.

Austria-Hungary covered her ears until the scream was done, her sensitive ears picking it up more louder than the others in the room.

Russia took a slice of pizza, handing it to Germany who shook his head and covered his mouth. "I feel full-!"

"Full? Yeah not here, my friend. You only ate two slices. Eat up." Russia ordered and moved the pizza to Germany's lips. "Open the garage door."

"Mmf, no..." Germany whined, taking the slice from Russia and slowly nibbling at it.

Russia took his slice and ate it, watching the movie in enjoyment and slowly feeling that he's getting a bit drowsy from how comfortable he got.

"I think I must take my leave now." He announced quietly to Germany and Soviet, trying to stifle a yawn but failing.

"What? The movie isn't down yet!" Germany put his food down and pouted. "You can't leave now!"

"Leaving? Son it's almost ten. I suggest you stay here for the night." Soviet said and put his hands on his shoulders. "At ease, there's enough room for you and Germany to sleep tonight here. The others won't really mind."

Russia wanted to protest but Soviet shushed him and pointed to the movie, a victory smile blasted on his face when he saw his son give up and return to watching the movie.

Once the movie was done and the living room was cleaned from the dinner, each country began to call it a night and leave for their designated rooms around the house.

Soviet and Reich took Russia and Germany to their room and prepared two mattresses, many pillows and two blankets for them to sleep comfortably.

"I'll get you two some pajamas from Prussia and Austrian Empire since they are the ones near your height." Reich walked out of the room and Germany was standing on his toes, his hands clinched in fists and were moving up and down in a happy stim.

"You're happy." Russia smiled and sat in his mattress, seeing Germany looking at him with a wide smile and sitting on his own mattress as well. "Excited to sleep at your father's house?"

"Herr Sowjet and you are here too!! The last time I slept with you both was with East during the split! So happy so happy!" Germany kept stimming in happiness, tugging at the stings of his hoodie with his eyes having the stars in them.

Soviet smiled from where he sat at the edge of his bed, taking off his eyepatch and looking at Germany who was eagerly talking to Russia. That sitting felt too familiar to Soviet, as if he was currently seeing East Germany and RSFSR talking together with their pillow fort built around them.

Soviet has been one of the caretakers who raised Germany during the split, and even now he still sees him like a son, even if he doesn't say it out loud, he shows it. And Germany could feel the comfort around him.

"There we go." Reich walked into the room and handed each one their pajamas. "They said you can keep them."

"F-forever?!" Germany awed and hugged the pajama tightly to his chest, hearing both Soviet and Reich laugh.

"Not forever, until it's worn out anyway." Reich smirked and watched Germany hover up in happiness, landing on his feet and going to the bathroom before Russia to change into them.

"Stop with the surprises or he'll be overstimulated and won't sleep." Russia joked with a laugh, hearing Germany yell from inside the

bathroom that he heard him.

After both countries changed, the lights turned off and everyone laid down on their beds.

Germany closed his eyes to sleep but after a few minutes, Germany found himself staring at the ceiling that was illuminated by the moonlight.

"Russland...are you awake?"

"No." Russia answered and turned to look at Germany. "What is it?" He whispered and Germany looked at him, tugging at the soft fabric of the blanket.

"Just checking...umm...you had fun, right?"

Russia rolled his eyes and looked up at the ceiling. "Why are you asking me that?"

"I just...I'm worried that I might have forced you to do something you're not comfortable with or-"

"Germany. If I was feeling uncomfortable I would have declined the invite. Or even left home if I didn't enjoy my time here." He put his hands behind his head and closed his eyes. "I had fun. Thanks for inviting me to come over."

Germany smiled brightly and curled his body that was under the blanket. "You're welcome! I invited you because it's fun with you around."

Russia's eyes softened and he couldn't help himself but ruffle Germany's soft hair, enjoying the groans that escaped Germany and laughing when he felt him slap his hand off his hair.

"Hey you two. Try to go to sleep, will you?" Reich grumbled from his bed and Germany apologized, hiding under his blanket and Russia stifled his chuckles, turning over to his side and drifting off to sleep.

Waking up the next morning, Soviet was doing as best as he could

not to break down into tears at the sight of the two young countries who were still asleep.

Germany was curled into a ball with half of his blanket off of him, his hands tucked under his chin. While Russia was sprawled out on his mattress, one arm resting over Germany's body while the other was off the mattress.

Soviet turned to the sound of a camera capture, seeing Reich holding his phone up while sitting on his bed and taking pictures of the sleeping duo from every angle before they could wake up.

_____

A/N: thank you for reading the chapter! If you could check my latest message in the board/conversation please, I need to see what you think about the little suggestion I put! ヽ(='▽'=)/ (unless you are very late then it might have gotten deleted by me, sorry xD)

-QnA special!- (updated)

Update note: unsigned letters is the QnA special chapter! No more questions x)

It's happening and this is the very first time I try it...but I'm excited!

I plan to make a one shot fully written out as a story but with a twist. **YOUR QUESTIONS WILL BE THERE!**

I want to get at least 10 + questions to have enough content for a chapter. I'll list the characters down and you can comment your question under each character.

-Prussia

-Russian Empire

-Soviet

-Reich

-German Empire

-Austria-Hungary

-Austrian Empire

-Kingdom Of Hungary

-Germany

-Russia

Note: if the question is uncomfortable or disrespectful, it'll be disregarded and ignored, please be respectful!

☆-Unsigned letters-

Characters: Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, Prussia, Kingdom Of Hungary, German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Soviet, Reich, Russia and Germany.

————-

Russia closed the door of the house he and his sister live in, tapping on his phone as he texted America but stopped when he saw the mailman put some letters in the mailbox and leave.

Curiosity got the best of him and he went to the letters, pulling out the three envelopes and looking at the sender name.

"No name..." he flipped it and saw that his name was written on all three envelops, meaning the letters are directed to him yet without a sign of who sent them.

He was about to rip the envelope open and see what was in it, but got stopped by his phone blaring with notifications, and as he lifted it up and saw Germany's messages about to swap it open, the contact information of his father appeared as he rang for his son.

"What-" Russia got more baffled and confused as to why these two were suddenly trying to contact him. "Hello-"

"Son. You got letters?"

"Yes!" Russia immediately answered and rubbed his head. "I just took them from the mailbox and they all have my name. You too?"

"Not only me. Almost all the house here got sent letters. Reich was just talking to Germany who also got them and the kid is coming over. You should come too and we could all be together to see what all of this means."

"Yeah I'm coming now.." Russia hung up and checked his messages, running through the texts from Germany that were telling him about waking up to see a letter in his mailbox with no signature as to who sent it and that he talked to his father and will go to the house to meet everyone.

Russia sent a text about him having letters too and that he's going to meet up with him there.

Taking a look at the envelopes in his hand, he frowned in thought. Just who sent those?

———-

"Are you sure there's nothing that has my name?"

"Austrian Empire, for the last time please! Nothing has your name!"

"How come Prussia gets three and I don't..." Austrian Empire whined while holding his mug of coffee, a pout on his face.

Kingdom Of Hungary shook her head with a sigh of amusement at her sad husband, watching Russian Empire look at his own letters then over at Austrian Empire.

"Why are you sad? What if these letters were threats?" He sat on the reading chair, putting his letters on the coffee table next to Soviet's.

"Why won't the sender acknowledge me too! I am here! And also if we were under danger my gut sense would alert me!" Austria huffed and turned his head away, grunting.

"He's gone and got mad..." Reich snickered, turning his head to the sound of the door knock. "I'll get it. It's probably the kids."

Russia and Germany walked into the living room, each taking a seat next to their fathers and silence fell upon everyone.

"So...who'll start?" Kingdom Of Hungary asked as she watched them, being the other one who didn't get letters and was going to be enjoying the show before her.

"I'll go!" Prussia turned his hand to a claw, using his sharp finger to rip open his letter. He smirked at Austrian Empire who muttered under his breath how Prussia is being a show off for his genetics.

"Ahem." Prussia unfolded the paper and started reading. "How did you get the idea to make this house and share it with the others? It's clear that you love the family." he blinked and turned the paper over. "Wait that's it? It's just...a question sent to me." Prussia blinked in bewilderment and closed the letter, putting it on the table.

"Well, me and Austrian Empire had the idea to build this house and wanted to get Russian Empire involved too! Surprisingly he accepted to join in and we built it all the way up from zero~" Prussia said in pride as sparkles emitted from his face.

"That's why this house feels like it's going to fall on us." Soviet whispered with a chuckle, opening his letter and ignoring the way Prussia turned his head over at him angrily.

"Alright my turn. Do you have a crush on anyone?" Soviet scoffed and crumbled his paper. "Why did I get a question like that...no I don't." He tossed the paper to the trashcan and heard Prussia laugh with mockery.

Eager to join the fun that seemed to be coming from the random letters, Germany held his envelope and looked at Russian Empire who was next to Soviet. "Can I open mine?"

Russian Empire looked down at the kid and nodded his head. "Sure kid."

Germany opened his letter and held the paper up, freezing at the question and his face changed a little.

"Germany? What does it say?" Reich asked when he saw the verge of a panic attack on Germany's face.

"Do...do you have any trauma from the war and the split?" He clutched the paper and put it to his lap, his head hung low. "I...because of the war and after the split...I had to get used to living

with two merged memories in my head from East and West when I got unified. I was giving signs of being under the spectrum, and after a few years from the reunification I got diagnosed with autism." His hand tugged at the him of his shirt unconsciously. "Yeah...meltdowns can happen and other things..." feeling his voice quivering, he looked up at Russian Empire and smiled. "L-let's check what you got!"

Reich became quiet and looked down at his lap, guilt eating at his heart as well as Soviet's heart: feeling that they were the cause of Germany's suffering.

"Russian Empire, truth or dare." Russian Empire read out loud and grimaced. "This is going to be fun..." he grumbled and saw Russia nudge Germany to listen, both looking up with mischief in their eyes. "if you choose truth: have you ever dated anyone? If you choose dare: be clingy to the red onion (Soviet) for a week!"

"Red onion? You know, I'm starting to think that whoever is sending these holds a grudge on me." Soviet huffed and crossed his arms over his chest, muttering to himself.

Reich and Austrian Empire broke into a fit of laugher at the question and the face of disappointment that was clear on Russian Empire's face. It was rare enough for Russian Empire to show emotions, let alone make a face that is funny to look at.

"I...I'm not very pleased with this letter but I'll pick truth. I was married, or else how did I have a son?" He closed the letter with delicate and put it away. "Who's writing these letters?"

"I don't know about you all, but I'm starting to feel glad my family didn't get any. And I'm beginning to fear the one I have..." Austria-Hungary spoke while leaning on German Empire, lifting her head up to look at him. "Why don't you open yours?"

"Sure...I only have one anyway so let's get it over with." He opened the letter and looked at the writing, a blush covering his face as he huffed.

"He's blushing~" Reich smirked and Prussia raised an eyebrow is

delight. His son? Blushing clearly with everyone around him? Oh he wants to know what's in that letter alright.

"Read it!" Austria-Hungary hugged his arm to herself, pulling at him and encouraging him to read it.

"H-how did your love story with your wife start...dear, we don't have to-"

"Please opa!" Germany pleaded and flapped his arms. "Tell us!"

"Hey...not to be rude but...I'm curious how you can feel love so..." Russia rubbed his cheek and smiled. "Tell us the story."

German Empire felt trapped as he saw the hunger in everyone's eyes for the story, taking a deep breath and letting it out.

"Me and Austria-Hungary were childhood friends. Our parents would always meet together for work and what such, therefore they'd let us meet and play together."

"I used to have a healthy sight too.." Austria-Hungary added and ran her hand under her flag glasses. "We would always play in the big garden of Mr Prussia's castle!" She said happily, rubbing the letter in her hands. "Ah back then..."

"The relationship between my father and her parents got worse and then we stopped seeing each other. I didn't see her again until we both became rulers of our empires. I met with her to make an alliance between our countries to benefit us. The alliance was working splendidly...and I found myself wanting to ask Austria-Hungary for marriage the more my heart softened for her."

"What happened...?" Russia and Germany asked, both staring with focus at German Empire and their eyes glowing.

"Mr Austrian Empire was not accepting of it. When I suggested the idea to Austria-Hungary she asked me to meet with her family and tell me what happens next. But when Austrian Empire knew about it he was furious. I don't blame him, he was still scarred from the things that he and father had between them and the wars...but stubbornly I kept asking him and seeing him every time I managed

to...my father told me to give up and that there are others to get engaged to, that he's ready to find me the perfect woman. But to me, it's almost as if my heart was forgotten in Austria-Hungary's hands. I couldn't replace her and I kept my stubbornness evident to both my father and Mr Austrian Empire."

Not only were Russia and Germany listening with attention, but everyone in the room including the blushing mess: Austria-Hungary.

"Eventually Mr Austrian Empire and Miss Kingdom Of Hungary let down their guards and accepted our marriage. A year later we had Weimar.." he looked at Reich and nodded his head, Reich smiling with understanding and looked at his mother who covered her face.

"Mutter?"

"It's almost as if my heart was forgotten in Austria-Hungary's hands...ahh!! I'm going to cry!" Austria-Hungary whined in her hands, German Empire looking down at her and apologizing, trying to carefully take her hands off her face.

"How romantic." Kingdom Of Hungary smirked playfully at German Empire who shushed her, putting his arm around Austria-Hungary and bringing her close to himself.

"W-woah!" Germany broke out his cries of astonishment, Russia next to him letting out an awe in admiration. "T-that was so amazing, opa! I didn't know that!" Germany beamed like a child given candy. "This is better than any bedtime story Vati read me to sleep."

After the vibe calmed down from the big story handed out to everyone, Austria-Hungary gave her letter to German Empire for him to read.

"How was your reaction and how did you handle things that happened after the events of the Great War, the Second World War, the change of your son and the split of your grandson...who's cruel to send that.." German Empire looked down at his wife, feeling her tensing up and the aura of the room went cold and suffocating.

"You don't have to answer it if you don't wish to..." German Empire whispered to her and she flinched, tangling her fingers together tightly.

"Before the war I...I had everything I ever wished for. Weimar was growing and practicing his painting skills...Austria being the smart daughter and Hungary with his bold character...it was all in peace. But after the attack by Serbia, I was controlled by anger and pain...then soon the war broke out...Weimar..." she felt her eyes tearing up and she let out a shaky breath. "He- he had to be in the war even when he was still young..."

"We lost the war..I lost my sight, almost losing my son and German Empire...and who has to carry the burden? The kids." She closed her eyes and calmed her breathing. "Weimar carried the most burden after the First World War...his country was living on nothing. And one day he couldn't handle anything and snapped...he wanted to bring back a great Germany but he was beyond broken and made so many mistakes. Hah, we all did...and then Germany took the pain and ended up in a split for so many years...I'm just-" she wiped her eyes and felt Reich and German Empire rubbing her back, with Reich hugging her tightly. "I'm happy that things are working better now.." she smiled and hugged Reich tightly, resting her head on German Empire's chest.

"Here..." Austrian Empire came over to his daughter and gave her a glass of water. "It's okay, you didn't have to answer it." He frowned and saw Austria-Hungary smile gently and apologize, drinking the water carefully and assuring them that she's fine.

"I-I have a funny one! Hey everyone listen!" Reich smiled and waved his letter to get their attention, his free hand holding Austria-Hungary's. "You'll like this mutter. To Reich, can you feed Germany his favorite food while doing the "here comes the airplane!" Voice?" He threw the letter away and got up. "Wait!" He was laughing and went to kitchen, putting a big spoon of cookies and cream ice cream into a bowl then returned to Germany.

"Vati-"

"Here comes the airplane~ ahh!"

Germany was laughing with a deep blush on his face but he played along and opened his mouth to eat the bite. "Mm, so good!"

"This isn't how you do it." Soviet took the bowl and turned to Russia who froze. "Here comes the train, son! Open up!"

"No-" Russia was about to get up but Reich trapped him. "No please! Reich I have dignity!"

"Dignity in this house is nonexistent, son." Prussia chuckled and watched Soviet make a train sound, while Reich held Russia down to eat the spoonful of ice cream.

Wiping his mouth, Russia grumbled and sat next to Germany back in their spots. "I'll read one of my letters." He unfolded the paper and cleared his throat. "What's under your hat?" He blinked and looked at everyone. "Under my hat..? It's just my-"

Germany pulled the hat away and pointed at the messy hair while Soviet ran both his hands through it, ruffling it.

"Floof!" They both said in unison, making Russia push the two of them off and throw a pillow at Germany.

"Will you two stop harassing me?!" He glared, opening another letter and reading it. "Do you see your grandfather often? Oh, I see him as much as I can actually. Sometimes we even hang out together." Russia smiled at Russian Empire who returned the smile warmly.

Russia decided to open his last letter to finish. "Do you know about your father and grandfather relationship? And if you do, how do you feel about it? Whoever is sending these knows too much about us all..."

"Yeah." Everyone agreed and waited to hear Russia's answer.

"I know about the hardships they went through...but I'm hoping that they'll forgive each other. Raine and Bella sometimes catch grandpa talking about Soviet with pride or even smiling when chatting with him."

"They scare me." Russian Empire grumbled playfully, opening a letter of his. "Russian Empire, are you willing to forgive yourself for what you did to Soviet?"

"Oh..." Austrian Empire looked at Russian Empire then over at Soviet, both father and son looking at each other.

".... It's harder than I thought it would be." Russian Empire averted his eye from Soviet's. "Healing takes time." He closed the letter and put it away, putting a leg over the other and watching the rest who still had their letters to read.

"Okay...how many left?" Prussia asked while holding his three remaining letters. Reich held up one and so did Soviet.

"Good. Mine says..." Prussia looked at the letter and spoke it out. "What's your relationship with Germany? He's my great grandson."

"Uh, Prussia...I don't think it was meant like that-"

"I know. It's sarcasm. Well, the kid is a good egg. He's fun to be around and could be really mischievous when too comfortable...reminds me of myself." He smiled at Germany and ruffled his wings. "You little rascal!"

"Eek- sensitive!!" Germany pushed Prussia's hands away from his wings, fixing them.

"For Prussia: how would you feel if Napoleonic France would be alive again and going after Germany as revenge?" Prussia's smiled was gone. No one really dares mention that name, especially around Prussia.

"Vater...?" German Empire asked quietly, putting his hand over his shoulder when he saw that his wings twitched as they slightly grew in size, seeing Prussia crumble the letter with a claw, getting it ripped into pieces and flying around him.

"If he dares even lay an eye on anyone I care about...all he'll ever see is the red blood spilling out of his guts.." Prussia hissed with clinched teeth.

Germany looked up at Prussia and put his hand on his thigh. "Urgroßvater...it won't ever happen. Don't worry.." he squeezed his thigh and smiled. "And...danke.."

Prussia calmed down and put his hand on top of Germany's, patting it and letting out a sigh, apologizing for losing his temper, trying to ignore how Austrian Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary froze in their place from terror at the image of the angry Prussian.

Soviet looked around him at the tense situation, rubbing the back of his neck and turned to Russia who was looking up at Prussia and Germany, then looked at Soviet and around him.

"Oh- hey father, open your letter?" Russia sat up straight and everyone turned their attention to Soviet who opened his last letter, grateful that his son understood what needed to be done.

"Soviet, how is the process of your relationship with your father? And did your kids notice these changes? Well apparently...Russia did notice it. I'm sure the girls know it too."

"It's Raine, she feels it's her duty to see you and grandpa on better terms." Russia said, hugging his knees and smiling.

"As for my process...correctly progress? Well it's what you call it 'baby steps'." Soviet smiled and rested back, putting an arm around Russia and patting his shoulder.

Reich opened his letter and crumbled the envelope, straightening the paper and reading it. "How's your relationship with your siblings? Who's the closest one to you? Austria! She's closer to me than Hungary. And no I'm not talking about the war...when we were kids she was our only sister. Whenever I would be painting she'll bug me to join and...she's a delightful lady." He smiled and turned to Prussia who opened his letter and frowned deeply.

With Reich's last letter, he didn't want to read this one out loud.

'How did the German family react to the split of Germany?'

It burned in his hands and he crumbled it, trying to kick off the image of how much pain his son and family went through during

that time. "I think that's enough letters for today. I'm done having my mood ruined." Prussia held up the last letter and tore it in half. "Come on kids, let's go get some bubble tea."

"Bubble tea?" Russia asked and got up when Germany pulled at his sleeve, gushing to him about how good they are.

Austria-Hungary brightened up and looked at the direction of Prussia. "May I join?" She asked with her hands clapped together out of delight. "Please!"

"Sure thing, liebling! With the letter making you cry, I'll buy the whole store for you!"

"Awe, you're so sweet Mr Prussia!" She got up and turned over to German Empire, tilting her head to the side.

"Go have fun, dear." He caressed his thumb on her hand comfortingly.

The four left the house and Kingdom Of Hungary got up, going to the torn paper and taking it in her hands.

"What does it say?" Austrian Empire asked his wife as he watched her put the two pieces together, seeing her face morph into anger. "My love?"

"How did the German family react to the split of Germany?" She read it out and crumbled it herself, stepping on it. "The kid is still living with the scar of that day marked on his chest! What do you think the family went through?!" She rubbed her temple and sighed.

Reich looked away and put his hand over his mouth. It was his fault. He put his son through so much pain and it's still haunting him: the guilt and shame.

"It's not your fault alone." Soviet said to Reich quietly. "I wasn't helpful when fighting with America about Germany...I didn't stop it when it was out on the table to split him..." he sighed and rested his head back on the couch.

Russian Empire looked at the two who shared their pain together

while silently talking to one another. He got up and walked behind them, his hand reaching down to Reich's head and patting it. "I'll go make dinner." He said and heard Austrian Empire follow him for assistance.

German Empire watched Russian Empire leave and looked over at Reich who had his hand up on his hair in surprise. "Out of everyone here, Russian Empire clearly has a soft spot for you." German Empire smiled at his beaming son.

"Clearly I've always been his favorite since I was a kid~" Reich boasted with a toothy grin, agonizing Soviet who grumbled and crossed his arms muttering under his breath how it's unfair.

———-

A/N: that's the special QnA chapter!
Thank you for your questions!! (๑ > ◡ < ๑)

Characters: Prussia, Austrian Empire, Russian Empire, Soviet, Reich, Kingdom Of Hungary, Austria-Hungary, German Empire, Germany, Russia, Ukraine, Belarus and Napoleonic France .

A/N: I'll be honest I'm not very proud with how this chapter came out Dx I feel like it had more potential but I just couldn't get it to be there :(((
I'll try to maybe have it rewritten or something *sobs*
————————-

Normally Prussia would be the driver when going out with a small group or with his family, but when the whole house is going out all together, it turns into two vans and two designated drivers. Russian Empire is one of them, but the others are not comfortable with Prussia being the second.

"Russian Empire if you care about my life, don't make him drive." Reich pleaded and pointed at Prussia who was grinning a wide toothy smile.

"German Empire, you drive."

"But-"

"That's final." Russian Empire pointed at Prussia in warning and watched as the older German handed the keys to his son.

"Are we done? We need to find us a spot there and we can't be more late." Kingdom Of Hungary said and assisted Austrian Empire in putting the cooler and the picnic clothe in the trunk. "Let's split and go."

"I'll go with Mr Prussia!" Austria-Hungary grinned and went to his side, waving her hand and listening to her father's sound of pain.

After getting into the cars, both teams began the trip over to the capital's lake park where a firework festival will take place for the whole day, and where they will meet Germany, Russia and his sisters.

The parking of the place was crowded and Russian Empire pressed the warning signal as he stopped the car. "Get out and find a spot. I'll go park the car." He said and waited at the left, driving away to the empty spots in the back with German Empire's car right behind him.

"Vati!" "Papa!" Both Belarus and Germany shouted with their hands cupped around their mouths, making Russia and Ukraine cover their ears.

"Stop shouting." Soviet poked Belarus' nose with a smile, getting hugged by her. "Okay here we go." He lifted her up and smiled as he kissed her cheek, going towards Ukraine and pecking her forehead.

"Where's дед?" Ukraine spoke after she analyzed the whole group that arrived, not seeing him among them.

"Oh, he went to-"

"I'm here." Russian Empire walked over to the group and smiled at the two girls warmly. "Hello you two, how have you been?"

"We've been great, дед." Ukraine said with a smile while Belarus turned to the group, smiling politely at them and waving her hand in greeting.

"Alright enough greetings. Let's find a spot and then you can all spread around the place!" Prussia held the cooler and shook it. "My soda is waiting." He took the lead with Kingdom Of Hungary behind him, scanning the park to find the perfect, utmost spot to watch the fireworks.

Five minutes later, the group had put down their stuff over the picnic cloth, with Prussia, Kingdom Of Hungary and Austrian Empire staying together to guard the spot while Russian Empire and Soviet got dragged by the kids to do some activities.

Germany went with Reich, German Empire and Austria-Hungary to see the pop-up shops and mini games around the park.

Sitting down, Prussia let out a sigh and laid on the clothe. He didn't feel the need to go with his son and family, wanting for them to have their time together. As for the Russians, the two girls immediately vanished with their brother and the two men.

Prussia let out a hum of agreement when he heard Austrian Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary excuse themselves while getting up to go walk a little and that they'll be back in a minute.

Prussia had taken a small nap without realizing it, waking up when he heard the sound of laughter from a distance and looked up to see the sky was illuminated with the warm colors of the sunset. Looking beside him he saw Austrian Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary talking quietly not to disturb him, their hands linked together.

"How long was I out..." he rubbed his face and yawned.

"An hour and five minutes, precisely." Russia looked at his phone and put it away as he arrived with his family. "The fireworks still have half an hour before it starts. We decided to come and sit now."

Prussia fixed his hair and stretched his wings, watching as Germany came with his family while waving a paper bag that was steaming. "We got some fresh donuts!"

"Oh, I'll go buy us coffee then." Prussia groaned from stretching, getting up and checking his wallet. "How many cups?" He asked and looked up to count but saw she was already moving his finger around while mumbling.

"Twelve." Austrian Empire finished counting then looked at Prussia with a delighted smile and raised his hand. "I can come and help you."

"I'll come too. The rest can stay here." Russian Empire said and the three went over to one of the small shops that opened for the festival which specialized in coffee.

"How may I help you, gentlemen?"

"Twelve coffees please." Russian Empire said with no emotion in his voice, making the barista freeze and laugh.

"Aha! Funny joke, sir.."

"Oh no he's serious, we came with our family and we need twelve cups of coffee. Five black and the rest is cappuccino." Austrian Empire stood before Russian Empire and spoke carefully to the shocked barista who tapped on the screen and apologized, starting her work with two of her colleagues.

Prussia was standing behind the two, hands in his pocket and looking around the festival as the sun was gone, the park having colorful lights decorating it and making the festival look more lively.

"Ah-"

Prussia winced and looked down at his shirt as a young teen crashed into him and began apologizing nonstop, trying to clean the coffee from Prussia's shirt.

"It's alright kid- I'm fine." Prussia faked a smile and hide his pain from the hot coffee that touched his arm and chest, waving his hand and turning to the two. "I'll go wash my shirt. I'll be back before the coffee is done."

"Alright." Russian Empire watched Prussia's back and turned to the baristas who were still working.

Ten minutes later, the barista prepared two paper bags with a proud smile, tapping on the credit card machine and holding it out towards the two adults.

"It's 47.84, sir."

"....Prussia was supposed to pay..-" Austrian Empire chuckled but froze and looked behind him quickly. "Prussia."

"What's wrong?" Russian Empire payed and held the bags, looking at the sheer panic of Austrian Empire that suddenly happened. "Austria?"

"Something is wrong...I feel-"

A blood curdling scream cut off both countries off from their talk. The scream was filled with pain and hatred. But what made their blood curdle is the owner of the scream.

Prussia.

———————-

Prussia was walking towards a small drinking fountain, taking a handful of water and cleaning off his shirt while grumbling.

"Coffee stain...great. Just great. All I need is to have my shirt ruined before the fireworks." He sighed and wrinkled his shirt to dry any access water that it absorbed.

"My oh my, how long has it been, guard dog?"

Prussia felt every muscle in his body go on alert. That voice. That voice right now couldn't be real. It's a hallucination and he knows it.

"You're not hallucinating, if you are thinking that."

He killed him, he remembers seeing his sword and claws covered in his blood. He's dead.

"Look. At. Me. Kingdom of Prussia."

Turning his head slowly, Prussia was numb to any emotion that existed. His eye looked at the figure of the voice but didn't dare look up at his face.

He knows that voice, and that face of the owner is still buried in his mind and taunting him in his dreams.

The man walked closer to Prussia and smirked evilly, taking off Prussia's eyepatch easily and chuckled as he admired his gift for him.

Before Napoleonic France could taunt him more, Prussia's body

shivered and changed.

His hands turned to black sharp claws that faded at his elbows, his wings grew more in size and a tail grew from his back, matching the eagle of his flag.

His teeth sharpened more as Prussia smiled and started laughing, reaching his claw out to Napoleonic France's throat and throwing him to the ground as strong as he can, his laughter turning into scream.

"You?! Alive?!" Prussia glared with his eye full of hate. "Seems like I didn't do it right then. I'll kill you now!" Prussia held up his claw and prepared to thrust it inside Napoleonic France's heart: who was only smirking up at Prussia and reached out to his neck, something metallic clicking around it and freezing Prussia.

The metal collar.

It only drove Prussia's anger to boil more and he reached his claw down with no hesitation.

"Prussia, stop!"

Prussia felt four hands holding him back, his breathing hitched and his saliva dripping from his mouth in pure rage.

"Let me GO!" Prussia looked back at who were holding him down, pushing Russian Empire and Austrian Empire off himself easily, not looking back when both empires either fell on the ground harshly or crashed into a tree.

Prussia looked back at his target, getting filled with anger the more he saw that wicked merciless smile.

Austrian Empire got up on shaking arms, looking at the back of Prussia and freezing when he just noticed his transformation, getting sucked back into the old unpleasant memories of the wars he went through against Prussia in that form...

"Prussia!" Russian Empire yelled and flew over to Prussia, pushing him off Napoleonic France and holding him down to the ground, his

knee pressed on his chest and his hands steadying Prussia's shoulders not to move. "Wake up! You're not a murderer!" He screamed at him, fury and pure worry in his voice at seeing Prussia struggle to get Russian Empire off his body and go attack Napoleonic France.

"P-Prussia..." Austrian Empire breathed weakly, his panic attack raising up dangerously even when he came over to Prussia and held him down from his kicking legs, ignoring his flashbacks and memories and only wanting to help him wake up from his rage.

Yet Prussia still kept trying to push them off and screamed, watching Napoleonic France getting up and leaving him. "No! No I want to kill him! I want to kill him! Let me go! Russia! Let me go! Please!" Prussia clawed at Russian Empire's chest and arms, his cries and screams becoming lower and weaker as he let his tears fall and he wailed in anguish.

Suddenly the sky was lit and Prussia's wails were blocked out from anyone except for the two empires who were near him. Russian Empire and Austrian Empire watched as Prussia slowly became weaker due to him using his full transformation, his clawing hands were slowly beginning to turn normal and fell on the ground.

Taking his hands off his legs, Austrian Empire went over to Prussia and took off the collar, his eyes falling on Prussia's and immediately averting them away.

"Turn back..." Russian Empire spoke quietly, his voice wavering as he watched Prussia's body slowly yet eventually turn back to his country form, his eyes rolling back and his head falling to the side as he passed out.

"Russia..that was..." Austrian Empire looked at the direction that Napoleonic France disappeared into and then at the old worn collar. "How did he know..."

"I don't know...but we have to head back. We can't stay here anymore." Russian Empire carried Prussia over his shoulder easily, telling Austrian Empire to get the rest to the cars.

Walking back to their spot in the park, Austrian Empire looked up at everyone who came to him with worry about what took them so long.

Taking a deep breath, he explained what happened from his perspective.

———

Prussia sat under the moon as he hugged his knees, avoiding anyone for the past few days after the events at the park.

Not only did he lose his temper, but he played his anger at both his friends and hurt them physically and mentally.

Russian Empire had to bandage himself after the day due to Prussia clawing at his chest and arms. Austrian Empire had a bruise in his cheek from the push and nightmares that didn't stop because of seeing the monstrous look of Prussia.

He buried his face in his knees and tightened his hug.

"Pruss?"

"Leave me alone, Austria."

Prussia heard the two set of footsteps approaching him and didn't lift his head up when he felt each one sit by one of his sides. "I'm sorry I got scared there, Prussia.."

"I'm not sorry for pushing you away from 'him'. "

Prussia looked up at Russian Empire who spoke. "Because I don't want you to have blood in your hands. I'm as shocked as you are that he's alive...and I hate it as much as you do. All three of us hate it. But I won't let it make you murder him now. You still have a lot to live for."

Prussia looked at his feet and covered his face. "Why...why is he back...why did he come for me.."

Russian Empire looked down at Prussia then up at the moon,

Austrian Empire rubbing Prussia's back and soothing him.

Russian Empire wishes to know just why did Napoleonic France came to Prussia out of everyone, but he can't find an answer to it.

☆-Bait.-

Characters: Germany, Reich, Soviet, Russian Empire, Prussia, Austrian Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary, Russia, Austria-Hungary and Napoleonic France.

————-

Germany unlocked the door to his house and put the keys over the shoe closet, steadying his phone on his shoulder while taking. "So that's why I don't know what to do...I was mean to Italy.."

"Don't overthink it, sohn. You were just..not in the right mood that time and you were going through a meltdown. I'm sure Italy understands that and I know that tomorrow things will be clear and you'll talk to him."

Germany flopped down on his desk chair, tapping on it and not talking.

"Sohn."

"I was too rude now that I remember...I didn't mean to just push him away and tell him to leave me alone like that...I was so angry ugh...it's not even Italy's fault!"

Germany groaned when he heard his father laugh in the other end and catch his breath. "Sohn sohn! It's fine listen- just talk to him or send a text right now?"

"I think I'll send a text..." Germany switched the phone to his other ear and looked at his laptop that was powering up, still chatting with his father and losing track of time as he enjoyed his time.

Outside Germany's home parked a car, with a man getting out of the driver's seat in the dark night and walked over to the back door in stealth.

Taking out a small bag that was the size of a hand, he grabbed some small tools and started unlocking the door quietly, smirking under his mask when the door was easily unlocked and he walked inside.

"I promise I'll be off to bed in an hour! I just need to edit— yes vati..."

The man walked over to the sound and reached over to the room that was lit in the darkened house. Peaking his eye, he saw the youngest of the German family taking to his phone while tapping on his computer.

How soft. The German's last heir was so soft it disgusted him and amused him. From the power and pride they had, now he's only a son whose face was glued to paperwork and lending money to neighboring nations.

Germany was chatting on the phone, and as soon as a shadow loomed over him, Germany turned behind him and suddenly the lights were too bright and he let out a yelp of pain.

Fire erupted from his head as his sight blurred and his hearing was ringing, spiraling on the floor helplessly and blinking to see who was over him.

The man stood with his hand clutching the metal pipe in a tight grip, looking over to the phone that had the call still running. He grabbed the phone and put it over his ear, listening.

"Deutschland?"

He smirked, looking down at Germany who was still trying to look at the man but his eyes closed from the head trauma he took, passing out.

"Germany?! Are you okay? Sohn!"

The intruder closed the line and kneeled down to Germany's limp body, carrying him over his back and walking out to his car before Reich can arrive.

———

Reich put on a jacket and opened his window, flying out before he could even hear Soviet who walked into the room at the sight of his roommate jumping out of the window.

"Reich?!" Soviet stared from the window at the fading sight of Reich that flew over to a very familiar direction, his speed worrying him. He turned over to his wardrobe and took his coat, getting out of the house in a hurry and running to Germany's house.

By the time he arrived at the house, he saw Reich standing outside by the door with his hands clutching his hair and muttering nonstop. His eyes crystal clear with terror, his mind clearly focused on his thoughts as he didn't noticed Soviet calling him until he held his shoulders and shook him.

"Reich! What is happening?!"

"S-Someone broke in and kidnapped Germany."

A note was in Reich's hand.

———————-

Cold...stiff...dark. That was the place that Germany opened his eyes to see. He tried to steady his breathing and his throbbing headache, looking around him frantically and trying to free himself from the chair he was tied to.

The place had a heavy salty smell in the air, the darkness of it was making it cold in the night. Germany let out a wince of pain, shaking his wrists to free them from the zip ties that pressed too much on his skin and burned with every struggle.

"You're awake? I thought you'd be awake by tomorrow but look at you." He flinched when he looked up to see an older man, with a French flag on his face. "You Germans are so stubborn...it's very amusing."

Germany's eyes widened in realization and he whispered. "Napoleonic...France..."

Reaching out his calloused hand, Napoleonic France held Germany's

face forcefully and pulled it closer to himself, enjoying the sounds that escaped Germany's lips and the sparkles of tears in his eyes.

Just a minute and the boy was already shaking in his spot. This will be very fun. "Oh no..no..already crying?" Napoleonic France laughed, pressing on Germany's cheeks with his nails until he felt one of the cheeks bleeding.

He shoved Germany's face away and wiped the blood off his finger. "Shh, no don't cry little one, don't cry. I'm keeping you safe in here, away from the world. You don't need it. It has always hurt you, didn't it?"

Germany only muted his sobs, looking up at Napoleonic France with his eyes pleading to be let go. "W-what do you want from me...?"

"It's not you, my dear child." Napoleonic France sat on a table and twirled a small knife. "It's your dear arrière grand père." He threw the knife to Germany's direction and smirked when it hit the wooden chair next to Germany's thigh.

———-

'Tell no one. If the police or the United Nations know about it, Germany will be killed in the spot.

Choose wisely.'

He clutched the note tightly, trying to contain his anger or else he'll lose it on his family.

Reich and Soviet arrived last night with this note and the news of Germany's house being broken into and the kid nowhere to be found: with only little blood droplets in the floor by his desk and his broken phone.

Or might have only been eight hours, but it was too long for them. They need to find Germany and now.

"W-what if we spread around and try to find him? We are eight, we can cover a lot of ground.." Austrian Empire suggested but Russian

Empire shook his head.

"We'll only waste time like this if we don't have any clue of his whereabouts."

"But it's better than nothing. The kid could be near us." Kingdom Of Hungary said and stood next to Austrian Empire. "At least half of us can search and the other try to find clues in Germany's house."

"I agree with her.." Soviet said and looked at his father. "I'll go back to Germany's house with Reich. Who's coming?"

"I'll come." Prussia said and looked over at Russian Empire. German Empire and Austrian Empire. "You can search around the area of Germany's house."

With Austria-Hungary staying at the house, Kingdom Of Hungary decided to stay with her and the men all left the house for the search part to begin.

Arriving at Germany's house, Prussia looked at the room where the attack happened and frowned in thought. Apparently, nothing was stolen and everything was in its place. The evidence of the kidnapping had nothing about it being a ransom note. So what's the reason behind this said kidnapping?

"How laptop isn't hacked or hijacked. Every document is in its place." Reich turned off the computer and rubbed his nose. "I can't find a reason for this kidnapper to come here..."

"We have to be patient...let's hope the other group finds Germany." Soviet spoke and crossed his arms.

Nothing.

Austrian Empire, Russian Empire and German Empire came back to the house and said they found nothing to help them track down Germany's whereabouts.

The rest of the day was gone by uselessly. Reich's panic and paranoia wasn't helping as he constantly walked in circles and didn't plan to leave Germany's house in hopes that he'll return.

Prussia was with him as well as German Empire who just arrived to the two, switching places with Soviet. Right now all three were deep in their thoughts trying to think of what they missed in their search.

Reich looked out the window and took a shaky breath, his eyes started watering and he covered his face and tried not to cry. The day has gone by and it's now been twenty four hours since the attack, with not a single clue as to where is Germany.

Reich couldn't hear himself as he cried, feeling a pair of strong arms holding him up and the voice of someone trying to get him to calm down and not give up.

——

Russia looked down at his phone and frowned.

"Ruski. No phones when eating dinner and you know that." Ukraine clapped her fingers near her brother. "What's wrong.." she sat in the chair next to him, putting her hand over his shoulder and squeezing it.

"....last time I saw Germany he wasn't feeling well...yelled at Italy and then was gone. But...he skipped work. It's not usual for him to do it. And he'd text me if he wasn't feeling well..." Russia sighed and got off the dinner table. "I'll go to his house. Cover my food!" He ran out the door and Ukraine sighed, taking the plate and carefully storing it in the fridge for when Russia feels like eating it.

Russia ran towards Germany's house in a good pace, but once he saw German Empire's car outside he began to slow down and halt. Maybe he shouldn't be there, maybe he was overthinking and worrying about Germany when he was only with his family.

Stopping in his tracks, he let out his ragged breaths from running but froze when the house door flew open and Reich, German Empire and Prussia ran out of it with the latter opening his wings and flying fast.

"G-Germany?!" Russia panicked and his eyes met German Empire's.

"Russia..." German Empire stood in shock as he saw the kid staring at him with his hands clutching his jacket in worry for his friend.

_____-

Germany's head fell to the side as he breathed weakly. For more than twelve hours, Napoleonic France left him with no source of food or hydration.

His body was in agony from being in the same position zipped on the uncomfortable wooden chair. His body went on alert when he heard the footsteps of the man approaching him, holding a cup of water in his hand and smiling at the kid who was staring at the water cup.

"Oh, you're thirsty? Please allow me." Napoleonic France smirked and went to Germany, holding the cup over his mouth and Germany leaning into it to drink it.

Only for Napoleonic France to spill the hot water on Germany's lap and smile as he saw Germany screaming in pain and jerking away from the hot water painfully, his wrists and legs kicking at the zip ties.

"I own you right now. And I get to do what I want." He put the cup on the table that was in the other side of the room, taking out a knife and some other stuff and putting them on the table.

Napoleonic France stopped when he looked at the basement door, hearing something crash and groaning. He turned over to Germany with a sinister sweet smile. "I'll be right back my little doll." And he was gone.

Germany was still crying from the pain of his burning skin, the tight zip ties causing his fists to become redder and even bleed after what happened.

He stopped crying when he heard the sound of something vibrating on the table. Looking over towards it, he saw a small decode with the screen glowing at every vibration.

A phone?

It's a phone!

Germany's eyes flew in hope as he stared at the phone then towards the basement door. Looking back at the table then at his chair, it was a few distance away. But if he starts pushing his lend then...

Germany took a shaky breath and focused. He can't waste any millisecond right now. Shaking off the pain, he started pushing his chair towards the table before Napoleonic France could come back.

He didn't know why it was taking Napoleonic France too long to return but he was glad that things were in his side right now as his chair was next to the table.

Unable to move his hands to the phone, he moved his upper body forward and put the phone in his teeth, clutching it and looked down at his hands. Carefully, he lowered his head to make the phone get placed on his left hand and he immediately opened it.

Looking at the door, he typed the contact number he memorized very well and waited the call to connect to the number, not daring to put it on speaker so Napoleonic France wouldn't hear anything.

The 'ringing' word was gone, replaced by the timer of the duration and Germany broke down. "Please help me! I-I got kidnapped! N-Napoleonic France it's Napoleonic France please- I don't know where am I b-but—" he looked around him, hearing the muffled voice in the other end but not making out what it was saying.

"It's a basement...o-old car engines and tires...a garage? I-I'm not sure!-" that's when Germany remember a very odd thing that could maybe help. "Salty air! T-the place has a salty air to it! M-maybe the beach or—" Germany yelled in pain when he felt Napoleonic France pull his hair and take the phone, turning it off.

Germany smirked at Napoleonic France and opened his mouth to tell him that his family will finally find him but the look on Napoleonic France's face made Germany's blood run cold.

He was smiling.

"Good job, little doll. You know your role very well..."

"W-what—"

Napoleonic France put the phone away and took the small knife in his hand. "Hm? You think I would be stupid enough to leave a phone near my hostage? I planned for this call to happen." He laughed and stabbed Germany's leg with no hesitation, enjoying the sound of cries. "I only took you as a bait, to make them come over. And I know he'll be with them..." he pulled the knife out and ran his finger over the blood. "I didn't even have to tell you what to do...oh you Germans always make me have fun..."

——

Reich has the steering wheel in white grip, driving to the exact place that had the description Germany gave before the line was cut. Old car parts, salty air. It was an old abandoned garage by the sea that ran out of business fifteen years ago and was left with some of its old broken stuff inside.

As soon as he halted the car, he kicked his door and ran to the building followed by his father and grandfather.

"Germany!" Reich yelled as he looked around, finding a door that lead to the basement and opened it. "Sohn?!"

A muffled voice was heard from under the stairs making the three rush over to it. A body was hunched over a chair, thrashing and screaming through a bloody ragged cloth that was stuffed into his mouth.

It was Germany.

"Germany! Oh mein sohn you are here.." Reich ran to him and pulled out the cloth, hearing his son gag and gasp, looking up at them with running tears and fear in his eyes.

"Go! Get out!" Germany screamed and sobbed, making the three look at him in confusion. "It's a trap!" Germany yelled but was cut off when the tree adults froze at the sound of the echoing click from the gun's safety being off.

Prussia didn't dare move as he felt the cool barrel of a gun pressing

against the back of his head.

"It's a bit overcrowded, don't you think?" The voice sent shivers down Prussia's spine as he clinched his hands tightly to suppress his anger and control his transformation.

German Empire and Reich looked behind them with their eyes glaring in rage. Reich put his hand on his son's shoulder and held his dagger out. "You..." he growled fiercely, moving forward to tackle Napoleonic France but froze when the gun pressed harder or Prussia's head.

"Ah ah ah, one move and his brain innards will be everywhere." Napoleonic France smirked and looked down at German Empire's hand that slowly changed into a black claw. "Turn back." He ordered and German Empire clicked his tongue, raising his hands up and turning them normal.

"Good job. You're all very obedient." He smiled, the gun still pressed on Prussia's head. "Now that my guard dog is here, I don't think I need you anymore, doll." Swiftly he pointed his gun over at Germany and fired, making the chair with the hostage fall backwards from the sheer power of the bullet and staying there, screaming in pain.

"Deutschland-" Reich gasped in pain when his leg gave up on him and he fell, looking down to see a bullet wound burning there. He looked at his son and crawled painfully to him, his heart racing at the display of pain from Germany.

"Stop it!" Prussia roared and turned to Napoleonic France, reaching his hand over the gun to kick it away from Napoleonic France's grasp.

Napoleonic France reached his pocket and pulled out a knife, making Prussia switch to stop the stealthy attack but flinched when the gun went off with two shots on Prussia's abdomen.

But Prussia didn't feel any pain. Blinking and looking up, he saw the back of German Empire with his wings open as a shield for Prussia. Napoleonic France looking unbothered by the act of protection from

German Empire and looking down at him as he collapsed with no more movement.

Reich was holding his son in his arms after he cut the zip ties, covering his face from seeing the sight of his opa on the floor. Reich tried to breathe, his eyes stinging him from his unshed tears due to pain and shock. He's not dead. He can't be dead. But his body was too still..

"Sohn..." Prussia breathed hoarsely, his hands shaking and his wings as well, both immediately changed in size and shape as Prussia's panic and anger took a hold of his mind and he was now broken.

"There it is, oh I missed it since that day.." Napoleonic France laughed and pointed his gun under Prussia's chin. "Those sharp teeth and the big claws on both your hands and legs! The wings and tail, how can you keep this all hidden!" He cackled and pulled at Prussia's collar tightly. "Let's make a deal, guard dog. You return to me, and I'll keep your family alive." He smirked sadistically. "You don't. Then everyone you care about is dead. Every last one." Napoleonic France smile and laugh was immediately gone, with only his lifeless eyes showing no mercy.

Prussia growled deeply, his hands shaking from wanting to just stab Napoleonic France right now and pull his heart out. But one move and everyone will die.

German Empire let out a weak wheeze, opening his eyes and seeing how own pool of blood around him. He looked up at his father's back then over at Reich who held his bleeding thigh and his shaking son.

He should be here now...

German Empire smirked tiredly when he heard the sound of the basement door kicked open, seeing the two empires standing there with their swords out.

"Sorry for being late." Russian Empire pushed his hair back and nodded to no one.

A bullet flew from a nearby window, shattering the glass and hitting Napoleonic France's hand that was holding the gun under Prussia's chin.

"Agh!"

"Now!" Austrian Empire yelled and jumped forward, followed by Russian Empire and Prussia who all aimed their swords and claw to attack Napoleonic France.

Ducking down, Napoleonic France took his fallen gun and ran over to the easiest target to carry now.

"Let go!"

"Don't move!" Napoleonic France screamed and held the gun on Reich's head. "One step and I'll kill him." He yelled angrily and pointed the gun at Prussia. "You. Come here. Don't try any stupid moves."

Prussia froze and looked at his grandson, then over at the two. "I said don't try anything! Come here!" Prussia obeyed and walked slowly over to Napoleonic France, his eyes falling over on German Empire and Germany who were barely breathing.

"Very good..." Napoleonic France smirked and kept the gun pressed up there. "Aha...very, very good..." he pulled the safety and laughed menacingly.

Hidden in a blind spot from Soviet, he was safe from being sniped.

Prussia was now trapped and obedient to his ordered like the guard dog he used to be.

Russian Empire and Austrian Empire stood helpless to do anything. It was the perfect plan!

Reich closed his eyes tightly and kept trying to free himself from Napoleonic France, his injured leg screaming at him to stop moving.

But the bullet didn't fire. The sound of the gun falling in the floor followed by a blood curdling scream was all they heard.

Standing on shaking legs, his hand using the wall as a weight to hold him up was Germany. His hand was outstretched and covered in blood as he wheezed.

Everyone in the room minus Napoleonic France looked at the young country in shock at what he did. The hand that was stretched out wasn't normal. Nor were Germany's wings and teeth.

He has a transformation form.

The gun fell on the floor next to the amputated hand of Napoleonic France from Germany's sharp claw.

"S-sohn..." Reich looked at his son whose eyes closed and he fainted, his body returning to normal and he started falling forward.

Reich clutched him tightly and looked back when he felt a movement, seeing Prussia holding Napoleonic France from his hair and slamming his head to the wall.

Russian Empire stopped Prussia when he saw that he wasn't planning to stop slamming his face, holding him back. "Stop! He's unconscious!" Russian Empire yelled and looked at the face of Napoleonic France who was half covered in his own blood, his nose crocked to the side.

"Father!"

"Everyone!"

Turning to the basement door, Russian Empire relaxed his shoulders and letting go of Prussia when he saw Soviet and Russia coming to everyone, announcing that the ambulance were on their way.

———————-

Prussia sat on the chair next to German Empire's hospital bed, looking at his son who was sleeping tiredly, next to him on the bed was the sleeping Austria-Hungary, hugging her husband.

The door opened gently and closed, Reich limping towards the bed and looking at his parents then over at Prussia. He reached his hand

and put it on his shoulder, giving it an assuring squeeze.

Prussia bit his lip and closed his eyes tightly. "How's Germany..?" He asked softly not to disturb the peace in the room.

"Russia and Soviet are with him. I came to check on you."

"I'm fine." Prussia muttered and got off his chair. "I'll go have a walk."

Reich sighed as he knew that Prussia wasn't fine, he was nowhere near being fine.

Prussia got out of the hospital, walking in its garden with his hands inside his pockets. He was useless that day. He did nothing to contribute to the help. Austrian Empire and Russian Empire had a grand entrance with Soviet as a defense back-line. German Empire took two bullets for him and almost died in everyone there. Reich protected his son and shielded him from any coming pain, comforting him even during the harsh situation. Germany sliced Napoleonic France's hand from his body to protect his father. And Prussia? He was useless.

"I was useless. I didn't help everyone there and it was me who bright the trouble."

"We know you're thinking that, Pruss."

Prussia didn't turn around to the voice of Russian Empire and Austrian Empire, looking up at the sky in silence.

"You told me to come as a backup plan, Prussia. You sent Russia to come to me and told me to arrive at the old garage and stay hidden. And to move if we heard shot gun sounds. We were a little late but we arrived and everyone lived. You helped plan that."

"He only wanted me...he used you all as a bait to break me. And he succeeded...to this day he still toys with me..." Prussia put his hand up his face and clinched his jaw. "I'm nothing but a source of nausea..."

"Pruss...you aren't.." Austrian Empire came to him and put his hand

on his back. "No matter what he does we will stick with you."

"Don't try to run away. We want you with us. Even if he keeps following you, we'll be at your back Prussia."

Prussia looked up and saw both Russian Empire and Austrian Empire suddenly hugging him in their arms. Prussia felt a small whimper escape him as he clutched them tightly.

"But..."

"No buts. We live together and it means we take care of each other. You included. If he dares come again we'll be with you." Austrian Empire smiled and tightened the hug.

"You are part of us Prussia, and we are part of you. All of us there in the house won't let you think of ever leaving." Russian Empire said and winced when Austrian Empire tighten the hug. "Only this time..." he muttered to Austrian Empire which made Prussia chuckle and tighten the hug too.

They are part of each other. They are a family.

☆-Recovered-

>>This is a part two of "Bait" 。・゜・

Characters: Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, Prussia, Russia, Germany, German Empire, Austria-Hungary and Kingdom Of Hungary.

_____

It has been three days since the release of German Empire and Germany from the hospital due to having the most injuries.

After the latest even at Germany's house, he was dragged to sleep with the adults in their house until his home gets fixed, secured and until he can mentally recover properly from the shock.

Germany sat on the couch, his weighted blanket hugging his body while he played with Reich's portable gaming device. Over his ears were a noise-canceling headphones hooked to the game that he was playing.

Clearly in a whole other world to notice anything around him.

German Empire walked into the living room with the help of Austrian Empire who was guiding him to sit next to his grandson. He winced then relaxed once he was sitting on the couch, thanking Austrian Empire for fixing the pillows around his sore body.

Germany looked up when he felt a weight needed to him and once he saw German Empire, he scooted closer to him and pulled his arm.

"Around you?" German Empire mouthed and pointed at his arm then at Germany who nodded without speaking.

Germany has mostly gone nonverbal after everything, only giving

out small broken words to his father, Soviet or Russia when he was able to. The young country melted happily to German Empire's secure arm around his shoulder, going back to play the game.

Austrian Empire smiled warmly at the sight of German Empire leaning on Germany and watching his game. "Alright you two, I'll go make something to drink. Don't two need anything?"

"German Empire must take his meds. Germany needs to hydrate and take his antibiotics. That's what they need, love." Kingdom Of Hungary came in the room, crossing her arms and smirking at the flustered Austrian Empire who apologized.

"What about you, my dear-"

"I need this!" She pulled his collar and kissed his cheek, laughing at his reddened face. "Let me help you there, I need to drink some tea."

"B-behind you!" Austrian Empire held her hand and followed her to the kitchen, a wide smile blasted on his face.

German Empire ran his hand through Germany's hair, smiling down at him when Germany put the game away and reached his arms up, hugging German Empire tightly and hiding under his arm.

German Empire pulled the weighted blanket around Germany who huffed and puffed his wings out. "Ack-" Germany laughed when German Empire cupped his cheeks and squished them gently.

A gasp interrupted the two countries as they saw Reich by the foyer standing with his crutches. "You two dare have cuddles without me?"

"Vati!" Germany broke out and peaked his head from German Empire's arm and smiled. Reich returned the smile and came to the two, sitting next to his father and seeing Austrian Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary coming towards them.

"Medicine time you two. Oh Reich here? Good we have your antibiotics as well." Kingdom Of Hungary smirked evilly as she saw the sight of the three grimacing.

Germany looked at Austrian Empire approaching him to help him take his meds. Germany took the pill and the water bottle, drowning more into the side of German Empire, not hearing him wince or shake his head at the others not to push Germany away.

The three took their meds and were handed cups of tea to enjoy them in their sitting.

"Where's Prussia?" Reich asked Austrian Empire who was sitting on the floor and switching channels.

"He's up. Doesn't want to see anyone really..." Austrian Empire sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. "Russian Empire is trying to coax him out of the room to be with us here but it's not working."

"Let him rest...Prussia has gone through too much..." Kingdom Of Hungary said and sipped her tea. "He will come out when he feels like it."

Germany held his mug, frowning and looking down at his feet, with a plan in his mind.

———————-

It was late at night, Prussia laid on his bed and stared out the window while being deep in thoughts. Ever since that day and he couldn't rest or lower his guards, always planning ahead for anything that could happen. Even if Napoleonic France lost his hand he knows he won't let that hold him back.

Germany's body worked against itself and transformed out of fear that day, making the kid faint from how draining it was for his body.

Prussia and Russian Empire flinched and sat up in the bed when he heard the door open.

"Germany...?" Prussia spoke quietly when he saw his great grandson standing by the door while dragging the heavy blanket with him. "Kid...your vater is in the other room-"

"Prussia..w-want...Prussia." Germany spoke difficultly and walked to

his bed, getting on it and hugging him tightly.

Russian Empire got up and closed the door, smiling as he saw Prussia freeze in shock and surprise when Germany hugged him and dragged the blanket to the bed.

"Y-you want to stay here? You sure kid?" Prussia smiled nervously down at Germany who clung to his side and nodded his head. "Well..sure thing kid..." Prussia put his arm around him and leaned in the bed frame, looking outside at the stars with Germany doing so too.

"See that shining star up there? The big one." Germany nodded his head and followed Prussia's finger. "That's the northern star." Prussia chuckled when he saw Germany's mouth make a small 'o' in astonishment.

The rest of the night went on as Prussia rambled about the stars while Germany listened to him, Russian Empire keeping his ear open to hear them until he drifted off to sleep calmly.

Prussia smiled unconsciously and felt his heart ease and his panic fade once he was with Germany, both communicating as much as they can with what they have.

"No, I think German Empire is stronger than Russian Empire. The man can change like his father."

"But! Russian Empire is well built and he's the tallest here so it gives him more advantage."

Germany listened to Austria-Hungary and her mother talk in the living room, discussing about who's stronger than who, with Russia sitting down quietly as he just arrived.

"This seems fun.." Russia smiled at Germany who chuckled.

"Don't do my husband like that, mother..." Austria-Hungary poured while her mother laughed and covered her mouth. "We need a challenge to see who is strong."

"Arm wrestling!" Germany blurted out and flapped his arms. "Yes? Yes?" He looked at everyone in the room and Russia's eyes glowed in excitement.

Austria-Hungary and Kingdom Of Hungary turned to him and grinned happily. Arm-wrestling it is!

The next minute, everyone was in the living room, using the coffee table as the spot to put the arms up and start the wrestling.

"Who goes first?" Austria-Hungary asked while tapping her chin. "Rock paper sciss-"

"I'll go." Reich put his arm out and grinned. "Who's up!"

"Me." Reich looked up and saw Soviet smirking while cracking his hands. "Are you ready~?"

"Yes!" Reich grinned and both held their hands, Prussia standing between them and holding their hands steadily.

"One, two...three! Go!"

"Hah— oof-" Reich fell on his side while Soviet laughed in victory, waving his hand to the crowd.

"Who's next~?"

"Me." Soviet froze and looked up at German Empire who put his arm out. "My arm wasn't shot. Lets go."

Soviet gulped and smiled with a spark in his eye. "Let's do it."

The challenge went longer that Reich's, but Soviet ended up losing and sitting down next to Reich.

"Me! I want to play!" Austrian Empire put his arm out to challenge German Empire, taking the same time as Soviet to get him out.

"Ouch.." Austrian Empire pouted and sat next to Soviet in defeat.

"Let's go then." Prussia put his arm out and grinned to his son. "It'll

be a piece of cake～"

"Okay.." German Empire nodded and prepared to challenge his father.

Both countries held hands and when Russian Empire counted for them to go, they held the table while pushing each other's arm down.

Prussia huffed and pulled tighter, while German Empire grumbled and pulled more, making his father's hand slightly tilted to the side.

"German Empire is taking it." Kingdom Of Hungary spoke to her daughter who clapped her hands in amazement.

"You got it, dear!" Austria-Hungary cheered for her husband.

"Cheater! Your wife is boosting you!"

"N-no!" German Empire blushed and kept pulling his father's arm down until he titled it even more and more, finally touching the table.

"German Empire wins." Russian Empire said and watched Prussia whine while ruffling his hair.

"Again! Transform!" Prussia grinned and German Empire sighed, but smirked in eagerness. "Yeah? You agree?" Prussia pressed more once he saw the smirk.

"Let's do it, vater."

Germany awed quietly while watching both German Empire and Prussia change their arm to challenge. Taking their stance, they held their hands and started the challenge.

Prussia grinned and pulled harder at his son's hand, his transformation taking full form and so did German Empire's.

Tentacles appeared from behind German Empire's back by his wings, while Prussia's tail swished around excitedly.

"Ugh..." German Empire frowned when he felt his arm hurt him and without hesitation, Prussia easily slammed down German Empire's hand and the sound of glass echoed in the house.

"The coffee table!" Russia and Kingdom Of Hungary yelled in unison while Germany covered his mouth in shock.

Then the youngest broke into a fit of laughter, unable to cover his mouth or mute his laughter, making the others join in and laugh.

"Fine fine, I'll buy a newer one." Prussia raised his arms up and chuckled while leaning back, watching Russian Empire stare at him and then look away. "What is it?"

"Nothing..."

"He wants to challenge you." Soviet smirked when he saw Russian Empire glare at him and Prussia grinned, transforming into his full form again.

"Okay!" Prussia smiled happily and Russian Empire grimaced.

"Turn back. I'm not reckless like you and your son." Russian Empire crossed his arms and watched Prussia turn normal while holding his arm out. "Let's go!"

Eventually, Russian Empire won while challenging Prussia with no transform. But he didn't need to challenge the fully transformed country because he knows that he won't win it.

———————

Russia wore his shoes and looked back at Germany who was looking at him sadly.

"You alright, Germany?" Russia asked and fixed his jacket before leaving. "Is something wrong?"

"Mm...come tomorrow?"

Russia smiled and nodded his head. "Tomorrow. Promise." Russia reached his arm out to ruffle Germany's hair, seeing him not flinch

from the physical touch so he did it.

"Bye.." Germany watched him leave and looked behind him when he saw Reich and Soviet walking towards the kitchen with the dirty plates in their hands.

Smiling, he followed them and asked if he could help wash the dishes, only to be told to rest since his arm was still recovering from the bullet wound.

....

"Prussia?" Russian Empire walked out to the backyard, looking for his friend.

"Hm?" Prussia turned over to Russian Empire from sitting on the house fence. "What's wrong?"

"Are you alright?"

"Awe~ you cawe about me!" Prussia laughed when Russian Empire slammed his back painfully. "Ouch ouch! I'm okay...really..."

Looking at Prussia's eye, Russian Empire saw that he wasn't lying. Yet there was pain in his eyes. "Prussia..."

"It's in the back of my head..you know...that I'm bringing trouble to everyone."

"You're not bringing trouble to everyone. We're all ready to bring ourselves to any trouble that dares come after you, and we will get rid of it. We told you you're part of this family, Prussia. No backing away now."

"I'm not backing away! I'm just...ugh it's bothersome..."

"Urgroßvater..." the two adults turned behind them and saw Germany standing by the patio door. "Mm...join?" He pointed at the fence nervously and itched his hand.

"Of course kid.." Prussia smiled warmly and pushed away the talk he had with Russian Empire, helping Germany get on top of the

fence and sit next to him. "Enjoying it?"

Germany nodded and looked up happily, pointing at the familiar bright star.

"Yes, like I told you. The northern star."

Russian Empire watched Prussia's body change from behind stiff and tight to being eased back and relaxed. His wing wrapped around Germany as they both talked under the blanket of the stars.

Russian Empire walked back to the house, trying his best but failing to suppress smiling gently when he saw the sight of everyone in the house standing in the living room and staring at Prussia through the patio's glass door.

"Is he alright?" Soviet asked his father who nodded while sliding the patio door closed.

"He's fine...Germany is grounding his panic...not surprisingly..." Russian Empire looked at German Empire and Reich who shared a look of surprise and wonder, but that look turned into understanding as they looked back at Prussia and Germany and let them be.

"Alright. Now that we all made sure he's okay. Bedtime. Especially the injured." Russian Empire crossed his arms and shooed the crowd to their rooms, going to his own as well.

Recovery road takes time, but in this house no one is ever alone.

☆-The Law Of The Dead-

Characters: UN, Napoleonic France, Britain, France, Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, Prussia, Reich, Soviet, German Empire, Austria-Hungary and Kingdom Of Hungary

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The sound of the fancy leather boots echoed in the empty building of UN, the owner of the said footsteps having his hands behind his back while looking around him in admiration.

The architecture of the building fascinated his artistic mind, the usage of the sloping pillars and the italic shape of the roof that went up and down was very fancy. The sky roof gave life to the building as the sun would always touch the insides of it.

The man stood and reached his new prosthetic under his chin, smiling.

"Are you coming?"

Napoleonic France looked ahead at who called for him and gave a fake warm smile at Britain's direction, noticing the woman with Britain not daring to lift her head or even look at him. He hates the fact that this pathetic woman rules what was once his own land. "Of course, mon ami."

Continuing their walk, Britain opened the door towards UN's room, letting his wife walk first into the room, then Napoleonic France and finally he walked into the room, closing the door.

"Napoleonic France...I'm honored to see you well, sir." UN smiled warmly and offered his hand to shake it, freezing as he saw the metallic hand offered back to him. "Please, everyone. Take your seats..."

Napoleonic France sat down and put his leg over the other, reaching his hand up and gently pressing the bandaid that was over his broken nose. "So, young child. What do you wish to discuss? I don't plan to stay very long here."

Britain tried to stay composed from how Napoleonic France highly saw himself, discarding this meeting as if it meant nothing.

"We want to talk about your abduction of Germany and the damage you caused to the countries that day." France spoke with a hiss of anger that she tried to keep under her breath. "You can't do that. There's a law-"

"Article five, law number five-o-seven. The law of protection over the dead countries. Dead countries or countries who have served their ruling time and no longer serve, whom survived their death, have a law of protection over them from any killing that could befall them, in order to keep history alive. The law didn't state that I can't 'hurt' them~ no?" Napoleonic France put his legs down, resting his chin over his hands and smirking at UN. "Isn't that true, child?"

UN felt the hairs of his neck standing, keeping a straight face and nodding. "It is true, the law. But you can't normalize hurting them! You have caused too much damage that day. You attempted murder-"

"Attempted? Ha!" Napoleonic France put his new hand over his mouth while laughing loudly. "I was never planning that~ oh dear child, no...every bullet that was fired from my gun that day was calculated...I never planned to kill. I only wanted to...limit their movements.." Napoleonic France smiled softly and ran his hand through his hair. "If we want to apply this law...I assume that Germany must be punished as well as Prussia no?" He stoped his hand over his eye and stared right into UN's soul. "You can't punish me alone."

"Napoleonic France! You are the one who started it!" Britain yelled and stood up, France standing up as well with a deep frown.

"Oh please! The law doesn't activate unless a killing happens. You

cannot charge me for the lack of protection that you give us dead countries. I fired a few bullets, and they amputated my hand and broke my nose: it's even. If there's something to be fixed then it's your stupid law. If I managed to fine a loophole, so can everyone else." Napoleonic France stood up and walked to the door. "But for now, you can do nothing but watch me play and twist with your silly laws, children. Au revoir~" he waved his hand and walked out of the room, leaving the three to stand there helplessly.

———————

Prussia swung the controller, hopping to the side and swinging it again.

"No no!!" Austrian Empire swung his hand up with the controller strapped there. "Score! Come on!"

"No one but Reich can beat me in video game tennis!" Prussia posed happily once the screen showed his name next to the word 'winner'.

"Another round!" Austrian Empire huffed while stomping his foot, making Prussia start laughing and was about to restart the round but stopped when his phone rang.

Going over to his phone that was on the table, he blinked in surprise and answered. "Kleines Deutschland! My favorite heir~ yes?" Prussia smirked with pride, already feeling Reich's eyes burning his back as he peaked his head into the living room.

Prussia's playfulness was gone when he heard the other line, agreeing and ending the call. "Here." He threw the controller to Reich and waved his hand. "Austry, we will have our rematch later!" He got up the stairs, going to his room to change and leave.

Germany called him saying that UN wants to meet him, but when he asked him for what, Germany said that he wasn't told about the reason and was only asked to bring Prussia.

"Going somewhere?" Russian Empire didn't look up from sewing a button in one of the clothes. Wait, was that Austrian Empire's pajama...? How sweet..

"Mhm. Deutschland called, UN wants to see me..." Prussia grabbed his clothes and went to the bathroom to change, still talking. "Do you think it's about that day?"

Russian Empire leaned down and cut the thread with his teeth, brushing Austrian Empire's pajama and checking his sewing. "I think so. Do you need someone with you?"

"No. I was invited alone and I worry he needs to make it private or something else...how do I look?"

Russian Empire looked up at Prussia, seeing him wearing light brown jeans topped with an off white button up shirt. "Presentable." Russian Empire answered with a smirk, enjoying seeing Prussia grumble and run his hand through his hair to fix it.

"Eh, that's enough for me." He said and grabbed his phone and shoes. "Later."

———-

"Prussia." Prussia looked behind him and saw Britain holding a paper cup of coffee. "It's been a while.."

"Britain!" Prussia's surprise was very clear in his face at seeing the Englishman. "Come here!" Prussia held his hand out and shook it with Britain. "Looking good, my friend! How have you been?"

"I've been doing well thank you. How are you and the others doing?" Britain asked gently with a small smile, seeing Prussia scoff with a huff and shoving his hands in his pants. "I see.."

The two talked as they walked and upon reaching UN's office door, Britain opened it for Prussia and himself. "You'll be with me?" Prussia asked in confusion, seeing France and UN waiting inside already. He could see where this meeting was headed to.

Taking his seat, his posture was straight and sent fear to UN. Prussia's eye was sharp and that little spark of happiness and warmth that Britain witnessed at their meeting was gone. Crossing his arms over his chest, Prussia clicked his tongue. "It's about him." He spoke, knowing the answer.

"I.." France took a deep breath and looked down. "I'm sorry on his behalf...for what he did that day-"

"Don't apologize." Prussia hissed and glared at the woman. "You can't just come up here and apologize for someone else's mistakes. It's not your fault. So don't you dare take the responsibility of it, France. It's his fault: it's his own responsibility. You are far from being at fault here." He looked at UN. "And I'm hoping that he's getting the right discipline for what he did..."

Seeing UN's eyes showing trouble, Prussia's body stiffened. "United Nations. Speak...why was I called if not for letting me know that Napoleonic France will be suffering a punishment for his doings..?"

"We..." UN took a shaky breath, fidgeting with his hands. "We can't punish him...he didn't break any law-"

"You are being absurd right now! He almost killed my son, my grandson and great grandson! He did nothing to get punished?! What madness are you speaking of!" Prussia screamed, pushing his chair back and hearing it hitting the floor but he didn't flinch, his hands slamming down on the desk harshly, cracking it.

"P-Prussia please listen to me!" UN pleaded and held his hands up. "N-Napoleonic France found a loophole in the dead countries law of protection and therefore we couldn't punish him! I promise we will work on fixing it!" He stammered and gulped when he saw the aura around Prussia change and his tail swishing around in anger.

"So you're telling me that he's let go..just like that? Easily?" He growled deeply, his hands sharp and black as he held the desk, the crack growing under the pressure of the strong claws. "Almost killed my family...and now you're saying that you can't do anything about it...?" Prussia looked up and his bloodthirsty eye met the eyes of UN who were filled with terror at the monstrous sight before him.

"Do you think we're happy about it? We're not. He found a way out of it like the sly man he is." Britain spoke while standing defensively in front of his wife. "Take a deep breath, Prussia. We are working to fix it."

Prussia looked over at Britain and walked to him, grabbing him by his suit and bringing him to his face. "You and UN, hear this. If you don't get it fixed and you don't get me and my family the justice we deserve. Then trust me when I say that you all shall see Napoleonic France dead before your eyes." He let go of Britain and took a deep breath, trying to retract back his claws and turn back from his transformation. "He may have found a way to twist a stupid law. But I'm not afraid to break it. I have nothing to lose...but if my family is being brought into this, then I'm ready to give up my freedom for their safety."

Looking at UN and then at the other two, Prussia gave them his back and walked towards the door, muttering to himself and slamming it shut behind him.

UN fell in his chair and covered his face, feeling the fear and panic settling heavily in his heart after what he saw.

To Britain it isn't new to witness this side of Prussia. But to UN: it was very new to him.

———

"Stupid law!" Prussia screamed and kicked the house door open, hissing with anger and throwing his key into the bowl. "We can't do anything?! Nonsense!" He growled heavily, clutching his heart that was a mile a head from how fast it was beating.

He wants to get his anger out, and now.

Kingdom Of Hungary froze from where she was in the living room, looking at Reich who raced upstairs to call for Russian Empire, only to meet him halfway.

"We need your help." Reich said and watched Russian Empire walk all the way to the ground floor, seeing Prussia in his anger episode by the door and trying to catch his breaths.

"Prussia. Let's go outside."

"Why?! So you can give me another excuse why Napoleonic France gets to walk it off?!" Prussia yelled, not noticing that everyone the

house was now listening and watching.

'So he's angry about Napoleonic France...he's walking out unharmed?! That's ridiculous!' Austrian Empire thought and watched as Russian Empire took Prussia's wrist and dragged him to the backyard.

"You need to get your anger out." Russian Empire spoke and took out his sword, tossing Prussia's sword towards him. "Then let's fight."

Before Russian Empire could take a stance, Prussia was already diving ahead and threw a swing with a scream, Russian Empire blocked with a wince.

So he's clearly too angry right now, this shall be difficult.

"He had the audacity to tell me that he can't do anything." Prussia clashed his sword with Russian Empire's, making sparks fly. "He found a loophole in the law." Another heavy clash, Prussia's body shaking with anger, his shirt sleeves getting ripped as his claw grew over the shirt's limit. "I want him dead." He opened his wings and took off, charging down fast while preparing a hit. "I want his head on a platter...I would willingly shower with his blood!" He swung his sword but Russian Empire quickly backed away using his wings to boost himself further from Prussia's fall attack.

Prussia glared and stood up from where he landed forcefully, looking at Russian Empire, his eyes blinded with anger. Charging forward, he kept swinging nonstop at Russian Empire's blocks.

"Argh!" Prussia used his full strength in his last swing, hitting Russian Empire's sword as strong as he could and wind blew between them.

Austrian Empire, German Empire and everyone else who were watching by the patio door covered their faces when the wind blew on them and blinded them for a second.

Soviet opened his eye and went rigid when he saw the sight before him.

Defeated and on the ground with the sword broken next to him lay Russian Empire, looking up at the sky tiredly.

Prussia stood in his place, his breathing hoarse and consisted of small gasps and wheezes.

Soviet wanted to run to his father but was stopped by Reich and German Empire. Before he cold break free from them, Austrian Empire shushed him and nodded for him to watch.

Russian Empire sat up and coughed, looking over at Prussia whose head was low, stabbing the sword to the ground to balance himself from falling.

"Feeling better?" Russian Empire asked and got up on his feet, limping towards Prussia who lifted his head up, his body turning normal and his eyes looking hazy.

"Y-yeah...sorry about that..." Prussia breathed and felt his body grow heavier.

In a second, both empires collapsed on the ground tiredly from the battle, with everyone rushing to aid them.

———

Prussia winced in pain when his son put a bandaid on his cheek, watching him return back to the first-aid bag and take a new alcohol wipe that Austria-Hungary handed for him to clean off any dirt or blood off Prussia's face and bandage him.

Russian Empire sat silently while Austrian Empire and Soviet worked together on bandaging his chest and arm, taking the most damage due to the fearsome power of Prussia when going full strength into a battle, add to that being transformed too.

"I'm sorry..." Prussia sighed and flinched when German Empire tightened the bandage around his shoulder. "Ow ow-"

"That's for apologizing about something that isn't your fault." He said and cut the gauze, putting a big sized bandaid to keep it in place. "You should thank Russian Empire for helping you release

that anger."

"I can't believe they let him go like that.." Kingdom Of Hungary sighed and put down a tray of freshly squeezed orange juice. "I don't blame you for being angry.." she added and saw everyone nod in agreement.

"I wouldn't blame you too, Mr Prussia.." Austria-Hungary said and moved Prussia's wings slightly to help German Empire work on patching him up. "I know I would have been as mad as you were if someone dares hurt my family and get away with it.." she rubbed his good shoulder in assurance.

"For now we need to keep our eyes peeled open and stay defensive." Reich said and took a sip of his juice. "We all have each other's back anyway. Except for Soviet I won't protect him."

"You little-"

Russian Empire stifled a laugh and rested his head back on the couch, looking at the ceiling and feeling a sense of safety wash over him.

What he didn't know is that everyone else felt exactly the same.

☆-A Heartbeat-

[image]

Characters: German Empire and Austria-Hungary centric chapter
Featuring: Soviet, Reich, Prussia, Austrian Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary and Russian Empire
——————-

German Empire let out a small groan, fighting against the urge to keep his eyes shut. He was gong to set up from the bed, but felt a weight on his shoulder that kept him unable to move.

Looking next to him, he saw that Austria-Hungary had her head resting there, her hair sprawled everywhere. He wasn't bothered of being trapped in his place, as he was staring at her relaxed features and ran his hand over her cheek to brush her hair away.

He took his time to stare at her, unable to stop his racing heart from happiness at remembering that he has a whole plan prepared for the two of them today, but kept it a secret to surprise her with it.

The gentle touch was enough to wake Austria-Hungary up as her lashes fluttered sleepily, blinking and reaching her hand up to hold German Empire's hand that stopped at her cheek.

"You look your cutest like this, dear." German Empire smiled and pecked her forehead, seeing her pout and rub her eyes.

"But I just woke up."

"I know what I said." He chuckled as he saw her cover her face and turn to the other side on the bed, grumbling about how he can easily make her flustered as if they were a newly married couple.

They both took their time laying in their bed and relaxing until the

coffee smell floated in the air, making them decide that they should get up and start their day.

Once Austria-Hungary got dressed, she reached her hands up to her hair and started doing it as best as she could.

Silently watching, German Empire observed as she brushed her hair and pulled it up, twisting it to try to put it in a bun. It isn't his first time ever seeing her do her things, he's always been observant of her routine and how she likes things and what she doesn't like. German Empire never got bored watching Austria-Hungary do anything, and he never will. He woke up from his trance when he saw her spin towards his direction.

"Is it good? And don't you dare flirt."

"Well..there goes my shot." German Empire put on his shirt and walked over to her, unable to wash away the smile that was on his usually stern face. "You missed a few hair strands and they came loose from the bun... allow me to fix it.."

Austria-Hungary let German Empire reopen her hair, feeling the hairbrush running through her hair very gently. He was sure not to pull any hair too much, his hands delicate at work as he started putting her hair up. German Empire looked over to the mirror to make sure her hair was perfect from the front before he put the hairpin to steady the bun. Reaching his hand over the dressing table he grabbed a few hair clips and moved her bangs to the side and gently clipped it in place, resting his hands on her shoulders and giving it a pat indicating that he's done.

"Thank-" Austria-Hungary was cut off when he leaned down and kissed her cheek, hearing him walk away towards their bathroom. "Mmf..." she put on her flag glasses and got off the dressing table chair, going to the door.

Her flustered pout was gone and replaced with a warm smile at hearing her father greeting her with so much love. "There's my little girl!"

"Morning, father!"

Everyone was gathered by the dinning table having their breakfast when Reich spoke up. "Vater, are you free today?"

German Empire stopped his drink, looking down at his mug calmly. "No, did you need something?"

"You aren't?" German Empire chuckled at his wife's confusion and sadness. "Oh- sorry." She apologized in embarrassment when she heard Reich laugh at his mother.

"Nah, just wanted to hang out a bit and wanted to see if you're up for it. But what's your plans?" Reich asked and when the silence stretched for too long, everyone stared at German Empire. Even Russian Empire put down his book and looked.

"...Personal business." German Empire muttered quietly and looked down at his mug, a little blush visible on his face while he unconsciously tugged at his mask that was on the side of his head.

"Aw~ Wait, you mean that—"

"Reich, look at the time? Come on let's go mow the backyard." Soviet grabbed Reich from the back of his shirt, making German Empire let out a relieved sigh.

Russian Empire lifted his lip in a smile and got up with his book and mug, announcing that he's going to the living room. Prussia understood the message as well as Kingdom Of Hungary and both got up to leave while Austrian Empire sat in his seat confused as to why everyone left earlier than usual, only to be grabbed from his arm by his wife.

Once the kitchen emptied, German Empire took his chance before anyone would come and held Austria-Hungary's hand, running his thumb over her knuckles. "Austria-Hungary..will you got out with me tonight..? I've booked us a reservation at a restaurant...and..um.." he started softly and turned his body toward hers, his hand clutching hers from nervousness. How long has he been married to her? And he still gets all flustered to even ask her out.

Austria-Hungary felt her heart leap as she turned to him, holding his hand back tightly and composing herself from going into a spiral. "Y-yes! I want to- I mean I will!" She held her warm cheek with her free hand, groaning. "I'd love to, my German Empire..." she said and removed her hand from her cheek.

———-

"Mother." Kingdom Of Hungary lifted her head up when she saw Austria-Hungary standing over her, her hands shakily holding her shirt. "Uhm...I need you help with something-"

Kingdom Of Hungary was worried, but the worry faded to a knowing look when she noticed her daughter twirling her hair, her knees touching each other and her whole body spoke about being shy. "Of course. Let's go to my room." She took her hand and once they were in the safety of the room, Kingdom Of Hungary locked the door and turned to her daughter who sat on the bed.

"I want to know everything! What did he tell you?"

"H-he wants to...take me out tonight..." Austria-Hungary flinched when she heard her mother squeal and hug her tightly. "M-mama!"

"Oh please this is so romantic ~ I wish your father would do this to me!" She joked and smiled warmly, cupping Austria-Hungary's face. "So you need my help hm?"

"Yes, please..." Austria-Hungary gasped when she was moved from the bed over to her parent's dressing table. "What-"

"First. Hair! I'll do your hair and curl it a little at the ends...then I'll do your make up! Do you have a dress in mind?"

"I have a cream midi dress." Austria-Hungary smiled sheepishly and itched her cheek. "The color fits, no?"

"Of course my little girl! It'll make your flag pop!" She opened her daughter's hair and started splitting it and brushing it. "Cream dress, gentle make up and curly hair...your husband will be head over heels for you again, and I'll make sure of that~" she smirked and put hair pins in her mouth, beginning her work.

———-

He stood by the mirror of his and Austria-Hungary's room. The rest of the day he hasn't seen her, only seeing Austrian Empire or Kingdom Of Hungary coming in to take something things for their daughter and then leave.

He frowned while holding his paper mask, tempting whether to wear it or leave it out. He put it down gently and let his shoulders relax. Today, he doesn't need to be wearing it.

He looked at his reflection and fixed his tie and tuxedo, using a roller to help clean any small hairs on the suit and then put it away in the drawer.

"Now, where is it.." he looked around the table, grabbing a perfume and spraying it then went to the nightstand and took out a small box that had his wrist watch.

"Oh~ someone is putting an effort today~" German Empire grimaced at the sound of his father by the door. "Wait don't wear it." Prussia walked out of the room and a few minutes later, he came back holding something with his two hands. "Here you go."

Prussia grabbed German Empire's arm and started putting the cufflinks in his sleeve, taking out a vintage watch from his pocket and helping German Empire wear it. "Now you look handsome. Just like me!" He grinned at his son who huffed but gave a warm smile.

"Does my hair look good?"

"Yes, my son! Now get the car ready, don't make your dear wife wait any longer!" Prussia smirked and stood behind his son, pushing him out of the room and making him bump into something. Or correctly: someone.

His hands reached out to hold whoever he crashed into, only to look down and see Austria-Hungary in his arms, looking up with a deep blush on her face.

German Empire hitched a small breath as he looked at her face. Her make up wasn't too much and wasn't too little, it was perfect on her

face and under her shades. Her dress made her flag colors look more vibrant than ever, with her hair in a high ponytail and curled at its ends.

"You look...wonderful..." German Empire breathed out, putting his hands on her shoulders and felt her reach her hands to his face, gently tracing his features and touching his hair.

It was brushed back slick, a few stubborn hairs falling over his face and it made her smile. "I could say the same to you.." she let go of his face and put her hand over her chest, feeling that at any given moment her heart would pop out any second.

"Shall we?" He took her arm and linked it with his own, feeling her tighten the hold and nod her head.

_____

German Empire parked his car by the restaurant and scowled at what he saw before him. A fireman talking to the receptionist with a medic next to him.

"What's happening..." he muttered and unbuckled himself. "Wait for me, I'll be right back."

Austria-Hungary frowned with worry and nodded her head as she heard the beeping of the car that meant a door was open then it went quiet.

She took this chance to calm her racing heart, fidgeting with her ring and twisting it around her finger to calm herself. She turned to the sound of footsteps approaching and the door opening and closing. The silence returned again, longer and thicker.

"My love...?" She called out softly and reached her hand to his own. "What happened-"

"I..." German Empire bite his lips and took his hand away from her to cover his face. "I'm sorry...I talked with them and apparently a fire broke out in the kitchen and all reservations for today were moved next week..." a feeling of pain and anger filled his heart and he shut his eyes tightly. "I'm sorry...I'm sorry, dear-"

"German Empire." She reached out for his hand and squeezed it tightly with a scoff. "Don't apologize for something that is out of our reach. I'm not sad.."

German Empire opened his eyes and stared at her, the anger vanishing to pure guilt as he was left with the realization that his whole plan was ruined. "I wanted to give you the best time of your life..." he spoke softly, almost in a whisper.

"Kaiser.." she intertwined her fingers with his and rubbed his hand. "Every chance I get to have from waking up next to you and sleeping next to you: is the best time of my life. You being part of my world is everything I've wanted and more.." she smiled softly and brought his hand to her heart. "Anywhere with you is enough for me. Even if we ended up going back home or getting a small snack from the convenient store, I would still brag about this day being the best day ever. Well...everyday with you is the best day ever so..you get what I mean." She chuckled sheepishly and smiled down at her lap.

"I mean every word."

German Empire tightened his grip on her hand and kissed her temple gently. "You are my everything, Austria-Hungary.." he whispered gently and smiled. "Would you allow me to take you to the park, my love?"

Austria-Hungary smiled and nodded her head. "Of course, my dearest! I'd love to!" They shared a small laugh and German Empire took off towards the park.

The park was empty due to the sun being gone almost two hours ago, leaving the place dark and lit by the street lights that were around the park.

German Empire walked while holding the hand of Austria-Hungary, who was taking a long breath and enjoying the fresh air of the park. She stopped when he stopped walking and turned to his direction. "Hm?"

"There's a shawarma stand right there. Want some?" German Empire

asked suddenly and Austria-Hungary took a second to smell the air, feeling her mouth watering at the smell of the cooked chicken.

"Oh yes please, it smells good from right here.." German Empire laughed a genuine laugh, walking with her to the stand and ordering for himself and her.

Both sat on the grass under one of the trees, eating their small meal while their shoulders touched. Austria-Hungary took a careful bite, letting out a gasp when the sauce dripped from her hand and she quickly wiped it with her finger.

"You alright there? Oh that's a little mess.." German Empire smiled and took out a napkin, cleaning her cheek gently and brushing a hair strand from her face. "There we go."

"T-thank you..." she mumbled shyly and ate the remaining of her sandwich, clapping her hands to clean them from the flour that was around the bread.

German Empire was staring at the sky after finishing his meal but looked down at his wife when he felt the smallest, almost unnoticeable shiver from her when the cool summer breeze hit them both.

"Here." He took off his jacket and draped it over her shoulders, seeing her face turn red even under the moonlight.

"Ah-! I'm so sorry! I should have brought a coat or something-"

"Easy now.." she quieted down and melted to the feeling of his warm coat, his perfume smell making her heartbeat quicken and she sank herself more into the jacket when she felt his arm around her and bringing her closer. "Warmer?"

"Mm.." she put her head on his shoulder and smiled softly. "Thank you for taking me out...I loved it..."

German Empire looked at her and rubbed her shoulder to warm her more. "Anytime.."

———————————-

A/N: thank you for reaching the end~ now allow me to show you my latest drawing of Prussia in his full transformation!

☆-Hypnosis-

Characters: so many x)

_____

Spain took his seat next to Italy, both shaking their hands and starting a small chat until the room would fill up.

"Yoho, good morning Union people!" Czechia hopped into the room with her wings boosting her a little in the air, getting greeted back by the Baltic girls who called for her, talking together with Belgium coming over to the group, interested in their talk.

Slovakia walked right after his sister and waved his hand to whoever was there, walking to his assigned seat that was next to his sister's and resting there.

"Alright ladies and gentle-countries. Get seated please." UN walked into the room with her clipboard followed by a man wearing a white coat, pushing a cart filled with black boxes. The members of the EU immediately went to their seats and looked up at EU as she took the podium.

"Alright. The meeting shall start." As usual, the meeting went smoothly and with a great easy flow of presenting some ideas, financial updates, essays and researches to help the Union. Yet the boxes stayed in their place still.

"Alright. Since we are done, I have one last topic to speak about. Baltics, would you girls be sweet enough to hand out these boxes?" EU asked the three girls who got off their seats and started handing out the boxes to everyone.

Curious, Germany opened the box and so did Italy, both awing at the sight of what was inside it. Gently placed in the box were black

goggles with their straps hooked to the device so they would wrap perfectly around the head. A charger was inside the box too and a pair of two extra straps in different colors. Under it all was a small construction booklet.

"Me and some engineers developed these smart goggles. Once you wear them you can use the programs within it, make calls, do your slideshow, record some videos or take pictures and more on. We are handing you these goggles to test them before we can send the idea to UN and the rest of the countries. The rest will be sent to our official candidates such as Ukraine, Albania, etc. Now, not to be too long, go and enjoy them!" She collected the papers and closed her file. "I want a twelve pages essay about it next week."

She smirked at the countries groaning in unison about the work they'll have to do even after getting a new awesome device.

———-

"Oo...what's that!" Norway held up the goggles, turning them over and wearing them. "Normal goggles?"

Finland shook his head while having Faroe in his lap, reaching his hand out and turning it on. He laughed once he saw Norway flinch away and throw his hands over his face.

"Wah! What did you do?!"

"EU gave these out for us to test them. They are technological goggles. Like a phone but over your eyes." Sweden explained as he handed his own to Iceland who seemed curious to try them as well.

"Can I play cooking game?!" Faroe asked and reached her hands over to Norway's face. "I wanna try! Papa!"

"Hey there little girl, you can try mine. Calm down." Denmark took his daughter and gave her his own, letting her try them on and turned over when he felt a tug on his sleeve.

Greenland was the one tugging at Denmark's sleeve, scoffing while staring at him. Denmark couldn't help the soft laugh that escaped his lip and the gentle pats over Greenland's head. "Alright...you'll

take your turn after your sister."

———-

Reich stood on top of the sofa, looking at the ground and jumping to the other chair in the living room.

"What—" Germany stopped his walk, in both his hands were two mugs of coffee. "Vati...I went to make us coffee. What did you manage to do with the goggles?"

"I downloaded a game called the floor is lava. I'm playing it! This is so smart~" he opened his wings and floated over the floor of the room, going over to Germany and sitting on his shoulders. "Cool, safe spot!" He took his mug and took off the goggles. "Can I take them to our house? I want the others to see it."

Germany walked with his father towards the couch and sat down. "Of course. But please return it tomorrow. I need to write my essay about it for Miss EU."

"Sure!" Reich grinned and put his mug away, carefully opening the goggles in the middle and began tinkering with it. "Look at that build..." he murmured softly, his eyes having stars in them. "She managed to find this sensor! Oh, she used lithium batteries too?" Reich kept on playing with his son's goggles while lying down in the couch, the mini screwdriver that he used to open the goggles sat resting over his ear.

An hour later, Reich excused himself to go back home and show it to the others. Germany closed the door and heard his phone ringing, answering it when he saw it was Russia.

"Hallo, Russland."

"Sup. You got the new toy?" Germany could hear the humor in his voice as he joked. "EU sent one over to Ukraine since she's an official candidate and Belarus is having a blast with a game called the floor is lava. I doubt her age sometimes."

"She...she downloaded that too?"

"Too?" Russia snorted and covered his mouth. "Who did too?"

"My vater..." Germany covered his face when he heard Russia cackle loudly. "Stop laughing-"

"Sorry sorry...he probably took them to the others, right?"

"Mhm. Your guess is correct." Germany rested back on his couch. "He'll return them tomorrow. Let's hope they'll be in one piece." Germany chuckled and so did Russia, both joking about the goggles breaking the second it enters the dead countries house.

_____

Hungary looked at his empty computer page then over at the goggles, sighing heavily and planting his head on his desk. It was currently five in the morning, and with his insomnia he decided to try to work on writing the essay but instead he kept staring at the blank white screen that only had his name.

Reaching out, he took the goggles and put them on, pressing the side button to power it on. The screen took longer than the first time he tried it when he arrived home. Before he can take them off, the screen turned a bright white light and the device clung to his head tightly.

Hungary screamed in pain when an electric surge ran through his body making him unable to remove the goggles, closing his eyes and giving up from the immense pain. The white screen turned into colorful flashes, numbing his body and brain, making him motionless.

_____

Greenland held the goggles and put them on, smiling when he thought about hiking and activating the camera to capture his point of view. As he put the on, he gasped when the bright light hit his eyes and then became flashing colors, the electric surge stabbing his body.

"Agh! Stop! It hurts! Father help me!" He yelled in pain and felt his eyes burn him from the flashes and crying out of fear.

Denmark flinched away from his bed, looking at the clock pointing at six in the morning and quickly hurried out of the room but got interrupted when he heard Finland scream as well.

The screams quieted down all of a sudden. Sweden and Denmark looked at each other when they met in the hallway of the house and nodded their heads to go see each one that screamed. But they stopped when they saw Greenland and Finland walk over them with their heads low and the goggles still on.

"What's wrong with you two? Was it a horror game or a movie? You know it's too early.." Sweden scowled but froze when he saw both of them look up at them, Greenland holding a kitchen knife while Finland closed his fists.

"Denmark. Run, NOW!" Sweden yelled and rushed to get Iceland and Norway out of their rooms to safety, with Denmark rushing to get his daughter.

Greenland ran to Sweden and threw him harshly to the floor, his knife raised up and ready to stab him. Sweden stopped Greenland by hiding the knife and trying to push it further from himself.

"AGH! Greenland what happened?! It's me Sweden!" He screamed, blood dripping over his face as he held the knife away from his chest. "Wake up!"

Greenland kept the knife in a tight grip, almost succeeding in harming Sweden but a blur of a leg came to them and kicked Greenland off Sweden. Looking up, Sweden saw Norway with his leg stretched out and breathing quickly from running to the scene.

"Ugh..." Greenland groaned and winced from his aching stomach at getting kicked, the goggles broken next to his head. "Ow...father..." he called out weakly and looked up when he saw Norway and Sweden towering over him.

"T-the goggles. They are controlling them.."

"FINLAND!" A flinch ran down their spine when they heard Denmark screaming and then the sound of a bullet and glass

shattering.

"Help Greenland and patch yourself then go find where Iceland is hiding with Faroe! I'll go help Denmark to break the goggles from Finn to wake up!" Norway yelled and started running to the sound of Denmark and Finland.

———————-

German Empire looked over at the dinning table as he, Russian Empire and Prussia were the only ones awake yet, due to it being too early for the others.

Taking the goggles, he put them on as it showed the time, six thirty. Then it displayed the screen of the programs but the programs were gone and replaced with a bright white screen.

"Ugh- get off-!" German Empire tried to pry the goggles away but couldn't even move them an inch.

"Sohn?" Prussia turned to German Empire and frowned. "Let me help you-" he was cut off by the pained scream of German Empire, seeing him fall on the floor in pain when the electricity ran through him.

German Empire tried to handle the pain but the surge became too strong until he gave up from fighting and the control of the goggles took over his brain and body.

"German Empire-" Russian Empire reached his hand out to where German Empire stood shakily and quietly after what happened, yet what came next was too fast for both Russian Empire and Prussia to comprehend.

A tentacle immediately came from German Empire's back and pushed Russian Empire to the wall harshly, his hand in a claw and dragged on the table, scratching it.

"Sohn!" Prussia tried to fight his son from Russian Empire, only to get slammed hard to the other wall of the kitchen and fall on the floor, wincing and trying to sit up again, transforming himself and jumping on German Empire.

He slashed the tentacle and freed Russian Empire, standing before him and hissing. "Russian Empire, warn the others. The goggles are controlling him."

Russian Empire rushed up the stairs to warn everyone, his heart racing as he remembered his grandkids. Gritting his teeth, he took out his phone and dialed Russia's number.

"What's going on-" Austrian Empire asked when he saw Russian Empire running up the stairs. "Russian Empire-"

"Stay hidden. The goggles took control of German Empire's mind and Prussia is trying to handle it— hey! Wait! Get back here!" Russian Empire yelled at Austria-Hungary and Reich who both rushed downstairs to help.

Russian Empire returned to his grandson when he answered his call and put it on speaker. "Russia, are you okay?!"

"He's mind controlled!" It was Ukraine speaking, using Russia's phone. "I don't know what happened! He was trying them and now he's- ah! Bella! No no! Russia stop-" the call was cut and Soviet ran out of the house, followed by Russian Empire.

Austrian Empire took a shaky breath, clutching his heart and looking at his wife, both rushing downstairs to help with German Empire.

The kitchen was a wreck, to put it simply. The table was broken, the chairs everywhere and the window glass was shattered.

German Empire growled while panting, Prussia and Reich both standing defensively next to each other while Austria-Hungary was in the back, her hand over her racing heart as fear was eating her alive for her husband's safety.

"Dear, back away." Kingdom Of Hungary grabbed her daughter and pulled her out of the kitchen, letting Austrian Empire walk on the scene to help.

"No! Mother please I need to save him-" Austria-Hungary gasped when she heard a loud thud next to her, as German Empire sent

both Reich and Austrian Empire flying and hitting the floor near Austria-Hungary's legs where she and Kingdom Of Hungary were hiding.

"Ugh..."

"Austrian Empire!" Kingdom Of Hungary kneeled down to her husband but suddenly German Empire crashed into her when Prussia kicked him in the stomach.

"Austria-Hungary...go hide!" Austrian Empire winced and tried to get up, screaming in pain when German Empire sent out his tentacles and grabbed him, Reich and Kingdom Of Hungary , squeezing them tightly and aiming to grab Prussia who kept slicing his tentacles, yet they kept regenerating and attacking him nonstop.

Prussia opened his wings to fly away from the next attack but saw three tentacles fly at him at the same time and he was trapped, one wrapped around his neck while two wrapped around his chest and legs, keeping him in a tight grip that almost crushed his bones as well as the others who were trapped.

Austria-Hungary backed away until she hit a wall, gasping and breathing weakly from her panic that made her body shake uncontrollably.

But instead of running to safety, she ran towards German Empire.

"Mutter!"

"Austria-Hungary, no!"

She hugged his chest tightly and tugged at his shirt, crying and sobbing in a heart wrenching way that pained everyone.

"P-please! This isn't you! Wake up!" She wailed and kept pulling at his shirt tightly, burying her face in his chest.

German Empire felt his inner mind fight the hypnotic force of the goggles as soon as he felt Austria-Hungary in his arms, shaking and groaning in pain as he kept his body from moving to hurt her.

"G-go...away..." his voice was pained and shaky as he spoke, his body trying to attack yet his mind was trying to regain his consciousness again.

As soon as Prussia felt the tentacles weaken, he shouted to attack all together. Slicing the tentacles off of himself, he freed Reich, Austrian Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary and then they landed a synchronized attack at German Empire, targeting his goggles.

Austria-Hungary felt someone grab her away from German Empire before the attack happened, feeling the gentle hand of her mother. She heard the sound of German Empire yelling in pain, hearing his thud from falling and the goggles clanking on the floor then breaking, after that it went quiet.

"German Empire..?" Prussia asked softly and transformed back to his natural state, kneeling down to his son. "Mein sohn...?"

German Empire opened his eyes weakly and looked at everyone, his eyes landing on the tearful face of Austria-Hungary. "Dear...? Why are you crying...?"

Austria-Hungary broke down into sobs as she kneeled on the other side of German Empire and lowered herself to hug his neck tightly, her sobs pulling at his heart as he hugged her back and brought her closer to himself.

Fatigue was evident in his body and eyes due to regenerating his tentacles, closing his eyes as he buried his face in her hair.

———-

Russian Empire and Soviet kicked down the door of the house, seeing that it was a mess everywhere. They heard the sound of a breaking vase and rushed to it, taking a turn in the corridor and entering Ukraine's room.

On the floor, unconscious with a bleeding head injury was Belarus. Before her stood Ukraine while holding a broken shard in her left hand that she took from the vase, using it as defense while she herself had her right arm bleeding and on the side.

"Papa!" She cried out and Russia turned behind him, a metal pipe in his hand that had blood on it.

Soviet's eyes went red and he tackled Russia, who swiftly jumped to the side and swum the pipe at his father. Soviet stopped the pipe and held it in one hand, then he took it and threw it away from Russia who resorted to kicking Soviet in the guts.

Russian Empire flew over to his grandson, reaching his hand out to try to pry the goggles away while Russia screamed in pain, trying to fight Russian Empire away from him but Soviet came over and held both his arms down, throwing him to the ground and pinning him there while Russian Empire kept pulling the goggles.

Russia kept tossing and screaming in pain, his tears sliding down his cheeks. Soviet and Ukraine tried to mute out the cries of Russia, with Soviet ignoring how his son's body was shaking and his legs kept kicking on the floor.

"Be quick!" Soviet yelled at his father who looked in pain as well at seeing Russia hurt.

"I'm trying!" Russian Empire growled and lastly pulled it off Russia, falling backwards and looking at his grandson who quieted down into small gasps and hiccups.

"Papa...?" Russia's voice was filled with fear and confusion, his tears still falling. "It hurts..." he cried weakly and felt Soviet hug him to his lap, crawling over towards his daughters and bringing them in his arms while Russian Empire breathed tiredly, taking out his phone and calling the ambulance.

_____

A malfunction.

The reason that the goggles attacked many countries was because they had a malfunction with the lithium batteries overheating accidentally and the heat messed with the circuits inside it, which lead to it hypnotizing the countries and making them lose their control over themselves.

Knowing the damage that happened, EU has taken it upon herself to make the engineers rework on the goggles and replace the batteries with stronger ones, making more fixes and improvements in the machine. As well as taking care of paying for the healthcare of all the injuries countries during the accidents that happened.

Prussia hummed while having some nails between his lips, pulling one and hammering it down on the wood as he, Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, Reich and Soviet worked on rebuilding what was broken in the kitchen.

German Empire and Austria-Hungary were watching them work, with German Empire still being fatigued due to the mind control and his overuse to his transformation.

Kingdom Of Hungary walked over to the workers and handed them bottles of water to help them refresh themselves.

"Gah! The sun is too hot..." Reich whined and German Empire frowned, getting off his chair while Austria-Hungary looked up at him with worry.

"I can go buy some ice drinks or-"

"No." Soviet cut him off while wiping his sweat with his towel.

"Sit." Austrian Empire continued as he closed his water after drinking it.

"Rest." Kingdom Of Hungary added, crossing her arms. "Your legs are already shaking, boy." She smirked when she saw him give up easily and sit down. "Also, your dear wife is so worried about you~ don't make her worry even more~"

"Mother!" Austria-Hungary blushed deeply and hugged German Empire's arm tightly. "But she's right..."

"Vati!"

"Papa!"

Soviet and Reich turned over when they heard Ukraine and

Germany come over to them happily.

Russia was holding Belarus' hand to help her walk without dizzying herself or hurting, letting her sit on the empty chair next to Austria-Hungary while Kingdom Of Hungary spoke to the girl gently that if she needed anything to get her.

"Why are you all here, kids?" Prussia asked as he got surprised, putting the hammer down.

"To help!" Ukraine smiled at her father and grandfather. "Can we?"

"We got some refreshments, they are in my car." Russia added with a tired smile, rubbing the back of his neck. "Also..I'm sorry about the trouble I caused and..mm..." he lowered his head in guilt. Ukraine, Soviet and Russian Empire looked at him and smiled in assurance.

"Just what we needed..." Russian Empire smiled at Russia and got up to him, putting his hand on his shoulder. "Also your help would be great."

Germany grinned and went to assist his father in his job while Soviet let Ukraine help him and finally, Russia with Russian Empire.

Belarus looked at the scene while holding her refreshing drink, waving her free hand to Ukraine who was showing her that she's working on the paint.

Kingdom Of Hungary gently patted Belarus' hair and looked at everyone working while having fun, German Empire and Austria-Hungary having their hands linked together while they spoke and laughed quietly to themselves.

Kingdom Of Hungary let her thoughts rest and her eyes landed towards Austrian Empire's.

'You alright?' He titled his head without speaking, but his eyes showed.

She gave a nod with a warm smile. 'I am.'

_____

A/N: I want to thank you all for something...
This book is almost hitting 10k reads! I will cry waaaa!!! Seeing this makes me so emotional and happy because it's my dream becoming a reality!! Thank you all so much!
I want to make a 10k special chapter so PLEASE hand out some suggestions! Want it to be asks? A special idea? Let me know!

☆-Relationship Chart-

[image] [image]

A/N: hello! This chapter is very simple! Just two pages about the relationship of these two married couple:

-Kingdom Of Hungary and Austrian Empire
-German Empire and Austria-Hungary

The German Empire and Austria-Hungary drawings are made by my friend who also made the book cover!
Her I.G: @ Kitten.Obi
Enjoy! ヽ (='▿'=) ﾉ
———————————————

☆-The Future In Them-

Characters: Russian Empire, Imperial Russia (white, blue, red and golden square top left) Soviet, Austrian Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary , Austria-Hungary, German Empire, Prussia, Brandenburg, Soviet, Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, East Germany, Germany and Reich.

———————-

Kids. The gift that comes with marriage.
Every mother would be happy to have a child and every father would feel the immense pride radiating off of himself too see his bundle of joy in the arms of his wife. Every ruler and emperor would feast and celebrate the birth of the heir that will lead the land to flourish and victory.

All except for Russian Empire.

He looked down at his wife who breathlessly held the child in her weak arms, resting her forehead to the child's who kept crying and wailing at facing the real world and away of the safety of his mother's womb.

Crossing his arms, his eyes landed on Imperial Russia's eyes. "He's a healthy boy...you can hold him." She was met with a scowl and instead of carrying the child, he let a maid take it. "Russian Empire, he's your son-"

"He's an heir. He shall grow and rule my land. That's his only job." Russian Empire spoke coldly and walked out of the room.

Imperial Russia sighed and closed her eyes tiredly. He's correct about ruling the land, but that's not their son's only job. He needs to grow, explore, find himself in life. He needs to live through all phases. From a child, to a toddler, to a teen, to an adult.

"Ma'am, would you like us to bring your dinner?"

"Please."

—-

He was twelve years of age. Russian Empire noticed that his son was growing fast and well, and for a child his age, he knows how to solve problems, do his homework and even use a sword.

But those perfect aspects had to be ruined by the worse. Soviet is reckless, his behavior is even worse and he would always be stubborn enough to talk back his father or anyone who dares stop him. His antique is below the average, he doesn't care about coming back home covered with dirt and mud or holding a sick cat or even getting the son of the German Empire into his rackets.

Soviet held the stick while he chased a way a dog, yelling and barking at the animal to scare it more. He stopped when he saw his father talking among some high ranked soldiers, who were standing straight and their clothes and weapons captured the eyes of the young country.

He wants to grow up and be a soldier one day, but he hated sword fighting. When his father visited the German land and took Soviet with him, he fell in love with the weaponry the empire has. Weimar kept bragging happily about his father teaching him to use both a sword and a gun in training. Soviet was envious of that.

"Papa!" He shouted loud and went over to his father, tugging at his cape. "I want to have a gun like them!"

Russian Empire turned over towards his son as he stopped talking, frowning deeply and not looking at the soldiers as he ordered them to leave.

"Papa?" Soviet whined and grumbled. "Why don't you answer me!" Soviet yelped in pain when his father held his arm tightly in his vice grip.

"Because you ran away from your lesson. Because you interrupted an adult who was talking. Do you know what happens when you

misbehave?" Soviet froze and looked behind him when he saw his personal teacher panting while holding a book.

Oh. Soviet forgot. He was having a lesson and suddenly started chasing down the dog and playing around. Did his teacher run after him all this time? He doesn't remember. He only wanted to play.

"Papa-"

"Don't call me that. You are twelve. Stop being so careless and silly. Grow up!"

Grow up.

Soviet looked down at his shaking hands and sobbed softly while sitting on the floor of his room, the lines in his hands bleeding from getting punished by his teacher.

I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you.
I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you.
I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you.
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I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you.
I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you.

_____-

Aw froze in his spot at the sound of pure cries and screams of pain inside the room of his and Kingdom Of Hungary. He wanted to kick down the door and run to his wife immediately, hold her in his arms and absorb all the pain.

Who would have guessed? From not having any feelings for Kingdom Of Hungary because it was an arranged marriage that was planned for both of them, accepting it because it was the right thing to do: to falling in love with her and taking not of every little detail she made.

He couldn't compose himself when he heard her last blood curdling scream rip at his heart and he pushed the two maids away from the door, kicking it open and looking for Kingdom Of Hungary.

"Liebste?!"

"It's a girl!"

Austrian Empire froze and looked at his wife who was panting and smiling, her tears falling from overwork and happiness. "A girl..." she cried and felt Austrian Empire holding her up and sit on the bed next to her. "I-I want to hold her.." she begged as the maids cleaned the little child and wrapped her in a warm clothe, handing her to the married couple and leaving them in their privacy.

"She's beautiful...she even has your flag." Austrian Empire smiled and caressed the cheek of the young girl. "She's lovely.."

Kingdom Of Hungary smiled and pecked the forehead of her daughter, letting her happy tears fall gently on the girl. "My little princess..."

Austrian Empire brought Kingdom Of Hungary closer and wrapped his other arm around the little girl, making an oath to himself that he shall always protect them and grant them all the wishes they ask from him, for they are his favorite girls.

_____

Prussia swung his sword and it was met by a block. He made another swing and got blocked yet again. A smirk blasted his face as he laughed and rested his sword over his shoulder. "Look at you. Give it a few months and you'll be just like me. Unbeatable." Prussia praised as he watched Brandenburg smiled and shake his head.

"I'm flattered. But I don't think I'll ever reach your potential, king." He put his sword in his belt and walked over to him. "Maybe you should have an heir for your land?"

Prussia looked up at the sky and hummed in thought. "If I ever get a son, I'd wish for him to meet you and learn under your watch."

Brandenburg looked at Prussia and tried not to show how emotional these words made him. "Why is that, sir?"

"I trust you." Prussia looked at Brandenburg and squeezed his

shoulder. "In this life, I don't see myself trusting people. But you, I can trust you, brother."

Brandenburg smiled a shaky smile, blinking his tears away as he nodded his head. "I'm honored...but I do want you to go easy on yourself. You can trust others too..."

"I doubt."

.....

Prussia smirked as German Empire stood before him, his sword in his hand and his form on full display. "Yes! You got it haha!" Prussia transformed himself and leaped forward to attack his son. "Give it all! German Empire!"

German Empire leaped forward too and swung his sword at Prussia, both crashing with a bright spark emitting between them and they got sent back from the force of the clash.

Prussia was ready to attack again but saw German Empire fall on his knees, his wings returning to their normal size and his tentacles disappearing. "Ugh.." he winced and almost collapsed on his face out Prussia immediately flew towards him and held him.

"Easy, easy...you did great, sohn. Your body still needs to get used to your full form."

German Empire sighed and nodded his head, letting go of his sword and resting his head on Prussia's shoulder.

'I wish you could see him, Brandenburg...you would have so much fun dueling with him...' Prussia closed his eyes and kept holding his son gently.

———————

When German Empire got the news that his wife is pregnant, he was a mess. He was happy, scared, worried, ecstatic, almost every emotion he could think of.

But once he held the little boy, all his worry faded and an instant

feeling of protection came over him as he cradled the child in his arms.

He can never forget the first time Weimar held his finger with his whole hand, or when Austria-Hungary told him she had a surprise and showed him Weimar walking on his own.

He can't forget that. Ever.

And he can't forget the shock he and Austria-Hungary had when she delivered two twins. Austria and Hungary.

"T-two! They are two babies! A boy and a girl!"

German Empire looked at the two bundled babies and before he could realize it, he was on his knees crying from happiness, his head on the floor as he curled on himself.

Two, two healthy children. With Weimar, he now has three kids. And he couldn't be happier.

....

"Weimar!! Look at me!" Austria held a paintbrush and squeaked happily. "I'm paining!"

"I see that!" Weimar looked away from his painting over at his little baby sister who drew randomly on her canvas. "That is very artistic!" He clapped his hands and walked over to stand next to her.

There is an age gap between himself and his two twins, with himself being twelve and his twin siblings being three, but it never was in the way from having a healthy relationship with them. "Where is Hungary? Didn't he want to join us?"

"He got sick and threw up. He's with mama now." Austria said while picking a different color.

"We should make him a get well soon drawing! Do you agree?" Weimar smiled at his sister happily, and she immediately jumped up and nodded her head in excitement.

"Yes yes yes! Let's do it let's do it!!"

Hungary has always kept the painting, a simple painting of himself and Austria, made by Weimar and colored by both of them, with Weimar instructing Austria where to color.

He always kept it.

———————-

Soviet looked down at Russia. He was his first child, his joy after all the pain he had gone through.

Russia was asleep while hiccuping and clinging to his father's coat, his small sobs and whines still escaped his lips.

Soviet hugged his son and brought him closer to his chest, rocking himself to soothe his son in his sleep. The poor child has woken up due to a nightmare and wasn't able to return to sleep until Soviet carried him in his arms and hummed for him.

Why? That's the question the lingered in his brain. Why didn't his father feel what he's feeling right now? The sensation of love and protectiveness washing over his heart the moment he sees his son crying or laughing.

Why did he always ignore him and his needs? Why did he see him as a robot to learn orders and do them precisely with no objection or error? It pained him.

Why did you pull the trigger?

Soviet shook his head and closed his eyes tightly. He's dead, he did what he did and there's no time to mob about the past. Because in his hands was his future and his joy.

....

Soviet stopped his work when he heard the sound of loud squealing and laughter outside the window from his study room.

Walking over there and staring outside, he saw Russia, Ukraine,

Belarus and East all together playing in the snow, their screams and laughter pulling at his stoic heart to join them.

He didn't realize the small chuckle that escaped his lips when he saw East falling on his face as he ran away from Russia who following him with a snowball, the latter falling on his bum and laughing nonstop when East lifted his snowy face off the ground and could be seen pouting.

Belarus was holding Ukraine's hand as the two girls walked on the snowy ground, looking at their boots that crunched the snow with every step they took.

Soviet looked at the kids then at his piling paperwork, choosing to get up, wear his coat and ushanka and join the kids outside.

"Papa!" Russia screamed happily when he saw the adult come over with a smile on his face.

"Herr Sowjet!" East got up and ran towards him, hugging his leg. "Herr Sowjet, Russland is being mean to me!"

"I'm not!"

"Yes you were! You tried to throw a snowball!"

"But that's how you play, duh!"

Soviet patted East's head with a laugh. "Well, it's called a snowball fight for a reason. Why don't we all play it then?" Soviet froze when they all looked up with sparkling eyes that could devour him alive.

"Yes!" They all laughed happily and jumped at Soviet to hug him, only to make him slip and fall.

———

In his life, Weimar won some things and lost so much more. He doesn't remember the last time he was truly happy in his darkening life.

One day, he was with his family, happy, achieving his dreams,

meeting with Soviet and having fun time together when they would visit and explore their lands. Going to the Russian sunflower fields and paining there while Soviet would sleep on the grass with a wheat in his mouth.

His parents were proud of him and his twin siblings were growing up healthy and happy.

Until the First World War happened, and everything was lost.

The innocence was erased from him as he joined the war. Terror and shell-shock crawled through his body as it stiffened and froze while hiding in the bunker.

His mother almost died in the war, his father surrendered and took the whole blame of the war. And Weimar was given the land to rule it and pay for the war that happened.

He barely found food to feed his mouth. His country was a corpse in the middle of Europe. Life felt hopeless and colorless. Weimar felt his sanity and his own identity slipping away, he was losing himself.

Until he was born.

Germany...he was his hope and light in the darkness he was thrown into.

Winter blinked through his tears when he felt a hand on his face, the baby voice of Germany reaching his ears as he cooed and giggled.

Weimar smiled and leaned down to rest his forehead on Germany's. "Vati is here...I'm here my little hope..." he closed his eyes, feeling his heart aching him painfully and he broke down in heart wrenching sobs.

Even if he was losing himself, he will never allow to lose his son. He will protect him, he will give him a worthy land. A worthy future to grow in it.

He hugged his child who started crying too, not understanding what

was happening or why his father was crying.

☆- 10K Special QnA / closed-

QnA Status: closed!

Hello everyone! The book is almost to 10K reads and I'm so emotional and happy about it! Right now it's 9.9K..but I wanted to upload this QnA chapter now and leave the questions open for more than a day!

I'll list down the characters to ask so it'll be added to the special chapter! Any questions that make me uncomfortable will be ignored, now to the list!

-Prussia

-Russian Empire

-Austrian Empire

-Kingdom Of Hungary

-German Empire

-Austria-Hungary

-Soviet

-Reich

-Napoleonic France (yes hehe >:))

-Germany

-Russia

-Ukraine

-Belarus

-Austria

-Hungary

-America

-Others (specify who)

-Any Question For The Author

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☆-Sensory-

[image]

Characters: Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, Germany, Soviet, Reich, German Empire and Austria-Hungary.

A/N: a sweet short chapter for today x) also I want to remind you all that the QnA chapter is still open for taking asks! The chapter will be closed at 28/August!

Enjoy!

_____-

Ukraine sat on her work desk, paperwork in hand while she tapped her pen on her chin in thought. She kept working until her thoughts got interrupted by the sound of a weak knock on her door.

"Come in." She spun her chair and saw Russia standing on her door while itching his hands, his head slightly low and his lips dry and bleeding from how much he kept pulling at the skin. "Oh...hey...it's okay..."

Russia melted in her arms as she hugged him gently and guided him towards her bed. "What are you thinking about?" She asked in a low hushed voice not to bother him, since he already seemed to be too bother by his loud screaming mind.

"....I-I just...don't want to be alone..." Russia said as he sat on her bed, his eyes glistening with tears. He felt Ukraine wrap her arms around him and he hugged her back tightly, burying his face in her shoulder to hide himself.

"I'm here!" Belarus busted through the room with her 'comfort pile' in her hands. She put her stuff away and sat next to Russia, her hand on his back, running soothing circles.

Ukraine let go and smiled at him. "Is there something you wish to do?" She watched as Russia shrugged his shoulder and looked at her bed.

"I'll lay down..scroll my phone a bit.." he itched his hands nervously, looking at Belarus and Ukraine. "You two will stay?"

Belarus and Ukraine looked at each other, then turned to Russia with a bright smile on their faces. "Of course!" Belarus jumped to her comfort pile and hugged a plush, taking her phone out. "What are we feeling~? Chinese or Italian? Or American?"

Hours later, they were done with their dinner and went back to whatever they were busy with. Russia kept scrolling his phone while hugging one of Ukraine's pillows, the sound of the videos low enough for himself to hear.

"Have you ever heard of a sensory hoodie? Then this video is made for you!" Russia's interest was piqued as he kept listening to the video, unable to stop thinking about how much Germany would like it.

"The shop link is in the description below-" Russia has never been so fast on placing an order like he just did.

———

Germany chewed on his pen unconsciously, his sharp teeth torturing the top of the pen and changing his whole look. Germany flinched, yelling in pain when the plastic pen broke in his mouth and he spit it out.

"Ugh-! Yuck..." he shook his head and whined, throwing the pen and its remnants into the trash. "This is my third pen in four days...why can't they make durable ones.." he grumbled to basically no one and opened his drawer, taking a new pen and scratching it on a paper until the ink flowed.

Germany stopped his work when the door knocked, getting up to answer it and opened it when he peaked in the small circle, seeing it was Russia. "Russland! Can I hug?"

"Sure." Russia chuckled and let Germany hug him tightly, patting

his head with his free hand.

"Russland, you won't believe what happened when I was working, I broke my pen...in my mouth!"

"I would break if u was your pen, have you seen your teeth?!" Russia joked while his other hand held something.

"Stop." Germany huffed, taking out two coffee mugs and starting his machine. "What are you holding?" He asked in curiosity, taking a seat in the kitchen next to Russia's.

"Oh that? Just something I ordered last week and came today." He put the box on the table and slide it over towards Germany. "Open it."

Germany's eyes widened and he tapped the table in a happy stim. "For me? Really?!" He almost flapped his arms up and down from happiness when Russia nodded his head.

Germany opened the box and looked at the item inside it, his hands reaching out and touching the hoodie. His mind immediately went to a happy place when his fingers got in contact with a soft fabric that didn't overwhelm him. He took it out and opened it, awing in astonishment and put it on the table, squishing the hoodie and shivering when his brain exploded into a happy fit.

"Soft..." he mumbled and turned it around, seeing the small wings opening on the back and he looked at Russia and hugged him tightly. "Thank you! Thank you Danke!!"

Russia laughed, hugging him back and patting his back. "Anytime! Why didn't you try it-" Russia was cut off when Germany let go of him and took off his sweater to wear the hoodie.

Russia eyed Germany's large scar that crossed his chest, all the way from his right shoulder down towards his waist that was hidden by his pants. Russia felt glad when Germany interrupted his train of thoughts when he found out one of the many surprises in the hoodie.

"Thumb holes!" He laughed happily and looked down at the knots of

the hoodie, finding a chewing tube there. "Is that..." he took it and put it in his mouth, losing himself as he chewed on it and trailed off.

Russia was amused when Germany forgot everyone and anyone around him, too busy chewing the tube and running his hand over the soft fabric.

Russia got up and tapped his shoulder. "There is more." He pulled the hook over his head and smiled. "There's an eye cover too. And the hood helps cancel out some noises." Russia explained and went to pour the coffee, sitting back down on his chair. "Do you like it?" He doesn't need an answer.

"I love it!" Germany screamed without noticing how loud he was. "Thank you! Danke!" He hugged the hoodie and kicked his legs under the table. "I will wear it forever!"

Russia laughed and ruffled his wings, annoying when Germany squirmed away and pushed his face. "No! I need to groom them!" Germany grumbled and stuck his tongue out. "Are you going?" He sat on his chair again, pulling his knees up and hugging them, the chew tube in his mouth.

"I can stay if you want?"

"Stay."

_____-

Reich hummed while plucking some feathers from his son's wings, being gentle and careful not to hurt him.

Germany was chewing on the tube, watching the tv and being engrossed with the movie.

"Say, this is the new hoodie you told me about when you called me?-"

"Yes!" Germany turned around and bumped his wings on his father's face excitedly. "Russland bought it for me! Feel it feel it!"

"I can feel it!" Reich laughed and turned his son around to face his wings again. "That's very nice of him." He hummed, returning to his work in Germany's wings. "Did you get him something back?"

"Mm? No...we are not like that." Germany smiled and tugged the sleeves of the hoodie. "Russia taught me that if he buys me anything, I don't have to repay it back. Or else we'll be in a loop of paying back for each other. We like to get each other gifts or things that we think the other will enjoy. And we don't pay back. We...we enjoy what we get!" Germany smiled brightly and ran his hands on the soft fabric.

Reich stopped working and smiled down at his son, squeezing his shoulder. "That's healthy...I'm proud of you."

"Are you proud of Russia too?" Germany asked, turning his head to Reich who chuckled and pushed his son's face away. "Vati-"

"He's a tough kid, I'll give him that." He answered and plucked the last feather. "Alright, off you go." He collected the fallen feathers and put them in a trash bag to take it out.

———

"You have to take it off, Enkel..."

"Nien!"

"Deutschland. That's your opa."

"....don't want."

Soviet stared the scene in front of himself, watching in amusement when he saw Germany being stubborn and defensive about taking off his hoodie.

"Deutschy, we're going to wash it and give it back, I promise." Austria-Hungary soothed gently and reached her hand over to Germany's, gently squeezing it. "We will make it warm too, do you want that?"

Germany looked up at her from where he was hiding sitting under

the dinning table, pouting and sniffling. "But..I don't feel comfortable taking it off..it's heavy and comfy.."

"It'll only take half an hour, I'll do it for you if you want." Reich came under the table too and smiled at Germany. "Okay?"

Germany lowered his head and crawled from under the table, letting German Empire gently take off the hoodie and go with his son to wash it.

Germany felt himself naked as he was wearing his pants and a short sleeved shirt, feeling the sensory of the cold air and the light being too much as well as the sounds felt too deafening for him, making him let out a shaky whimper and lookup at Soviet, covering his ears.

"Too much?" Soviet asked slowly, guiding Germany out of the kitchen. "Let's go to my room. It's quiet, and I'll give you my coat, okay?"

Germany nodded his head and walked with Soviet up the stairs, reaching Soviet and Reich's room and feeling the comforting heavy weight of Soviet's winter coat and ushanka. "For your ears. Do you feel better?"

Germany nodded his head and clumped Reich's bed, lying there and taking the portable gaming device and began playing.

Thirty minutes later, no more than that: Reich came back with the warm hoodie. "Mein sohn! Look!"

Germany looked up, tossing away the gaming device, coat and ushakna and running up to his father. He was helped with wearing it, hugging his body tightly and then hugging his father.

"See? It only needed cleaning because you spilled coffee on it when we were chatting...and it didn't take too long to clean it..." Reich rubbed the back of his son. "It's okay, better now hm?"

Germany nodded and let go, taking Reich's hand and going to his bed. "Can you help me? It's a hard level."

Soviet watched while picking up his items, putting his ushanka on and hanging up the coat in his closet, seeing Germany's personality back to being bright when his comfort hoodie was on him, and Reich was too focused on playing the game.

Soviet was going to leave when he heard Germany speak up.

"Danke, Herr Sowjet..."

"Anytime, сын."

_____-

Edit: I FORGIT TO SHOW THIS! Look what my friend made for me hitting 10k
。゚(゚ 'Д ` ゚)゚。

Made by: @ kitten.obi (I.G.)

✦-Baby Fever-

[image]

A/N: check out the book description for a little update about what the symbols mean! Thank you!
Also this chapter was suggested in the QnA so I did it as a filler xD

Characters: WHO, Russia, Germany, Austria, Ukraine, Czechia, Reich, Soviet, Russian Empire, German Empire, Prussia, Austrian Empire, Austria-Hungary and Kingdom Of Hungary.
———————

"Don't touch anything in the lab. I'll get the blood results for you two and then we'll leave." W.h.o. Said as she went to the printer, putting the papers inside and linking her tablet to open the results document.

Russia and Germany stood behind her patiently, Germany having his hands in his hoodie pockets while Russia was looking at the items in the lap, amused with how big some microscopes looked and how many blood bottles there were with signed names on them.

"WHO! Help me!" Czechia shrieked as she kicked down the lap door, her arm bleeding, making both Russia and Germany flinch together, backing away from her while WHO only sighed, turning away from the printer to help the accident prone woman.

But she gasped when she saw Czechia run over towards her while Russia and Germany backed away and crashed into a metal cart, making it roll and hit a stack of glass pipes that were labeled in red.

Meaning it's an unfinished project.

"Russia, Germany! Watch out-"

The two froze in their place as the glass pipes fell off the table, rolling on the ground and hitting their legs, stopping there.

Russia kept in a breath, watching the pipes stay in their place and he sighed. "Phew...they didn't break..."

"I-I'll carry them back with Russia and you can help Czechia-" Germany offered but stopped when he looked down at the sound of the shaking bottle.

The fluids inside it got activated due to the harsh movement and it exploded on both males, leaving a cloud of gas around them while WHO and Czechia quickly hide behind a table.

The air system absorbed the gas away and WHO looked over in worry, rushing to the two when she didn't hear their sounds.

"Russia? Germany-"

Czechia followed the adult woman towards the two men, standing next to her while clutching her arm, freezing at the sight.

Russia and Germany looked up, their clothes too big over their toddler bodies.

"Vati?"

"Oh no...what happened..." WHO panicked while almost sprawled into tears, feeling guilty for causing the mess.

Ukraine met Austria by the door of WHO's office, titling her head in surprise. "Austria! Did WHO call you?"

"Yes. She said she needed me alone.." Austria walked over to the Slavic girl and sighed. "I didn't like her tone. Something feels off..."

Ukraine nodded, twirling her ribbon around her finger. "Yes...even Czechia didn't come back to us after she crashed into a wall, bleeding her arm- wait..is she alright?!" Ukraine looked up with worry at Austria, who held her shoulder.

"Hey hey..it's alright calm down. I'm sure Czechia is fine. The girl is always on accidents and she makes it out in one piece.." she assured the panicking girl but stopped when the door opened.

"Good, you came. Before you can come in...I have something to say." WHO sighed and ran her hand over her face. "Russia and Germany were waiting their blood test results...when Czechia came in panicking because her arm was bleeding...and..." she looked over in her office then at the girls. "An accident happened in the lap...what you'll see right now is temporary, I promise. Just don't panic." She looked at the two girls who already looked on the verge of a panic attack for their family. WHO couldn't sugarcoat this situation even if she tried.

Opening the office door, Ukraine and Austria were met with Czechia sitting on the floor, a little Germany sitting in her lap while Russia was doodling on a paper on the floor.

Ukraine's eyes widened as she slowly approached her brother who didn't look older than seven, gently putting her hand on his back. "Ruski?"

Austria went over to Germany and took him from Czechia's lap, lifting him up in her arms. "Deutschland? How are you a child?!"

The little boy with the big glasses looked at her and a bright smile blasted his face at recognizing her. "Tante!" He hugged her neck tightly, burying his face there.

"I-I'm...I'm sorry..." Ukraine and Austria turned over to the sound of Czechia talking shakily. "I-if I was careful..they wouldn't have gotten into this mess.." she sniffled, rubbing her bandaged arm. "Raine, Austria, please forgive-"

"Hey hey, it's okay.." Ukraine tried to assure the young country. "Accidents happen.."

"But I make too much!" Czechia started sobbing while wiping her eyes. "I'm so sorry! Your brother and nephew are now kids and-and we don't know when will they turn back!"

"Two days. Give me two days and I'll get a cure ready. We still don't know, maybe it'll fix itself too." WHO cut them off and smiled motherly. "I'll do my best to make a cure. Let's hope that this only stays for twenty four hours."

"See?" Austria smiled and wiped away Czechia's tears. "WHO has our back too. We'll deal with it together."

"About that...don't tell anyone about this. It'll only make the mess bigger and maybe put them in danger...they need to stay in a safe environment until I get the cure done."

Austria and Ukraine's eyes immediately sparkled as they thought the same idea.

"WHO, don't worry..." Ukraine started and smirked.

"We know where to put them." Austria looked down at Germany and ruffled his messy hair.

"I know your looks, girls. I trust you all...Czechia. Do you think it'll make you better if you help me make the cure?" WHO asked the country who nodded her head eagerly. "Alright then, let's do it."

Soviet was sitting in the entrance steps, watching the closed door and waiting to hear the doorbell, while on the other hand, Reich was walking in circles.

They both got the news about the current situation that their kids are in, and everyone in the house now knows and will keep it a secret until things get better. But what is making Reich panic is his past mistakes catching him.

He gets to hold his son in his arms as a child again, he has another chance. And he's scared of messing it up bad.

"Reich, calm down-" Soviet got interrupted by the sound of a car parking by their house.

Reich immediately opened the door and saw Austria carrying the

small child in her arms, while Ukraine was holding the hand of Russia and both stood behind Austria.

"Reich-" she didn't get the time to finish her sentence when Reich reached out both his hands, snatching the child in his arms and hugging him tightly.

Germany was confused at first, but when he saw the red messy hair and the tiny black wings, he knew who was carrying him and he squealed.

"Vati! Vati!!" Germany giggled while wrapping his arms and legs around his father's body, rubbing his face on his neck.

Austria felt a hand clutch her heart and shatter it the moment she saw a few tears escape her brother's eyes. She wanted to reach out a hand and wipe his tears, to pat his shoulder, to hug him. But she didn't do it, because she knows that Germany right now is healing what's been broken.

"Papa!" Russia let go of Ukraine's hand and leaped into Soviet's open arms, embracing him tightly and smiling. Soviet lifted his son up in his arms, ruffling his hair and turned to Ukraine.

"We'll take it from here." He promised and watched as she and Austria excused themselves, leaving the house.

"Oh...my...god..." Kingdom Of Hungary covered her mouth when she walked over to the two, Austrian Empire next to her awing at the sight of the children huddled up in their fathers' arms.

"Look at his big glasses..." Kingdom Of Hungary brushed Germany's hair off his face, licking her hand and trying to sleek it back while Germany got shy at the woman, burying himself deeper in Reich's arms.

"Your son has squishy cheeks!" Austrian Empire laughed while gently squeezing Russia's dumplings cheeks, watching the kid huff and try to puff his cheeks out.

Defensively, both parents moved their kids away from Kingdom Of Hungary and Austrian Empire, trying desperately to not look

jealous while the two married adults looked at them in surprise.

Oh these two are jealous of their kids getting stolen from them.

————-

Prussia watched silently as Russia and Germany were playing in the living room, Soviet and Reich leaving them behind -after being forced to- to continue their chores and help with dinner.

Kingdom Of Hungary and Austrian Empire gave the two some games and activities to do to pass time, Austria-Hungary and German Empire were both out to get some extra clothing because the two were only wearing short pants and a shirt which would be uncomfortable if they needed to sleep.

Russian Empire was the head at making dinner and right now, only Prussia was the free one to watch over the two.

He looked at them, their little curious hands grabbing anything near them to explore it and learn what is its purpose. Their eyes wide and shimmering with innocence and happiness. Their little cheeks pinkish and chewable. No, definitely not getting lured by their cuteness, Prussia thought.

Germany was chewing on the plastic remote but stopped when he saw something black swishing near him, then hiding behind the coffee table. He awed, letting go of whatever he was holding and starting to walk over towards the black thing.

"Ha!" Germany leaped forward to catch it but it swished away under the table. "Ruski, help me!" Germany pouted and looked behind him, seeing Russia throw the paper plane then look at him.

"What's wrong-" he yelped when the black thing tickled his nose and swished away, making Russia try to get it from under the table. "Germany, go to the other side so we can trap it!"

"Okay!"

The two kids sat on each side of the coffee table, waiting for the black thing to come out again. The thing moved from under the

table and into Germany's sides, tickling the little kid who rolled on the floor.

"Stop stop! Haha!"

Russia ran over and held the black thing from Germany, clutching it with his little hands in triumph. "I caught it!"

Prussia watched with amusement as he moved his tail to tickle Russia's nose, watching as the two tried to catch his tail again.

"You are going soft." Prussia gasped and put his tail away, looking behind him where he sat on the couch and saw Russian Empire towering over him with a knowing smirk. "I saw that."

"You saw nothing.." Prussia growled with a deep blush, crossing his arms in annoyance and looking over at the two kids who were still confused as to where the tail went.

As dinner got served, Russia had his own seat next to his father while Germany was sitting on Reich's lap, being helped with eating as he couldn't keep the fork in a tight grip.

"Dear, you need to eat." Austrian Empire said to Kingdom Of Hungary who was helping Germany by wiping his mouth and holding the glass over his lips whenever he needed to take little sips of his water.

"Oh let me be! He's so adorable.."

"I'm becoming jealous." Austrian Empire huffed and stabbed his spaghetti, eating it with a grumble while his wife was head over heels for the little German.

Russia twisted his fork, eating the spaghetti happily, chewing on the meatballs. He looked up at his father, seeing him sipping his water and Russia mimicked him, trying to look just like Soviet.

Russian Empire saw it and looked down at his plate, a hand covering his mouth not to break into a happy smile in front of the

others. His grandson was just too adorable with his cheeks full of food and trying to copy his father.

Once dinner was done, Austria-Hungary and Prussia began washing the dishes while Reich and Soviet carried the kids when they saw their heads lulling to the side.

"You two will join us for the movie after putting them to bed?" Austrian Empire asked Soviet and Reich, leaning on the kitchen counter with a smirk when he saw both look down at their sleepy kids with so much love.

"Not today." Reich kissed his son's forehead and held him tighter. "Night everyone."

"Night~"

Getting into their room, Reich swiftly changed for his son and laid down on the bed with him, pulling the blanket over the two of them.

Soviet sighed as he tried to help his son wear the pajama shirt, seeing Russia already asleep after putting his pants on. Soon after he was done, he turned off the lights and got into bed next to Russia.

Soviet and Russia were out cold within a minute, while Reich and Germany looked at each other, the latter yawning and rubbing his face.

"You should sleep." Reich whispered and tapped his son's nose. "Close your eyes."

Germany hugged Reich's chest tightly, yawning again and rubbing his face on his father. "Ich liebe dich, Vater.." Germany mumbled sleepily and giggled when Reich kissed his cheek.

"Ich liebe dich auch..."

———————

The next morning, Russian Empire stood by the coffee machine as

he put a new filter, taking out the jar of coffee powder.

"дед." He turned around at the sound of Russia talking, seeing both kids standing by the kitchen entrance with Russia holding the hand of Germany who was rubbing his face and yawning.

Both kids looked messy, seeming to have woken up before their parents as their pajama, hair and Germany's wings all looked fluffed and flying everywhere.

"Yes, Russia?" He started the coffee machine and turned to the kids, lifting Russia up to sit in the counter and then carried Germany in his arms, letting him stay there.

Germany rested his cheek on Russian Empire's shoulder, fixing his glasses on his face and staring at the coffee machine work.

"дед, what are you making?" Russia asked energetically, looking up at his grandfather who brushed Germany's wings.

"Making coffee for me and the rest."

"Can I try it, Herr Russisches Reich?" Germany tapped Russian Empire's cheek with his hand to get his attention, his tap so gentle and he almost didn't feel it.

"You are too young." Russian Empire smiled warmly at Germany who pouted sadly. "Maybe there's something for you two." He added and went to the fridge, seeing some carton milk and taking out two pieces, opening the straws and stabbing it in its place, all in one hand. "Here you go." He handed each one their milk and watched as Germany held it with two hands to keep it upright, sipping happily while in Russian Empire's arms.

Once the coffee machine peeped, Russian Empire heard the sound of two set of footsteps walking down the stairs. He put Germany down and took out eight mugs to pour the coffee for everyone who slowly woke up.

"Good morning.." German Empire mumbled sleepily while Austria-Hungary greeted with a little more energy.

"Oma! Opa!" Germany squealed and raised his hands up, seeing German Empire help Austria-Hungary find Germany's hands and carry him up in her arms, feeling Germany hug her neck and sip his milk.

"Here your coffee." Russian Empire put two mugs down for German Empire and Austria-Hungary.

Russia saw the slightest figure of his father rushing over to the kitchen, hopping off the counter and running to him. "Papa!" He hugged his legs tightly and looked up at him, the straw in his mouth and his milk empty on the counter. "Carry me."

Soviet's panic faded and he sighed, lifting his son up and turning behind him to let Reich know that the kids are safe. Reich walked in and sat next to his mother, ruffling his son's hair and telling him about how he woke up scared when he didn't see him.

Germany giggled and got off Austria-Hungary's lap, going to Reich's and sitting there. "Sorry Vati.." he smiled and Reich kissed his cheeks with a smile.

"Fine fine, I forgive you because you are cute."

Prussia sipped his coffee and looked at Russia, putting his mug down and getting up to him.

Russia looked at Prussia from Soviet's arms, seeing him come to his face and hold it, giving his cheeks and squish.

"What are you-" Soviet was cut off when Prussia gently bit Russia's cheek.

"Hey!"

Prussia laughed and let got of Russia, seeing the kid in the verge of crying. "Oh please no don't cry, I wasn't so hard! I just had to do it! Ever since yesterday and his cheeks—" Prussia felt a strong punch on his arm, making him groan and clutch it.

Turning behind, he saw Russian Empire glaring down at him. "Leave my grandson alone.."

Soviet watched in surprise at how protective his father is of Russia, but remembered just how much he loved his kids ever since they were born.

"Fine fine.." Prussia muttered under his breath, rubbing his arm while Austrian Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary walked into the kitchen in confusion, seeing Russia's tears silently falling while he was in Soviet's arms.

Prussia couldn't help himself letting Russia hold his tail during breakfast as an apology, seeing the kid sniffling and hugging the swishing tail.

"Any news about the cure?" German Empire asked the two fathers.

"Nothing yet..." Reich checked his phone and so did Soviet. "We were told to wait two days. Maybe tonight or tomorrow morning we'll get the cure." Everyone nodded their heads and returned to eating breakfast.

The rest of the morning went calmly as the kids took over the television, having kids' shows on until it was noon that Soviet and Reich decided to get the two kids outside the backyard and help with gardening.

"Hold the garden shovel, and dig!" Soviet instructed his son who dug the dirt, making a hole in the ground for Germany to put the flower inside it.

Germany held the flower and gently placed it inside the dug hole, watching Russia put dirt around it and Soviet tapped around it to secure it.

"Great job!" Reich smiled and held the other flower pot. "Now let's do it again, okay?" He smiled at the two kids who cheered happily.

Three pots later, Russia and Germany were running around the backyard and jumping over the tools like an obstacle race, while Soviet and Reich continued the gardening work.

"It...feels nice." Reich spoke suddenly, putting the carnation in the hole and then putting the first around the flower. "He has a chance

to get a better childhood now...and I feel selfish that I love it.."

"Am I...wrong for that?" He turned to Soviet who felt his body numb at the sight of Reich with tears shining in his eyes, threatening to fall.

"Reich-"

"I just want my son happy...I caused him too much pain...I wish for him to live a good childhood.." Reich wiped his tears and sniffled. "But..I also don't want to lose the adult Germany...I love my sohn too much hah.." Reich shook his head and sighed.

"You can still give him good memories." Soviet smiled sadly at his friends and returned to his work. "Even when he's grown, you can still have a great time with him that he won't ever forget."

Reich looked at the carnations dancing with the wings. "Yeah...you are right..."

———————

"Will it work?"

"Let's hope so.."

WHO put Russia and Germany in a big glass chamber, turning a machine on and gas filled the chamber.

"Ah- Vati!"

"Papa!"

The two kids panicked and coughed as the smoke entered their lungs and body, but their coughs disappeared as the chamber got covered with gas.

Once the machine stopped working, the two doors opened and the three waited patiently for the results.

"Ugh..." the familiar Russian accent flew in the air followed by coughs. "What..happened..."

"Vater...? I had a weird dream.." Germany got out of the chamber, tripping on his feet and almost falling on his face, only to be caught by Reich.

"I've got you..it's okay.."

Soviet helped Russia out of the chamber and took him over to a seat to rest at and regain his grip on reality.

WHO crossed her arms and let out a relieved sigh. Things got back to normal, and that unfinished project has been put in scrapped.

A/N: thank you for reading! Now I'll be busy for a few days working on the special chapter!
Also, I drew Napoleonic France, hope you like it!

☆-Unsigned Letters p.t. 2-

A/N: you guys...I can't thank you all enough for making a dream, become a reality..I've now passed the 10k reads and it just makes me so emotional -yes I'm sensitive and I will cry!- thank you all!

I present to you the special 10k chapter!

It is 8.5k words AH! It took me two days of writing and it's done! ENJOY!

Also WARNING: mentions of gore because Napoleonic France is insane and you guys fuel him-
Important note after the chapter and the author QnA! Please read x)

———————

Hungary walked into his office after forgetting his umbrella, reaching under his desk to take it but stopped when two envelopes slipped off his desk and to his feet.

Raising an eyebrow, he put the umbrella in his bag and sat on his chair, opening the two letters and reading them. His curious face faded into a frown, crumbling the letters.

"I swear I lost count about hearing those 'are you Hungary' jokes..." he huffed and tossed them in the trash, putting his bag on and leaving his office.

———————

"Nihon, Nihon!" Italy wailed and hugged his half-cat friend from behind while crying. "I just got the WORST letter in my life! And I don't even know who sent it!"

Japan looked over at Taiwan apologetically, bedding his goodbye and promising to meet him soon, then turned to Italy. "Italy-kun..what happened now?" Japan sat down with him and was shown a letter.

"Here! Read this dishonor that I had to read!" Italy fumed with red cheeks of anger, his eyes sparkling with fury tears.

Italy: what do you think about
-Pineapple pizza
-Pizza with kiwi
-Fried pizza with banana and bubble gum
-Pizza with banana
-Pasta with ketchup
-Pizza with apples
-Carbonara with cream
-The fact that some people think Americans invented the pizza

Japan stifled a laugher and kept a straight face. "Oh no no- I'm so sorry you had to read that-"

"Americans?! Why do they claim everything! Pizza is mine! And who dares put bubble gum on pizza?! I haven't gotten over pineapple and now this?! It is unacceptable!"

Japan snorted and turned his face away. "I'm sorry-"

"Japan are laughing or crying. Because I want to punch you if it's the first."

"S-sorry—- p-please allow me to apologize and take you for coffee-"

Italy crossed his arms and grumbled, accepting the offer because after what he read, he did need to calm down with a nice cup of coffee to help him for the rest of the day.

———————

Ukraine held the letter in her hand with a little blush on her face. Who would ask about a crush? The crush she vividly remembers is back when she was six years old!

Ukraine jumped and put the letter down when Belarus walked into the room dancing. "Bella?! What is wrong with you?! Can't you knock? And why are you dancing!"

"I was told to dance in my letter~!" She laughed and stopped by Ukraine's bed where her sister sat. "You got some too?! Ruski just called me that we need to get dressed and go to papa and Дед because they all got these letters..." Bella sat on the edge of the bed and looked at Ukraine's two unopened letters. "Hey, why you get three and I'm two?! Also what is yours saying?"

"Nothing. Let's get ready and go." Ukraine huffed, her blush deepening and she ripped the letter before Belarus could grab it.

_____-

Napoleonic France walked into UK's office gracefully, placing the letters in his hand on the desk delicately.

Britain looked at the envelopes and sighed, already having a few in his hands and was waiting his wife and son to arrive.

"What is up, party people!" America got into the office and stopped when he saw Napoleonic France sitting on one of the chairs, his bright character fading into an angry one. "What is he doing here, father?"

"Sit. He received what we all did." Britain said and watched America and France take their seats further away from Napoleonic France. "Alright, you can start, Napoleonic France."

"Mhm. I opened a few on my way, but they were quite...silly...one said something about a toilet? And the other a volcano...so I tossed them away." He shrugged a shoulder and opened a letter of his, scanning it with his eyes and then started laughing.

'Are you mad at Germany for chopping off your hand?'

"Mad? Why would I be mad?" He covered his mouth to stifle his laughs. "My Doll just got out of control and that's it. The Germans are usually like that. But they can be tamed..." he smirked when he saw America gripping his knees, trying to hold himself back from

leaping on Napoleonic France.

"Anyway..." Napoleonic France put the opened letter away and went for another.

'Why don't we just get your whole body new prosthetic parts~?'

"Dear me, I'm scared now." He rolled his eyes and chuckled. "Just try me, anonymous sender.."

'Why did you want Prussia specifically to be your guard dog?'

Napoleonic France smiled and closed the letter gently. "Because he was mine then, and he will be mine again." He looked up at Britain with a sick smile. "Even if things get fixed or no, I'll always slip away from your hands and try to torment the one man who disgraced my name after I defeated him." He crumbled the paper with hatred. He won over Prussia that time, he took so much parts of his land and made Russian Empire sign and treaty with him. But Prussia got back up and beat him to defeat in the Franco-Prussian war. And he will never forget or forgive.

'How do you feel about Germany having a transformation form?'

"How I feel..." Napoleonic France hummed gently and put his hand under his chin, a grin decorating his face. "I feel very excited.."

"What do you mean-" America got cut off when Napoleonic France chuckled and shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm very VERY excited indeed. My little doll has so many surprises just like his arrière grand père. How can you blame me~?" He smiled menacingly and America muttered under his breath, looking at Britain who looked down in silence.

'Do you hold a grudge against Prussia, Austrian Empire, Russian Empire and the Brits?'

Napoleonic France only closed the letter after reading it, eyeing Britain's rigid form and leaning back in his chair. His answer was

clearly not needed, it was shown.

'Who is more fun to play with, your guard dog or your doll?'

"Now now...who's evil enough to make me choose between my favorites? These two are very full of quirky things and surprises that make me excited to see more of what's in their store! I enjoy both of them~"

"You are sick..." France muttered with her head low. He was so sick, ever since he pulled down that guillotine on the head of her mother, leaving her head that stubbornly clung to her neck but dangled there like a broken doll, throwing her in the woods for her death, he was sick even before that.

"Mhm, keep saying that, sweet cake." Napoleonic France smirked as he toyed with France's fragile heart.

'Do you hate Prussia or Germany more? What would you do if Germany is alone in a room with you?'

"Who sends these?! The letters are just fueling his sadistic mind[obj]!" America yelled and slammed his hand on the table. "Don't you dare answer this you twisted bas-"

"I hate them both." Napoleonic France smiled and twirled his hair. "And about Germany? Oh...I would buy every sharp toy to use on him, watch his body start shaking in pain as I open his chest, maybe even cut his claw~? I could replace my prosthetic with it~? Oh I would be having so much fun.."

America almost got off his chair to punch Napoleonic France but France stopped him with her shaking hands holding back America. "Don't...you'll only make it worse..please..."

Napoleonic France sat down and had a staring contest with America until Britain wiped his face tiredly, wishing for this to just end already, until he remembered he has his own letters and so did America.

"I'll, uh..I'll read mine." Britain cleared his throat to clear to atmosphere and opened his letters.

'How are your relations with Argentina?'

The awkwardness is getting worse.

"Ah- we—we don't need to bring this on the table...thank you." He closed the letter and went for another one, already feeling too drained after Napoleonic France's turn and how he took away all the calmness in the air.

'What do you think about Napoleonic France?'

"Oh~ interesting! Please do answer~" Napoleonic France leaned forward on the desk to listen to Britain, who looked at him and couldn't help glaring at the dead country. What he thinks? He thinks too many dark thoughts about Napoleonic France that he doesn't dare say them out loud. He hates the man that not only caused suffering for all of Europe, but also to France.

"You wish he succeeded right? That I never was alive hm~?" Napoleonic France felt a sensation of satisfaction run through his body when he saw both France and Britain shiver at how he managed to read them easily.

"I can read you all like open books..you're all pawns in my hands..." he took the letter from Britain and put it in his pocket. "Read another."

Frowning at him, Britain fixed his shirt and opened another letter.

'I want to see you feed America like a baby!'

Both father and son blinked at each other, silently agreeing to pretend that they didn't hear the question, only for France to break into a fit of laughter, wiping her eyes and covering her face.

"D-désolée—" she laughed and took out a napkin to wipe her eyes while America smiled happily at her sight, going over to his father and pretending to want to eat something.

Napoleonic France looked at the sight before him and frowned, getting up and leaving before a wave of nausea could hit him.

"Will you look at that, this question made him go. Good riddance..." America smiled and opened his mouth for Britain, who forcefully shoved a tea biscuit inside it.

"Mmf- fank you!" America chewed and opened his letter, swallowing the food and reading it.

'Do you have a crush? If so, go and hug them.'

"I'm not a high schooler in a 90s or early 00s movies, so my answer is nope." He said and went for his other letter.

'Go hug Britain.'

"Don't mind if I do~"

"No- hands off. My suit is new!"

France watched the two fight as one wanted to hug while the other forced his hands off of him, but with America being more built than his own father, he managed to get the hug.

France felt her heart ease down as she saw her family being themselves, for a split second making her forget Napoleonic France's wrath.

_____-

"Why did we get the letters again..." Germany frowned, worry clear on his features. "Last time it wasn't that great.."

Reich looked at his son but didn't have anything to say, because he also doesn't want to remember his rage from last time. Yes some letters were funny and lighthearted, and some were too...detailed.

With the amount of letters for today, he doubts that they will be gentle.

"Bella and Ukraine are coming here soon." Russia walked back into the room, putting his phone away and turned to look at Germany who was tugging at his hoodie strings nervously. "It's alright, nothing to worry about. They are just letters. If you feel

uncomfortable then we won't force you to answer them."

"I know.." Germany sighed and looked down at his lap. "But...I noticed that these letters help to...clear things between us, you know? So I want to participate too.." Germany felt a hand on his head and looked up to see Soviet who just walked in smiling down at him.

"You are very brave, but also very real. Yes they felt personal...but they do help make things clear." Soviet sat on the floor near Germany and looked at the living room clock. "We will take our time reading them. And we all have each other's backs."

"That is correct! I will not allow anyone to dare make my precious daughter cry!" Austrian Empire bursted into the living room with a grin, followed by his wife, daughter and son-in-law. He froze when he saw the pile in front of Germany and Russia. "What?! This is unfair!"

"Here we go again.." Kingdom Of Hungary smirked and German Empire smiled when he heard Austria-Hungary laugh at her father's tantrum about the letters they got.

"First, Prussia shows me twelve envelopes! And now you two have a lot too?!l Austrian Empire crossed his arms with a pout. "Humph..."

He took his seat on the couch, sharing it with Kingdom Of Hungary and Austria-Hungary while German Empire went to the armchair next to the couch and sat with his hand in his cheek, waiting Prussia and Russian Empire to join the gathering too.

"Alright, everyone here? Let's start!" Prussia walked in holding a trey of steaming hot mugs, followed by Russian Empire who held another trey too.

Once the drinks were served, Prussia licked his lips and looked down at his letters, taking one that had the sign 'to everyone'.

"So, apparently there are letters sent to address us all, and some sent to after the German family alone. I'll read them first before I start my own ones." Everyone nodded and waited patiently for the

letter to open.

'How is it to live with wings?'

"It's marvelous~ I get to fly whenever I want to, and I get to use them in fights! These things are amazing." Prussia answered with pride in his tone.

"They are very useful for many things other than flying too. It can be an umbrella, a shield, a warm blanket." German Empire answered.

"I may not have them, but when German Empire hugs me, he wraps his wings around me and it makes the hug warmer too." Austria-Hungary added with a small squeal, making German Empire start stammering in his answer and rub the back of his neck.

"I don't have any additional answered. They said all the good points." Russian Empire shrugged a shoulder and looked at Reich and Germany who nodded their heads in agreement.

'How many times a week do the wings need to get cleaned?'

"Uh..about twice a month." German Empire said and looked at his wings. "Recently I cleaned mine."

"I had my vater help me clean them. Grooming them is hard alone for me so I need help with plucking out the old feathers." Germany said and chuckled as he remembered. "I actually have marked some days in my whole calendar to get them groomed because it takes all day! Even with the help of my Vati!"

"I do mine by myself, or sometimes have Russian Empire help me." Prussia grinned at his roommate who rolled his eyes playfully.

"Mine are small, therefore it's easier. Sometimes I get help from vater or Germany when needed or when I'm not feeling up for cleaning them." Reich leaned back and chuckled. "Sometimes I like to throw my feather on Soviet's bed."

"And you hide behind your father and I have to clean behind you." Soviet grumbled, turning to Russia and Germany when he heard

them laugh.

'Go meet the second biggest empire.'

"We are not doing that, move to the next question." Russian Empire cut off Prussia, taking the letter and ripping it apart.

"Wait...aren't you the second biggest empire?" Austrian Empire asked with confusion to Russian Empire's discomfort.

"That would be the Mongolian empire." Kingdom Of Hungary corrected for her husband. "Seems like there are some bad memories with the Russians?"

"Not just memories...this guy is just...he was the Napoleonic France of his time, maybe even worse." Russian Empire sighed, trying to subside his worry to the back of his mind.

'How did the dead countries reach out for their children?'

Prussia hummed in thought, so did Austrian Empire. Then the former spoke. "At first, me, Russian Empire and Austrian Empire lived separated. A few decades later, we built the house...settled down..and then began hunting for our kids, inviting them over when we knew that they have become dead countries too and don't really have a plan of what to do next."

"At first it was me, Prussia Russian Empire and my wife." Austrian Empire said happily and held her hand. "After that, German Empire joined us with Austria-Hungary!"

"Then I came after I was released from prison..when Germany umm..reunited .." Reich said a little uncomfortably, rubbing his hands together.

"Lastly me, 1992 after I woke up from the coma I was in for three months due to my collapse. Me and Reich only have a few months apart actually." Soviet answered nervously too, the subject feeling a little raw still.

Russia and Germany silently observed the scene, feeling a new face being revealed from their parents. Fear and discomfort is something

entirely new in the two.

Germany couldn't help but hug his father tightly. "It was back then, you've changed!"

"Yeah. Put the past behind you." Russia said to Soviet with a gentle smile. "I wish I could say the same to me but- you know what I'm talking about."

Soviet and Reich looked at the kids, smiling gratefully at the gift they have.

"Okay..." Prussia cleared his throat, deep down he was happy for them actually. "So~ next one is directed to the *beautiful* German Family~" Prussia grinned wildly, his teeth showing.

'For the German Family: who is your favorite family member out of them?'

"Mein sohn!" Prussia and Reich blurted out simultaneously, sharing a laugh about being proud fathers.

"My Vati." Germany said shyly, watching Reich almost burst into tears.

"Can I say my wife...?" German Empire huffed wearily, watching Prussia and Reich eyeing him with stars in their eyes.

'Say my name!'

"Uh...r-Reich..." German Empire was trapped in a hug from Reich while Prussia grabbed him from his collar and shook him.

"Wrong answer! You were supposed to say my name!"

"Mein vater! I love you!" Reich kissed German Empire's cheek forcefully, with German Empire crying for help to his wife who enjoyed the sounds of anguish next to her.

Prussia let go of his son and stuck his tongue out, opening another letter.

'Would the German Family save Germany even if they knew it was a trap and one of them would 100% die?'

"Yes."

"Diffidently."

"Is that even a question to ask?"

"No! You can't risk your lives for me!" Germany cried out, shocked to see that the family line was ready to give up their safety and their life for someone as himself. "You all deserve to live!"

"More than you?" Reich asked angrily. "Sohn. There's a future in you...our time has long ended." His anger faded to pure fatherly love. "We are ready to do anything for your safety."

"And don't you dare start the 'I'm not like you all, you are so amazing and I'm not' because I will punch you." Prussia cracked his claws, making Germany flinch and nod his head.

"Germany, there is so much you can give and show to the world...we have your back." German Empire put his hand on his grandson's back and rubbed it. "We believe in your potential."

Germany felt his eyes burn him from the tears, smiling at his family and nodding his head. "Thank you..."

'How does the German Family feel that Germany is completty different from them? Like not really strong and soft and sensitives.'

Germany felt a deep blush tent his face, his heart beating loudly in his ears. Soft and sensitive...that's who he is. He can't really change that, it's part of how he lives now. But really..what do they think of him.

"P-please..." Germany started, not daring to look up while tugging his hoodie strings. "Answer it honestly..."

German Empire, Prussia and Reich looked over at Germany in surprise, then the three shared a look. "Well.." Prussia started

quietly, making Germany choke on a small sob. He's hated, right?

"He's amazing." German Empire said easily. "The kid is intelligent, a prodigy in technology science, always perfects his work and helps his friends correct their work sheet. Makes the best presentation rehearsals whenever I visit him."

"That, and he's very thoughtful of his friends and family too!" Reich smiled proudly as he looked at everyone but Germany. "He's my pride and joy and I never doubted him."

"He's our descendent! Of course he's perfect in every aspect!" Prussia clapped his hand with a chuckle. "Kid is so smart he reminds me of a younger version of myself!"

Germany blinked his eyes, tears already tracing his cheeks.

"He may be sensitive and soft. But he's special in his own way." Reich looked at Germany and smiled warmly. "We are proud of who you've become."

Germany hiccuped and cried, wiping his messy face from tears and snot. He expected everything but that, he was ready for every worse case scenario. But not this..

Reich hugged gently tightly, German Empire and Prussia joining in 🆗 until Germany was calm enough to let go, seeing Russia offer a napkin with his own eyes shimmering.

"Your worries were for nothing.." Russia smiled at his friend who huffed, taking the napkin and cleaning his face.

'Prussia and German Empire, did you ever see Germany as a baby / child?'

"For me..I would see him a few times before and during the Second World War.." he said, his voice having a hint of sadness as Austria-Hungary rubbed his shoulder for comfort.

"As for me..I didn't see him much until recently..I did see him before the war, but when it started, I didn't." Prussia sighed with unpleasantness. "The war...I was angry at Reich for doing it because

of how German Empire ended. I didn't want Reich to have the same fate." Prussia crossed his arms and threw the letter behind him. "Let's just change the question..huh? Oh well. That's it for familial questions then! Mine now~!"

'Does he Know about the French Islands (like Guadeloupe or Martinique...) which were put back in slavery by Napoleonic France?'

"Oh please, was it only the islands?! His invasions still haunt us all!" Prussia rolled his eyes and muttered under his breath. "He is a sick man.."

'Who is your favorite family member?'

"I answered above..so I'll make this 'who's my favorite member in the house'! And it's him!" He pointed at Russian Empire and grinned up at him.

"I...appreciate that..." Russian Empire said with a nervous head tilt.

'How would you react if Brandenburg was still alive to this day?'

Austrian Empire looked at Prussia silently, watching him lose his happy spark. "I would.." Prussia started quietly. "I would hug him...invite him over to see the house, maybe get him to live around this neighborhood..." he smiled sadly and folded his letter.

"I think he would be proud of who you've become." Russian Empire said without looking at Prussia.

"I agree with Russ." Austrian Empire smiled at Prussia happily. "He has always wanted you to go easy on yourself and have more friends. Look at you now!"

Prussia blinked his eyes, the spark lighting up again as he shook his head and chuckled. "Thanks..alright last one!"

'How did you feel when your son was in wwi?'

Prussia frowned. "I wanted him to do things privately...try to get

Serbia in a meeting and solve things.." Prussia looked away. "But things got worse and the war started..the rest I don't wish to remember.." he looked down, burying the memory of German Empire and Russian Empire having to go through a war against each other.

Silence fell in the room until it was cut off when the doorbell rang and Russia got up to answer for his sisters. "You guys came, come in."

Settling down and getting their drinks served as well, Austrian Empire held out his letters. "May I start?" He asked and saw everyone nod.

'How is your relationship with UK?'

"Things are cool. He sees us sometimes and we chat a little bit. Being dead countries helps with getting along with past enemies and putting aside our differences." Austrian Empire answered brightly.

'What's your opinion on everyone in the house?'

"Well, Russian Empire is a cool friend to have! Reich is my partner in crime, we always share and crack jokes together about Prussia~ German Empire...I accept him, even though he took my daughter."

"Wow.." German Empire raised an eyebrow in playfulness.

"Soviet is cool. Prussia is like my brother!" Austrian Empire said happily and leaned against his wife. "And she's my dear~...that's it for me." Austrian Empire faked a sad sniff and turned to his wife so she could read her own.

'Go and give your—'

"Huh? What's this word?" She handed the letter to Austrian Empire who shook his head, giving it to Russian Empire who read the litter.

"It says to go and give your husband some love." He said and handed the letter to her.

"Was that Russian?" Austrian Empire asked, feeling Kingdom Of Hungary hugging him and his face already becoming hot.

"Mongolian."

Everyone looked over at Russian Empire in surprise at him knowing the language. "Just move on please..."

"You can read yours then, me and Kingdom Of Hungary finished." Austrian Empire said, wrapping his arm around her shoulder.

'Did Soviet kill you?'

"Oh here we go again." Soviet and Russian Empire muttered.

"Kill me? No. Finish my rule and make me a dead country? Yes.." Russian Empire tried to block out the memories of that day but they resurfaced anyway. "The revolution was successful...and when Soviet shot me I knew that it was my end. That bullet was the last straw of the end of the monarchy rule and the start of a new rule."

The three grandkids looked over at their father and their grandfather, sensing the heavy weight in the air.

'Do you have any current love interests?'

"No."

'Russian Empire, what would you give to see Soviet's childhood again and be a better father for him?'

"...." Russian Empire folded the last letter and lowered his head, Ukraine noticing the pain in his eyes and feeling her heart break.

"Everything..."

Everyone stayed silent, feeling the pain of Russian Empire aiming straight at their hearts and shattering it.

"Let's just take a break.." Prussia hit up and put his hand on Russian Empire's shoulder, giving it a squeeze silently then left to bring some snacks from the kitchen.

_____

An hour later, everyone gathered around in the places again, this time letting Ukraine, Belarus and Russia opened their letters before German Empire and Austria-Hungary.

"Ahem! Mine says..."

'You're a baddie!'

"Oh! Hoho!! Thank you very much anonymous sender!" Belarus laughed and looked at Ukraine. "Your turn!"

'What do you think about Russia?'

She put down her letter, got up and engulfed Russia tightly. "He's the best big brother I could even ask for!" She said happily and laughed.

Russia flinched at being hugged, pouting as his lips quivered. "Raine- don't make me emotional in front of the men!" He hugged her back and ruffled her hair. "Thanks, sis.."

'I love your hair! Do you ever get your siblings to braid it for you?'

"When it was long, yes! Ruski and Bella would have a blast doing my hair. But now it's shorter and I like keeping it open and wear my flowers and ribbons!" Ukraine said with a smile and Belarus Peking at herself.

"I now have the crown of 'longer hair'~"

Ukraine turned to German Empire and Austria-Hungary, nodding that she's done and that they can start their letters.

'Do you remember attack of the dead men / battle of osowiec? Did it scare you?'

German Empire grimaced and so did Austria-Hungary. "That war was..crazy." He said and looked at Russian Empire who gave a wide smirk, crossing his arms.

"My soldiers did a number in yours." Russian Empire grinned and German Empire glared back at him.

"Your soldiers were crazy to not give up. Their bodies were melting from the gas and yet they got up to fight? That's both scary and...respectable." German Empire murmured the last part to himself and his wife who nodded in agreement.

'How did you feel when your son was in wwii ?'

German Empire looked over at Reich, sadness in his eyes and guilt in the latter's eyes. "Devastated...worried for my kids...and guilty...because it was at fault for this to happen..." he looked at his hands and saw Austria-Hungary's shaking hands.

"It was our fault." She said and bit her lips. "If only we were better...non of that would have happened."

"Mutter...vater..it's me. I caused it all...I gave up on myself..." Reich put his hand on their hands. "If someone deserves the blame, it's me."

Germany felt himself ache at the sight of his family in pain, looking down at his lap and tugging at his hoodie string. "Let's forget the war.." he mumbled sadly. "It's nothing but pain.."

"You are right.." German Empire said sadly and took his wife's letters to read them for her.

'Who is your favorite family member?'

"Me. Obviously." Austrian Empire said without hesitation, smiling proudly.

"German Empire." Austria-Hungary said and whistled innocently, trying not to laugh when she heard her father shriek at her answer.

"No! No no no!!"

Russian Empire smirked in amusement and Prussia laughed loudly, holding his stomach to ease the pain from laughing.

"Stop it!" Austrian Empire whined and toned to Kingdom Of Hungary. "Look at them bully me!"

"Come here little baby." She chuckled and patted his head. "You'll find someone who favors you one day."

"What do you mean?!" Austrian Empire yelled and everyone erupted into loud heartfelt laughters. Austrian Empire didn't know if he should be happy for them or offended.

'Who is your favorite child between Austria and Hungary?'

"What about me? Hello?! I'm the eldest!" Reich huffed and hugged his mother's arm. "It's totally me."

"I love you all equally-"

"HA!" Austrian Empire laughed in a taunting matter, leading Reich to burst into tears of laughter at his idiotic childish acts.

"P-please in my stomach.." Reich wiped his eyes and opened his letter. "Ahem.."

'How is your relationship with JE -Japanese Empire- and IE -Italy Empire- are they alive or did they die?'

"Imperial and Koi are alive and well!" Reich gave a toothy grin. "As a matter of fact, I still see them sometimes when we are free. Soviet joins us at times."

"Yeah, they are fun to be around." Soviet added, his body relaxing and his hands behind his head.

'Hug Soviet.'

Both countries looked at each other then broke into gags.

"Ew! Hug him?! I can barely shake his hand!"

"Ugh- I feel like I'm about to throw up-"

"Vater..." Germany laughed as well as Russia, both enjoying the

banter between the two.

'What do you see Soviet as?'

"Well...seriously now. He used to be my childhood friend...I want to keep seeing him as a friend and a trusty man. Even though broke that trust..." Reich closed his eyes in regret. "I'm trying to change.."

'Did you see your son -one part of him- when he was split?'

"Actually...America and Soviet always let me see my kid during visiting times...I was unable to get visits from people..my vater..or mutter...no one really was allowed to see me but the allies..." he answered with a pained tone. "After all that I've done, they let me see my kid.."

Germany remembers small blurry memories of the bedded cell. East and went would have different visitation times, but he remembers when East would run to Reich and hug him tightly, crying in his arms and fighting off Soviet when he tried to take him away after the hour was done. He remembers west finally smiling and truly feeling happy when he's near his father, how he would talk nonstop about rocket science or the new mini library America got for him.

Germany remembers small snippets. He remembers the pain of seeing his father tied in a white clothe that prevented his arms from moving, he remembers the muzzle over his tired smile.

He remembers that..

German Empire squeezed his son's shoulder, feeling him rest heavily against his shoulder and hug his knees.

Soviet looked at Reich sadly, then opened his letter.

'How do you feel about the space race? That everyone only remembers America being the first on the moon?'

"Oh this- I hate it!" Soviet threw the letter in the air. "Everything I worked so hard for has gone up in flames because that capitalist Mr shades man got on the moon! And to this day people claim it's fake! Good! Yeah that's serves him right! First on the moon..." he

muttered at the end, aggressively opening the next letter while everyone stifled their laughter, even Russian Empire himself.

'Truth or dare? No. Dare ore dare! Go hug your father!'

"Dare or dare? At least give me a second dare to pick..." Soviet looked at his father and awkwardly shrugged his shoulders. "Handshake?"

"...." Russian Empire got up and Soviet offered his arm to shake it, only to freeze and feel Russian Empire hug him gently and bring him in his warm embrace.

Prussia's mouth was agape as he stared, Austrian Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary melting at the sight, while everyone froze in shock.

Ukraine smiled happily and looked at her siblings who smiled back happily, giving thumbs ups.

Russian Empire let go and sat back in his place, looking at his son who still froze in his place.

"Soviet. Next one." Reich whispered with a laugh, seeing Soviet struggle to regain his composure and open the next one.

'How do you feel about America?'

Soviet frowned and stayed silent for longer than usual. America is a country with so much pride and attitude, yes. He hates him, yes. But America, as much as Soviet tried to deny it, is very attentive to Russia's mental health...the kid got his son his meds and even spoke to a specialist to know which sleep aids match his son's antidepressants. The man is very thoughtful even if he puts up an attitude. And it makes Soviet's hatred grow because of how well he takes care of his son's health.

"Moving on."

Russia blinked his eyes in shock, looking at Germany with his eyes screaming 'am I dreaming?'

'I dare Soviet to ignore his father and be angry and hateful towards him.'

"Woah there, at ease, comrade. Me and father are doing the best we can to forgive and forget, and you come over here wanting me to do that? No and not in a million years." Soviet answered with a grumble in his voice. "Kids these days..who will open their letters now?"

"The only ones left are Ruski and Germany." Ukraine said and looked over at them, waiting for one of the to start.

"Go ahead, Germany."

"M-me?! Why me! You should start!" Germany whined and saw Russia shake his head and point at the stack of letters near Germany, pressing on him to start. "Okay..."

'How much do you love your Vati?'

"This much!" Germany opened his arms as wide as he can, yelping in surprise when Reich tackled him in a hug and rubbed his cheek on his son's.

"Vati loves you even more, sohn!" Reich smiled when Germany hugged him back.

'Is football your favorite sport?'

"Favorite? That's high...I play it sometimes when there's a sports event going on."

"Well...these are simple questions..." Russia smiled at his friend who opened another letter with a smile.

'Do you have nightmares about Napoleonic France? And how do you feel when the name is mentioned?'

Everyone looked at Russia with anger I in their face, feeling like he jinxed the youngest German.

"Sorry.." he mumbled in embarrassment and heard the small crinkle

of a paper.

"I.." Germany gulped nervously and unconsciously rubbed his thigh where the stab wound would always remain a memory of that day. "Sometimes I..have nightmares about that day, but the events don't play out the same.." he raised his shoulders over his ears.

In his nightmare, no one survives.

Germany felt a heavy hand on his holder and looked up, seeing that Prussia switched places with Russia to sit next to Germany and wrapped his wing and tail around the kid.

Germany leaned to the protective touch, rubbing Prussia's tail for comfort and opening another letter, but this time he feels safe.

'Germany should tell a secret that nobody knows.'

"Hey now..that's uncalled for." Austria-Hungary spoke with dissatisfaction. "A secret is called a secret for a reason."

"Germany, if you don't want to say it, that's fine." German Empire said gently and saw Germany nervously cling more to Prussia's tail which hurt the adult but he let the kid release his panic until he felt better and opened another letter.

'Why is Germany so sensitive to lights and sounds?'

"The perks of being an autistic..I guess." Germany answered nonchalantly, lifting his head up when he heard Prussia gasping for a breath from laughing. Germany smiled and laughed with him as well. "I'm being real here!"

'How did it feel when you transformed?'

"It was...confusing. I couldn't remember what happened...the moment I saw my vater in danger, I lost my control and everything was a blur. It drained me and I ended up fainting because it's my first ever time doing it. I never knew I had it even."

'When did you first meet your grandfather and great-grandfather? How did you feel around them then and how do

you feel around them now?'

"I used to see opa a lot, especially before the war started in 1939 and even during the first few months of it, he would visit." Germany looked over at German Empire who nodded. "As for Urgroßvater, I rarely saw him back then. After my vater moved in here with the rest of the dead countries, I began to see Urgroßvater more often."

"And how did you feel back then and now?" Prussia asked with interest, wanting to know what Germany thinks of the two.

"I don't remember back then about you.." Germany apologetically looked at Prussia. "But opa, I used to be very excited to meet him and talk to him about almost everything..."

Germany rubbed Prussia's tail gently, his grip careful now after the panic has vanished. "Now, I feel safe and happy around them both. I'll be honest, I still fear Urgroßvater- he's so fearsome and strong!" Germany chuckled when he felt Prussia ruffle his hair.

'How is your relationship to America, UK and France?'

"They used to be my caretakers back then. But I was more with America than Britain and France. America took a good care of west all that time, just like how a vater would do...I always respected him and tried to help him with his work if I could. After I reunited with East and became Germany again, I still kept calling America 'Herr Amerika' but he told me to stop it, and to see him as a friend more than a caretaker...and now, me, Amerika and Russia are friends!"

"How sweet of him, and rare too." Kingdom Of Hungary perked up, looking over at Reich and Soviet who silently had their arms crossed and their eyebrow twitched in anger. "It is making two adults jealous too, I see.." she hummed in thought, feeling Austrian Empire next to her shake from chuckling.

'Can we see your full transformation? And how do you deal with your form?'

"I can't give a full transformation.." Germany answered and laughed

nervously. "Last time it happened without my own consciousness. I can't control my form yet, I still need to learn how to handle it."

"That's why me and German Empire are going to be his teachers until he can master it." Prussia said and patted Germany's back.

"I..never wished for you to inherit it." Reich confessed with a shadow over his face. "I know the dangers of it...and I know that you'll hate having something monstrous like that. Because it reminds people of how dangerous and evil we Germans are."

Germany frowned and rubbed his arm. "It's out of control, vater..gens are a fascinating thing.." he said with a sad smile. "I'll use it to protect you all. I promise."

"And we've got him, you should know that me and my sohn are the best teachers ever." Prussia grinned at Reich who only nodded and forced a small smile.

"Yeah.."

As Germany put away his last letter, it was now the last participant to open his envelope. Russia.

'Can I hug you?'

"No!" Ukraine, Belarus and Germany all said in unison, making the adults laugh at their pure reaction to the letter.

"Okay, rest easy my minions." Russia joked and covered his face when Belarus smacked his shoulder.

'Is hockey your favorite sport?'

"I play it alright, I love competing against Canada or Finland. But it's Bella's favorite game." He smiled at Belarus who nodded eagerly.

"I'm the captain of my team! Hopefully I can join the next Winter Olympics and come back with the gold medal!" She beamed up happily, getting a back pat from Kingdom Of Hungary who encouraged her and so did Austria-Hungary, feeling proud of the girl for doing her best.

'Do you remember Operation Barbarossa? And how did it make you feel?'

"Operation Barbarossa was the eye-opening truth to me for the fact that my father and Reich are no longer allies...and that I would never see Germany again.." Russia looked down, his eyebrows knitted in thought. "I remember waking up to my father taking us out of our rooms and getting us outside where дед waited us in his car...it was loud and bombs were everywhere." Russia closed his eyes tightly, the images printed on the back of his brain.

Screaming to stay with his father, crying out and trying to break the car windows. The car almost crashing because a plane was targeting them with the raining bullets.

He hates that memory.

"I'm just glad it's over." Russia said and his two sister agreed in silence.

'Russia, do you see Germany as a younger brother? Because you two have a sibling-like relationship but you aren't siblings.'

"Germany has always been my little brother, before the war, during it and after it. Till now he is." Russia smiled sheepishly and itched his hands. "Have two sisters, I was happy to have Germany with me. Yes he's very hard to get to know, but he's the best."

Germany smiled from where he sat, agreeing to what Russia said. To Germany, he sees Russia as the big brother he never had. Russia always understood his needs and boundaries, what he likes and hates, and sometimes in their childhood, Russia would make Germany get out of his comfort zone to enjoy something that he knew he would like.

To this day, Russia and Germany are inseparable.

"Last but not least..."

"Let's hope it's a good one." Soviet yawned tiredly after sitting for too long.

'Can Russia and Germany pretend to go missing? I think it would be funny-'

"**NO**!" Everyone, including Russia and Germany, yelled together.

"Definitely not! I'm happy being safe and alive!" Russia put the letter away and leaned back on the drone of the couch. "Phew, that's over now..."

"Hey, I can make the last question fun!" Austria-Hungary suggested happily and sat upright. "What's everyone's favorite dessert!"

"Me! It's Käsekuchen: German cheesecake!" Prussia raised his hand up. "Russian Empire can bake them~"

"Really?!" Everyone looked at the Russian who groaned, rubbing his temple.

"Way to keep a secret, Prussia..my answer is Plichye moloko, it's a cake layered with custard."

"Mine are saffron cakes! They are fully absorbed with milk and yellow like me." Austrian Empire snickered and looked at his wife.

"I'm not a fan of sweets...but I like the tiramisu cake, the bitter coffee balances it well." Kingdom Of Hungary smiled and sighed. "Now I want one.."

"I like cookies and cream flavored ice cream." Reich said and Germany raised his hand.

"Me too! My obsession is unhealthy with them.." he blushed while Russia laughed, knowing very well what he means.

"I like sharlotka, it's a Russian apple pie." Soviet said happily and Russian Empire looked at his son, a surprised expression visible on his face.

"sharlotka.." Russian Empire mumbled and looked down at his lap, Prussia giving him a smirk and a knowing look.

"I like churros!" Belarus clapped her hands. "But they are hard to

make..so I usually buy them frozen or order fresh ones delivery."

"I don't eat a lot of sweets too..but I like mix berries cheesecake." German Empire said and Austria-Hungary tapped her chin in thoughts.

"Bubble tea!" She slapped her fist on her hand. "Reich took me once to try them and I've been crazy over their taste and many choices of flavors!" She held her cheeks and squealed, making German Empire pull his mask over his face to hide his blushing face.

"Worm gummies count...?" Russia whispered to his sister who giggled and whispered back to him. "What do you mean no? Ugh...uh...I like Blini." Russia shoved his hands inside his jacket pockets.

"As for me, I like lemon and blueberries cake, it's so refreshing in summer." Ukraine said and it was the finale, as everyone relaxed at finishing the letters.

"Can we order a take out? I'm too tired to make dinner." Reich suggested, seeing his father and Prussia shrug with a nod.

"Sure then." Russian Empire said and collected the letters to throw them away in the trash.

By the end of the day, everyone left for their house except for Germany who still stayed, looking down at his lap in discomfort from where he sat in the living room.

"Deutschland?" The young country turned his head to Austrian Empire who looked at him with worry. "What's wrong..? I thought you left." Austrian Empire sat next to him and rubbed his shoulder. "Your vater fell asleep, do you want me to prepare you a bed in his room?"

"No..I'll leave soon. I just.." Germany pulled at his hoodie sleeves. "Mm.."

"It's okay, I'm here...I'll listen. Take your time.." Austrian Empire

said fatherly, still having his hand on Germany's shoulder.

"The secret...can I say it to you...? I feel like I'm suffocating from keeping it..."

Austrian Empire's eyes widened in surprise, his hand tightening gently on the kid's shoulder. "Of course.." he was worried about what Germany had, what is it that made the kid feel like air is tight around him?

"W-when Vati and Herr Sowjet fight..and when it becomes a very heated fight that they don't talk for weeks, even when I visit or when Vati visits me...I feel..hurt." Germany chocked down on a sob. "It hurts because I feel conflicted and-and I don't know which side to pick...I love Vati, and Herr Sowjet was the vater figure for me when I was alone in this world...both of them have a special place in my heart and..seeing them fight mentally puts me in the worst place possible and I just...shut myself out from the world until they make up.." Germany wiped his eyes and felt Austrian Empire put his other hand on his head, bringing him closer in a hug. "A-am I wrong for this..?" He cried softly in his arms, clinging to his warmth and safety.

"No...you aren't wrong, mein lieber enkel.." Austrian Empire soothed gently and looked down at Germany. "That's normal..you love them both and see them as family. And when you see them fight it makes you feel sad and pained for the situation that is currently happening...and that's normal." He smiled fatherly and hugged Germany again. "Don't be so hard on yourself..."

Germany sniffled and hiccuped, tugging at Austrian Empire's sweater and burying his face deeper until he calmed down. He let got of the hug and wiped his face, apologizing for causing a mess.

"Nonsense. I'm glad you got it off your chest..now, I have a suggestion for you." Germany looked up at Austrian Empire with curiosity. "You should let Soviet and Reich know about it.."

"W-what..? No.."

"Germany, letting them know will help you make things

understandable for them. They will know that their fights are nothing but a harm for you and us too. You think we enjoy when it gets heated between Soviet and Reich? No. The house feels lifeless when it happens...I'll be with you, how about that?"

Germany nodded his head after he gave it a minute of thoughts, agreeing to do it.

"Good. Now how about I make your bed? It's getting dark out and I won't let you leave alone after you had a good cry. Want to sleep with me and Kingdom Of Hungary?"

"N-no! I want...to sleep with opa and Oma today.." Austrian Empire smiled down and took his hand.

"Alright then, let's go and see them."

———————

Author QnA~

-can we be friends? Also sorry for making your work harder
—don't apologize!! I'm so happy to make this chapter and get so many questions especially about the lore and the housemates! x) also, you are a regular reader!! I love when your name and everyone else's too pop up in my notifications, MAKES ME HAPPY!

-how do you write so good?
—thank you!! I like reading a lot of fics and some books! And I've been writing for years so I'm happy to see it has improved :')

-what do you think of Germany x Philippians? Just asking. Also I'm a fan of yours you write so good
—THANK YOU THANK YOU !!! Also, all my ships in the book are halal because I'm a Muslim therefore I won't write dating before marriage, inappropriate stuff, etc. and if I make this ship canon they would get married and I just, in my opinion, this ship isn't my cup of tea xD

Important note: after this chapter, I'm taking a break for a

week then I'll be back to posting insha-allah! Thank you for understanding ^^

☆-Bon Voyage!-

A/N: I'm back from my break! How has everyone been? :D this chapter is a load of sweet and tooth rotting fluff ^^ also; greenberry if you are reading this note, I'm sorry about the "Brandenburg and Germany meeting somehow" chapter, I've been thinking about it and even got my friend to help me but I found t come up with an idea to satisfy me :(but I do have some ideas for angst between Brandenburg and Prussia that is CANON! Until I write that chapter, I'm feeling like writing fluff now haha xD sorry for the long note, ENJOY!

———————

Characters: Russian Empire, Prussia, Austrian Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary , Austria-Hungary, German Empire, Reich, Soviet, Russia and Germany.

———————

Prussia enjoys when some mornings would be the calm ones, where it's only him and Austria-Hungary together in the kitchen chatting and sharing small laughs. He refilled his mug of coffee and sat back down on his seat.

"And you tried it?"

"Well, I tried it...on your son's hair. But before you say anything, it worked!"

"You are lucky it worked, woman." Prussia said with a fake angry tone, breaking into a smile when he heard Austria-Hungary laughing.

"I'll try it on my hair, I promise!" She added with a giggle, lifting her head up when her sensitive ears picked up the sound of a newcomer. "Excuse me, Mr Prussia."

"You're excused, kid." Prussia watched as she took her mug and left, wishing for Prussia to enjoy his privacy with the man. "Morning, Russ." Prussia greeted while opening the newspaper.

"Morning." Russian Empire said back and took himself a mug, sitting next to Prussia and putting the newspaper down to show something on his phone.

Looking at the phone, Prussia held it up in confusion, but the expression immediately changed to surprise. "Well well, what is big Russia thinking today?" He teased playfully, enjoying the way Russian Empire was unable to even understand himself, giving a shrug, then crossing his arms with a low grumble.

"This weekend works?" Russian Empire murmured quietly, glaring at Prussia when he started to howl in laughter.

"I say yes."

Half an hour later, everyone has now gathered at the dinning table and were having their breakfast together in a comforting silence. Soviet let out a yawn, running his hand through his hair while reading the newspaper.

"Don't play the crossword puzzle." Reich warned while stuffing his mouth with the omelette. "I want to do it."

"Too bad, your opa did it." Soviet smirked and held up the paper to Reich who turned to look at Prussia with a sharp glare.

"Oh, by the way, since everyone is here." Russian Empire suddenly spoke while drying the plate he just washed. "I booked us a cruise for this weekend."

Silence loomed in the kitchen as everyone stopped what they were doing, looking up at Russian Empire who had his back towards them, but slowly turned when the silence went for longer than what's comfortable.

"What...? You uh-...don't want it?" Russian Empire asked with a nervous head tilt, still having the eyes of everyone at him except for

Prussia who was looking at everyone's gaped mouths.

The silence was broken when Reich coughed, taking the offered glass of water from Kingdom Of Hungary while Austrian Empire pushed his chair back, pointing at Russian Empire.

"What?! You're serious?!"

The nervousness in Russian Empire was slowly fading when he saw that everyone was brightened up at the news, thanking him and talking among themselves on what they can do and more.

Russian Empire looked at everyone in the room, seeing Soviet and Reich having forgotten the newspaper and were taunting each other playfully. German Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary and Austrian Empire were listening to Austria-Hungary talk excitedly about her happiness that the weekend is going to be eventful.

Something in his heart moved a little as he frowned and rubbed his chest. Why does it feel warm and funny inside there? His heart felt like it expanded itself and was pumping too loud.

Prussia rested on his arm and watched in amusement as the man was exploring some new aspects of emotions.

Once the kitchen emptied expect for Soviet and Reich, Russian Empire finished the washing chore and turned to them, wanting to add something to the little announcement he made.

"You two can invite the kids, if you wish." Russian Empire said and was about to walk out of the kitchen when Reich spoke up, voicing Soviet's thoughts.

"Say, is there an occasion?"

Russian Empire stopped and fully turned towards the two. "No..? Not really. Should there be?"

Reich blinked and rubbed the back of his neck. "No no, there shouldn't be! I'm just...surprised by that." Russian Empire frowned and looked away.

"Well...it's happening." Russian Empire walked out of the kitchen, deep in thoughts.

There shouldn't be a reason right? He just simply wanted something to do, and a cruise sounded like the perfect idea. No reason behind that, right?

"Ugh." Russian Empire groaned and ran his hand through his hair in annoyance, flopping down on the couch.

"Aw, big Russia is confused with emotions and how to understand them~?" Prussia cooed teasingly, watching Russian Empire look up at him with a glare. "Come on, don't give me that look. I can answer your questions if you want?"

Feeling tempted, Russian Empire looked away and crossed his arms, and Prussia understood, sitting down next to him. "Alright, what is it?"

"...is there supposed to be a reason behind what I did?"

"Of course." Prussia answered simply. "We don't do things randomly."

Russian Empire looked at his lap and frowned deeply. "But, I don't have a reason for why I invited you all...I just did it."

Prussia smiled in entertainment, chuckling. "Really? You just think that? Or is there something deep down you don't want to admit? You know like, how you feel butterflies in your stomach when you see people you care about being happy? Or when you feel your chest gets warm and you feel like smiling? None of that?"

Russian Empire's shoulders flinched up and he looked at Prussia both in shock and disgust. "Oh please, and here I thought you'd help me out." He grumbled and got up.

"You're in denial, Russian Empire! Just admit it!" Prussia yelled at his friend who was leaving the room and going to grab his book and sit in the backyard alone.

Yes. Russian Empire is in denial and he'll keep being stubborn about

it. Because no way will he admit that what Prussia said made so much sense as to what he felt during breakfast.

_____-

"Alright, everyone got their things ready?" Kingdom Of Hungary asked everyone who stood outside the house, the two vans ready and about to get loaded with the luggage bags.

"Yes! Now let's go!" Reich whined impatiently and pulled at the door handle. "Vater, open the door."

German Empire sighed and clicked the key, seeing Reich getting inside and Germany got in after him. Russian Empire unlocked the second car to let the other group get inside while he started loading the bags.

"Let me help." Russia and Soviet said simultaneously as they walked to Russian Empire, taking the luggage from him. Russian Empire watched as they both worked together, seeing them both smile and chat happily, it made the warmth spread in Russian Empire's chest, making him shake his head and walk to the drivers' seat.

Prussia looked at Russian Empire and smirked wildly, having a blast at seeing his friend tormented with emotions.

"Vater, please stop it..you look weird.."German Empire looked at Prussia with worry.

_____-

The captain greeted everyone as they boarded the cruise, each two sharing a room and getting their keycards.

Walking around, Russia awed at how big and luxurious the cruise is. It was a four floor ship, with a cafeteria, a swimming pool, gaming room with consoles and a bowling hall and many more too.

"Did it cost a lot?" Russia ran up to Russian Empire and quietly asked while they both walked together with everyone to find their rooms.

"Hm?" Russian Empire looked down at Russia, seeing him rub his hands unconsciously. "Don't worry about the price. Go enjoy your weekend." He said with a little nod, watching as Russia nodded back and turned over when Germany told him that he found their shared room, and the two kids got inside it.

Russian Empire and Prussia got inside their room too and the latter whistled. "Look at this place!" He laid on the bed and immediately relaxed, feeling his muscles melt due to the soft bed. "Oh that's nice.." he put his hands behind his head.

Russian Empire put his bag down and started tidying his closet, hearing Prussia's breathing become slow and calm, indicating that he napped.

Russian Empire didn't notice himself smiling in content.

_____

Germany finished changing into his swimming trunks and short sleeved jacket first and got out the room, going over to the pool area to wait for Russia whose turn was now to change. Looking around, he saw his father and Soviet talking together, Austrian Empire joining them as well in their chat.

Germany went towards them and stood next to his father, feeling Reich ruffle his hair.

That's when Germany remembered something. "Vater, can I ask you something?" Getting a nod, he continued. "Um...don't get mad but.. aren't you aquaphobic? We are in a cruise and there's a pool too..." Germany blushed when both Soviet and Austrian Empire laughed, pointing out that it was true.

"Hey now.." Reich huffed and crossed his arms. "Yes I fear the water, especially the deep ones. But I'm facing my fears and I want to have fun. It's not like I'll jump in the pool anyway. If I'm up to it I'll dip my legs in the kids' pool." Reich shrugged and ruffled Germany's wings. "That's for embarrassing your old man!" He laughed while Germany tried to squirm away.

"You are too loud." Russia groaned playfully, coming over to the group with his ushanka gone, wearing his swimming shorts only, which made his arm bandages very visible.

"Aren't they going to get wet?" Austrian Empire asked with a worried pout, seeing Russia smiled and pat his bandages.

"These bad boys are waterproof. When I knew about the cruise, I changed them." He smiled and nodded in gratitude for his worry.

"Oh, speaking of waters and cruising. I got you a gift, Reich~" Soviet went to the plastic folding beach chair that was by the pool, taking a box and handing it out to Reich. "Here, to my very dear frenemy."

Smirking, Reich took the box and twirled it on his finger. "See, mein sohn? Not only you and Russia get to share gifts~" Reich boasted and ripped the box open, freezing in his place when he saw the gift.

"What is it?" Germany asked excitedly while Russia covered his mouth, noticing that his father was tearing up and trying not to laugh.

"You have ten seconds to run." Reich warned and didn't look up at Soviet while Germany moved the box to peak inside it, laughing loudly and taking out the duck shaped floaty.

"You're dead!" Reich screamed and threw the box behind him, chasing after Soviet.

"Reich, no running in the pool area! Watch out!" Austrian Empire ran after the two adults, leaving Germany and Russia a laughing mess.

Germany took the box and grinned up at Russia, his face red from laughing. "I guess this means that I have a floaty~!"

"Germany, no..." Russia covered his face with his hand, blushing in embarrassment at his friend's idea.

"Germany, yes!" He took it out and started blowing it.

Once it was done, Germany took off his jacket and put the floaty around his waist, getting into the cool pool. "Purr-! That's cold."

"This is why I do this!" Russia pushed his hair back and walked backwards. "Brace yourself!"

"What-" Germany screamed as he was bushed back and got splashed with water from Russia's jump.

Russia got his head out and shook it to make his hair move out of his eyes. "That's how you do it manly."

"Yes, very manly of you..." Germany grumbled and cleaned his glasses.

"Says the one who's in a duck floaty- ack!" Russia covered his face when Germany splashed him with water nonstop. "Okay! Okay! Sorry!" Russia gagged and coughed, laughing while shielding himself.

Russian Empire walked into the pool area, unable to get his eyes off his grandson who was openly bright when laughing and looked vulnerable, more than he has ever seen.

Sitting down and putting on his sunglasses, he was glad that they covered his eyes because he was nowhere near reading the book in his hands. He was watching the two play together and enjoy themselves, more focused on Russia and how he made his heart flutter at seeing him be himself around his family.

A while later, it was quiet as Germany laid on the floaty and let it move him around the pool while Russia was sitting on a chair with his towel over his shoulders, sipping his juice and tapping his phone.

German Empire and Austria-Hungary walked into the pool area, going towards the chairs and sitting as they only wanted to sunbathe and join the others there.

Austria-Hungary stretched on the chair as the sun warmed her arms and legs, her dress lightly moving with the wind from the ship. "This feels nice..it's a good change of atmosphere." She spoke

happily, hearing German Empire shuffling in his seat next to her and pet her hand.

"I couldn't agree more. It's nice to get out every once in a while." He said and turned to the door when he heard it violently get pushed open, revealing Reich and Austrian Empire dragging Soviet by his arms and pushing him into the pool.

Soviet swam up and coughed out the water. "Okay, that's it! We're even!" He said and laughed. "You're happy?" He watched as Reich only huffed and looked over at Germany, rolling his eyes when he saw the floaty his son is using.

"I'm burning it after the trip." Reich grumbled teasingly and went to sit next to his father.

———

It was evening when Germany got out of the room after he changed into comfier clothes and dried his hair from the pool. Russia just went into the bathroom to shower and change as well, making Germany walk around the ship alone to try to find something to busy himself with until his friend is done.

Germany arrived at the cafeteria, its tables were spread out on the deck for whoever wanted to be under the shades or near the rails to watch the sea waves. He saw Austria-Hungary standing on the very front of the deck, her hands on the rails and as she listened to the crashing waves tickling her ears. Next to her was Reich whose legs were a little shaky while holding her arm, looking out at the sea and enjoying the blue waters, even when it scared him down to the core how deep the ocean looks.

Germany opted to let the two have their time, looking around him to try to find someone he can join. Fidgeting with his lightweight hoodie, his eyes landed on German Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary having a chat together on one of the tables, with Prussia and Austrian Empire joining them while carrying two drinks each.

Choosing to leave them be, he finally saw the man who was alone on a table, sitting in the very back, being able to eye everyone like

a detective: was Russian Empire.

Germany was immediately going to leave him be and go sit alone on a table to wait for Russia, but he panicked when Russian Empire's eye landed on him and motioned for him to come.

Nervously, Germany walked towards his table and sat facing him, putting his hands on the table. It was too quiet for a few seconds, and that was enough to make Germany anxious and blurt out randomly.

"D-Danke for the invite! I-I'm having so much fun here!" Germany stammered, pulling at his hoodie unconsciously. "Um- everyone is having fun actually..so Danke, Herr Russisches Reich."

"That's a long name, ребенок." Russian Empire said with a gentle smile, chuckling under his breath when he saw Germany blush and stammer more, apologizing frantically for making him upset. "I'm not upset..." he relaxed his shoulders and looked around the cafeteria, seeing Soviet talking with Russia as they both came together. "Your friend is here, go see him."

Germany's wings perked up when he turned around and indeed saw Russia there. Getting up from his chair, he waved at Russian Empire then leaped forward to Russia and happily started talking to him, the nervousness that he just displayed immediately evaporated.

"It's funny." Soviet chuckled as he took Germany's place. "Kid came to Russia as if he wasn't nervously sitting with you just a second ago. We saw you two and didn't want to interrupt anything." Soviet watched Russian Empire who was looking out at the two kids, a little smile on his lips.

Russian Empire watched Germany and Russia sit on a table, the latter appeared to be teasing Germany, whose cheeks were red.

"Awe, дед was making wittwe gewmany newveous~?" Russia cooed, putting up the menu as a shield when Germany threw his hands at him. "Ouch-!"

"Stop teasing me!" Germany huffed and looked down at his menu,

but lifted his head up when Russia spoke quietly in a tone that held wonder.

"You made him laugh." Russia said and shrugged a shoulder. "How did you do it? отец has always said that it was impossible to get him to even crack a smile."

Confused, Germany tilted his head and hummed in thought. "Honestly...I was really nervous there..I didn't notice him laughing..." he chuckled sheepishly, rubbing his nose. "I'm glad I did something the Russians can't~" he smirked and put his hands on his hips. "Obey me, peasant!"

"Don't get your head too high." Russia teased back and got up to go order himself and Germany a drink after they both chose their order.

As the sun was sitting, the lights around the cafeteria turned on to lighten up the place, making it feel warmer as the winds picked up due to the sun fading and the sky becoming dark.

Shivering, Austria-Hungary hugged her arms and rubbed them, feeling German Empire open his wing around her and cover her.

"I'll go bring you a jacket, mutter." Reich offered and walked inside the ship, going towards her room.

Prussia excused himself and got up, saying he'll be right back. He walked into the captain's room after knocking the door, smiling gently at him.

"Hey, captain. I wanted to ask you about something..."

Back in the cafeteria, everyone decided to merge their tables together so they could be in one sitting, Reich and Austrian Empire taking the lead in cracking jokes to make the group laugh, secretly wanting to see Russian Empire smile or even laugh too.

The lights were suddenly turned off and everyone were confused evenAustria-Hungary, who flinched a little when the blurt she saw became pitch black, asking quietly what happened.

"At ease at ease~ we had to turn the lights off for this." Prussia walked in, holding a little flashlight in one of his hands, the other one behind his back.

"What are you planning?" Russian Empire asked unimpressed, watching as Prussia came to the table and took his hidden hand out, revealing the fireworks he held.

"Sparklers!" Prussia gave a wide toothy grin, everyone around him either started laughing or asking to have one.

"Here, it's enough for all of us~" he handed each individual a piece, lastly holding the remaining two and looking at Russian Empire with a smile.

"Yours."

Looking at the sparkler, Russian Empire felt persuaded to take it and join them, but a small annoying voice in the back of his head told him to just decline and sit back.

"Get away from me! Russland!"

"Come here and sword fight me like a man!"

Russian Empire's eye landed on Germany and Russia chasing each other with their sparklers lightened up, stars flying out from the little stick and illuminating their innocent eyes with a glow that make Russian Empire's throat feel tight all of a sudden.

Looking at the others, they all had their sparklers lightened and waved it around, their eyes having a brighter spark than the firework itself.

Russian Empire was beginning to feel nauseous. Or is he just seasick? His heart is beating too fast and his chest is about to explode from how hot it felt.

What is it that's he's feeling?

"You're experiencing joy, Russ." Prussia's voice sliced his heavy thoughts. "That's what you're feeling right now." He held out the

firework.

Russian Empire wanted to fight back, to say that he hates it and leave Prussia behind him. To be stubborn and keep denying the truth. But his body worked against himself. He reached his hand out to take the sparkler, holding it and turning it around. Embarrassed, he was about to put it down and listen to the voice in his head, to say that he doesn't want to do it. But Prussia already had a vice grip on his wrist and dragged him to the rest who were in the middle of the deck.

"Prussia-"

"Don't finish your sparklers! Russian Empire here will join in too~" Prussia said with a laugh, earning cheers from Reich, Russia and Germany. Soviet looked at his father and their eyes met, Soviet's having surprise and excitement in them while Russian Empire's eye held nervousness and fear.

"What?! But I finished mine! I want to join Russian Empire!" Austrian Empire groaned in defeat, Germany next to him pouting and holding his dead sparkler.

"I want to join Herr Russisches Reich too."

"Easy, I have a second bag. German Empire, can you be a dear and bring it? It's on my bed." Prussia said to his son who nodded and left to bring the bag. Once he was back, everyone took a new sparkler and held it out to light it at the same time.

"Come on, put yours out with us." Prussia said and held the lighter under the fireworks.

Slowly, Russian Empire put his sparkler out as its tip touched the others' gently. Prussia pressed the lighter and a second later, stars flew out of the sticks.

The circle broke as everyone either waved their stick, drew on the air with it, or held it to watch the stars fly.

Russian Empire looked at everyone enjoy their time then down at his stick, holding it upright and watching the little sparkles fly

around him and lighten up his face with its warm glow.

"Touch." Russia put his sparkler next to Russian Empire, the glow becoming warmer between the two. Soviet came and joined the two as well, holing out his almost dying sparkler.

Prussia looked over at Russian Empire and relaxed when he saw the little smile there. As much as the older Russian tried to fight it back, he couldn't stop smiling at the two younger Russians whom were standing next to him on each side. Russian Empire let out a small laugh when Russia curiously touched the stick that died down, getting his finger burned and immediately sucking it in his mouth to cool it. Soviet looked up at his father in fascination when he saw the tiny blush the was on his cheeks from happiness.

"Urgroßvater!" Prussia looked over at Germany who came up to him and pointed at the sky happily. "The stars became very bright when you turned off the lights! Look at this star!"

Looking up, Prussia smiled excitedly and put his arm around Germany. "Kid, this right here isn't a star." He pointed at the brightest light in the sky second to the moon. "That's Jupiter." He smirked when he saw Germany beam up in excitement, looking at the bright planet.

"You can see Jupiter this easily?" Austrian Empire asked, standing next to Prussia.

"I guess it's because there aren't many city lights?" Kingdom Of Hungary looked at Prussia who nodded.

"That. And you can actually see Jupiter even when in the city. That planet is the biggest and brightest." Prussia put his hand on Germany's head, patting his hair.

German Empire looked down at Austria-Hungary who huffed playfully. "I want to see it." She joked but blushed when she felt German Empire hold her finger and trace a shape in his hand.

Drawing a sharp sparkle in his palm and tracing it again and again until Austria-Hungary managed to imagine it. "It's like this...sharp

four corners, very brightly white.." German Empire said lovingly, watching as Austria-Hungary smiled shyly and hold his hand.

"Thank you.."

The night continued on, with Russian Empire planning to return back to sit behind them all, to watch as they interacted together. But a hand stopped him.

Looking up, he saw Soviet holding his hand gently. "Stay with us."

Overflowing with many emotions all at once, Russian Empire looked up at his son's eye and their eyes met.

Looking behind Soviet, he saw Russia look at them with hope in his eyes, rubbing his arm and waiting for them both to come.

Feeling Soviet squeeze his hand, Russian Empire gave up to his pleading eye and smiled fatherly. "Alright.."

And he stayed.

☆-Forget-Me-Nots-

Characters: Prussia, Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, Brandenburg, German Empire and Napoleonic France.
————————-

Prussia looked down at the blue flowers that swayed with the winds, sparkling from the little dew drops on them after Prussia watered them.

"Hey, they bloomed.." Austrian Empire came next to Prussia with a warm smile that had a trace of sadness, looking up at his friend who didn't display a fraction of emotion on his face.

Prussia kept watering the forget-me-nots, stopping when he felt right. He put the watering can down, kneeling to the flowers and tracing them gently, hearing his voice in the back of his head.

"They are my favorite flowers, you know what they mean?"

"What?"

"They are a symbol for remembrance to those who have passed away...I hope that you'll remember me with them if I'm ever gone."

"Don't go that far. You won't die under my watch, Brandenburg."

Prussia got up and left the garden in silence, passing by Austrian Empire then Russian Empire who stood by the patio door and saw a shadow casted over Prussia's face.

"Pruss..." Austrian Empire frowned and felt Russian Empire put a hand on his back, carrying the watering can and putting it away.

"Leave him be, he needs to be alone for now." Russian Empire said with a frown, hating to leave Prussia alone but having to.

———————-

1806 - 1807 / Fourth coalition against Napoleonic France.

Prussia's breathing hitched while he ran as fast as his sore body could carry him, the adrenaline helping as it numbed all his pain.

He tripped and almost fell, but carried himself up and kept running away from what was once his camp with his soldiers. Another sore defeat, that's what has happened yet again. It is the fourth coalition and Napoleonic France is still undefeated.

Prussia growled and slashed his sword on an approaching enemy soldier, easily cutting him in half and running away. He needs to retreat back or else he will get killed on the spot. But before he could retreat, he must reunite with Brandenburg and leave together.

Prussia froze in his place when a general riding a horse came to him, standing before him and blocking his way.

"Well well..just who I was looking for.." Napoleonic France smirked, pointing his sword at the remaining red eye of Prussia. "Your end is near, Prussia. Count your days." He swung the sword before Prussia, making little hairs fly from him due to how close the swing was to his face, putting it away and giving a wicked smile.

"I won't kill you, not now anyway. The coalitions aren't fun without you. I only came to give you one thing." He smirked, taking out something from his pocket, seeing a blur of black, yellow and white running towards the two but he ignored the man.

A red feather flew out of Napoleonic France's hand and landed before Prussia's feet. "I assume this belongs to you." He watched Prussia's body freeze at seeing the bloodied feather next to his feet, looking up at Napoleonic France with wide eyes that showed nothing but anger and pure fury. "He doesn't have much time, my little prized possession." He watched as Russian Empire arrived and stood next to Prussia, his sword held out defensively and looking up at Napoleonic France with hatred.

"Farewell, you two." Napoleonic France kicked his horse and took off opposite of where Prussia was headed to, and Prussia opened his wings

and flew towards the direction that Napoleonic France came from.

"Prussia?! Where are you going!" Russian Empire screamed at him and looked around, seeing a red feather where Prussia was standing, kneeling down and picking it up. His eyes widened in realization when he saw the familiar red feather soaked in warm blood, flying before him and going up in the sky. Putting his sword away, he immediately followed where Prussia went to.

Prussia arrived at the smoking battlefield, screaming his heart out for the one guy whom he saw as a true friend and family. Coughing and feeling his throat swell up in pain, Prussia kept calling out for him until he saw a figure laid on the dirtied grass, making it red from his own blood, the red wings of the said soldier were bright and twitching in pain.

"BRANDENBURG!" Prussia ran towards him and kneeled next to him, turning the man to lay on his back. "Hey- hey it's okay. I'm here now, Branden. Please look at me..y-yeah like that." Prussia smiled weakly, looking down at Brandenburg's body and finding a big opening in his chest from where a sword had been thrusted there and twisted mercilessly, pressing his hand down on the injury to make the blood stop flowing out.

Brandenburg gasped and cried in pain, trying to push the hand away from his burning chest. "M-my king..." he wheezed painfully, opening his blue eye and looking up at him. "You...came...? Y-you shouldn't...be here..." he gasped and noticed Russian Empire standing behind Prussia, his face showing horror at the sight of the fallen soldier.

"K-keep quiet and save your breaths! J-just let me patch you up and we can retreat back to the nearest camp-"

"I...I don't think I'll make it...I don't have much time, my king.." Brandenburg coughed out blood and it splattered on Prussia's face. "I'm..."

"Stop it!" Prussia cried out angrily and ripped his sleeve to press down on Brandenburg's wound. "You'll live if you just keep your mouth shut and focus on breathing!" He shouted and looked down at Brandenburg, who reached his hand out and held Prussia's hand.

*"Preußen...being with you...was the best decision of my life..." Brandenburg breathed hoarsely, clutching his hand tightly and tearing up, his vision blurring. "I-I...I had so much...fun...with you...I never wanted it..to stop.." he hitched in his breathing, letting out a chocked sob. "I won't forget the day we made an o-...oath...to work together and achieve our dream of a strong kingdom...and we did... **you** did it..." He smiled and his grip became weaker and weaker, his eyes becoming hazy and paler in color.*

"Stop..d-don't say that, please.." Prussia felt his eyes burn him with unshed tears. "You'll live...you can't die.."

Brandenburg smiled and with all his remaining strength, he pushed himself up and hugged Prussia tightly. "T-thank you...for everything...dear brother..." he smiled and looked up at Russian Empire. "Take care...of him..for me..." his head lulled to the side and he smiled one last smile, his eyes losing color and staring into nothingness.

"Brandenburg?" Prussia asked weakly, feeling his friend's body go limp and cold even in the humid battlefield. "Brandenburg, say something. I order you to speak..." Prussia clutched the body and gently placed it down, seeing the smile and the eyes that didn't have the sparkle of life within them.

And Prussia's tears fell. They dripped and landed on the cold cheek of Brandenburg, tracing down his cheeks like rivers that didn't plan to stop. He clutched the dirtied shirt of Brandenburg and let out a blood curdling scream of pain and agony, his face pressed on the chest of his friend, not caring about the blood dirtying his face and hair as he let out his cries of pain.

He feels hopeless, lost, scared. He doesn't know what to do anymore without the man he trusts blindly. His heart ached him and his throat was begging Prussia to stop screaming but he couldn't. He buried his face in Brandenburg's chest, pleading and begging him to wake up and to retreat back with him, to work together and defeat anyone who stands in their way.

But Brandenburg didn't answer, he never will. And it pained Prussia more and more when the realization kept hitting him heavily in his heart.

Russian Empire looked down at the dead body, looking towards Prussia then turning his face away, biting his quivering lip to try and not cry over the man. He might not have known him a lot, but they both shared some good memories that revolved around Prussia.

Prussia arched his head back and faced the sky that started raining, letting out his screams to the void that never answered.

_____-

Sometimes, Austrian Empire would feel guilty about the fact that he wasn't there when it happened. During the fourth coalition, he didn't join. And in the fifth, Prussia wasn't there, and he understands why. Prussia has lost a lot during the fourth coalition, and it wasn't only Brandenburg.

But during the end of Napoleonic France, he saw him there. He looked like the monster that sent shivers down the spines of every European empire and kingdom, standing over the motionless body of Napoleonic France who surprisingly survived his death during his defeat.

He won that war, and he got the victory and the fame that he promised to achieve with Brandenburg. They all worked together to defeat the tyrant.

To this day, Austrian Empire will always offer a shoulder to Prussia even if he didn't witness the death of Brandenburg.

On the other hand, Russian Empire wasn't so different. He still keeps Brandenburg's wish alive. At first, Russian Empire did it for the sake of the man. But soon, he started doing it for himself, he wants to keep Prussia protected. He wants to keep Austrian Empire protected.

He wants to protect those who mean something to him.

Both empires stood by the patio door, watching Prussia and German Empire sit by the small patch of the blue flowers.

"You know...Austria-Hungary told me another meaning for these flowers." German Empire started in a low voice, not wanting to ruin

the calmness in the air.

"What is it?" Prussia asked blankly, staring at the flowers in sadness and despair.

"Devotion." Prussia bit his lip and lowered his head to look down, his hands hugging his knees tightly. "I think...it does represent Herr Brandenburg very well.." he looked up and saw Prussia's eye shimmering with tears that he tried to keep.

"He.." he spoke loudly for the two in the back to hear him. "He always wished to be remembered by these flowers.." he said sadly, running his hand through his hair and burying his face in his knees. "It's been two hundred years...and his death still pains me..."

"It's normal to grieve for lost family. And it's good to remember them and keep their memories alive..we shouldn't forget our dear ones." Austrian Empire came to Prussia and sat next to him, putting his hand on his shaking shoulder. "But never let the grieve hold you back, Pruss..."

"Brandenburg would want you to keep moving forward." Russian Empire said from where he stood behind Prussia, turning around and sitting down, resting his back on Prussia's, leaning against him and Prussia held him up, looking down at his feet. "You can grieve, and just know that when you're done: we will be here."

German Empire looked at his father and smiled sadly, seeing his eye tearing up and some tears managed to escape. He took off his mask and put it over Prussia's head, letting his father have a little privacy as he gave up keeping his tears at bay.

☆-Mein Sohn-

Characters: America, West Germany, Soviet, China, East Germany, Reich, a small appearance of Belarus and Russia.

_____-

America rubbed his sore neck tiredly, tossing away the third can of energy drink as he looked at his paperwork, scratching the scrapped ideas and throwing them behind him.

United Nations is holding up a special conference meeting for countries who were developing well in space exploration and science, meaning that America will face a certain union there and he wants to be at his top shape and beat him there.

"Herr Amerika..?" A small voice squeaked behind the door of America's study room. "May I come in?"

"Yeah, kid." He didn't look up when the door opened and West walked into the messy room, frowning and taking the crumbled paper up, opening it.

"Did you need something?" America finally lifted his head up, looking at West who collected the trash and threw it in their place.

"Umm...I wanted to.." West began fidgeting with his hands, looking down at his waxed shoes. "S-see...mm.."

America let out a groan and slammed his head on the table, hearing West whimper a little and look at his caretaker. America knows exactly why West is here.

"No, West. You can't go see Soviet, and you know why." West opened his mouth to argue back, but America cut him off before he could start. "Don't argue back, please. I'm tired and there's still so

much work to do. Why don't you go read something in your mini library? You know we just got it for you last week."

West flinched back and nodded his head, mumbling a little apology and walking out of the room, running to his own room as soon as he closed the door.

America sighed and ran his hand over his face, knowing that he won't be able to work while the guilt rested heavily in his heart.

Going out of his study room, he went to west's room and saw the kid sitting on his bed, hugging his knees and playing with his shoe laces.

"West.." America started, seeing West looking up at him and then look away. "You know why I can't take you to see him...we're both enemies. We both have different opinions about almost everything. I know you understand me well, right kiddo?"

West nodded his head sadly. "I'm sorry that I'm constantly annoying you with asking to see Herr Sowjet..." he tugged at his laces and looked up at America.

"No, you're nothing near annoying kiddo...come here.." he opened his arms and patiently waited until West felt comfortable enough to crawl into his arms and hug him. "It's alright kid.." he rubbed his back and felt West play with America's hair.

"Herr Amerika, I looked through the paper you threw away...I-I can help you with your work.." West offered politely, hoping to mend for the mistake he made. "Can I?"

Smiling, America got up and carried the kid in his arms. America has seen a big potential in West being very smart for his age, he even managed to help solve big math problems. "Sure kid, I need all the help I can get."

"Let him go with you! He'll have so much fun!" Canada whispered to his brother with a warm smile, watching as west was sitting on the armchair and reading a book about spaceships.

"But he'll be there..I don't want the kid to cling too much to him than he already is, kid's mine." America sighed and rubbed his face. "I yelled at him yesterday too because he wanted to see Soviet.."

"Well...the kid kind of grew up seeing Soviet a lot...don't blame him." Canada said with a frown, looking at the kid who didn't listen to them then back at America. "But I understand..it's your choice and you know what is better for him."

America looked at west silently, his thoughts not stopping about what to do in the current situation.

That night, America served West his dinner and sat next to him, watching West eat his meal slowly and carefully. West wasn't a big eater, the kid would stay for half an hour on his plate only to finish a quarter of it and say he's full.

West chewed on his fries, kicking his legs under the table innocently.

"Kid..what do you say if I take you to the science conference that I'm attending? There will be a lot of spaceship activity and many scientists there too." America held back his surprise when West looked up at him in shock, his eyes sparkling happily.

"Really?! I can go?" It was rare for West to show emotions ever. After the split, it was revealed that each kid got one side of Germany's brain, with west's being the left side: logic and analytical. While East's was the right brain: creative and emotional. So for West to show the smallest hint of emotion was a surprise for America.

"Yes you can go, kid. You deserve to get out and enjoy some fun time instead of being stuck at home everyday, right?." America woke up from his thoughts, smiling down at West who returned the smile.

"Thank you, Herr Amerika."

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America got out of his car, putting on his egotistic show and waving

his hands at the flashing cameras, while West shielded his eyes from the brightness that overwhelmed him.

"Herr Amerika.." West held his pants and hid behind him, feeling America pat his head and walk inside to the science conference hall, where the paparazzi were less and more mindful than the crazy ones outside.

"There we go, better now?" He saw West nod his head and look around him in astonishment, seeing the many lined up white boards and sculptures of futuristic ideas for machines and technologies.

America's eyes landed on the red flag in his well kept military attire, choosing to wear something formal instead of his usual military winter coat and snow boots.

Apparently, West didn't notice the Russian country and America wanted to keep it that way, but he decided not to be a jerk.

"How about you go have a walk around while I have some boring talk with some news people? You won't get lost, you always know how to find me."

"Oh- okay." West nodded his head and began his journey around the place, reading the white boards and swing in astonishment when he saw some scientists do their experiments right before his own eyes.

As he walked, he accidentally bumped into someone and apologized in a panic, looking up and his eyes widened in surprise. Before him stood Soviet and China, both looking down at the kid with surprise.

"West Germany? What are you doing here?" Soviet asked and kneeled down to help the kid up, dusting his clothes and freezing when West hugged him tightly and buried his face in his chest.

Sighing, Soviet hugged the kid back, rubbing his head comfortingly while the kid clutched his clothes, not wanting to let go of the man.

China smiled and kneeled down, carrying the kid in his arms and separating him from Soviet.

"Ah-" West tried to squirm away from China who laughed and lifted

West up.

"Aw, he's so small! East is more built than him! Do you eat, little child? Or does America eat everything?" China joked and Soviet chuckled, seeing the kid blush in embarrassment and pout.

"N-no...Herr Amerika feeds me well, I just have a small appetite." West answered and was put down, frantically looking around him and sighing in relief. "He didn't see me..."

"Who?" Soviet asked and looked around him, trying to know who West was referring to.

"Herr Amerika...maybe he'll get angry if he sees me with you.." west said sadly and rubbed his arm. He really didn't want to leave Soviet, not now when he finally met him without ever thinking it would happen. "Can I stay with you?" West asked pleadingly and China cooed, begging Soviet to let the kid join them both.

"Fine...maybe you'll let me know some secrets about America's technological progress..." he hummed in thoughts jokingly, making West smile and join him in the conference.

America eyed the kid leaving with Soviet, his face looking brighter at being with him and pointing at some whiteboards, talking nonstop about how he is fascinated by the ideas and developments that are displayed.

Soon, West was going to part ways from Soviet to go back to America before he could see them, looking up at the big country and asking the question that was in his mind the whole time.

"Herr Sowjet, why didn't East and Russland come?" He asked sadly, feeling Soviet pat his hair.

"They aren't interested in this stuff, and also East needs to go to bed early since his visit to your father is tomorrow."

"Oh...right. Mine is next week then." West nodded his head and waved his hand. "Mm, bye bye Herr Sowjet.." he walked away and Soviet waved back with a little smile, seeing the kid reach America and talk with him.

"Did you have fun? You look happier." America teased and West shrugged his shoulders, nodding his head.

"I had fun...thank you so much Herr Amerika.."

"You're welcome."

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"East East East! Wake up wake up! Papa says you have to get ready or you won't make it in time to see your papa!" Belarus jumped on East's bed, making the kid sit upright fast and gasp.

"Ah! Vati!" He pushed himself off the bed and went to his little backpack, making sure his gifts were inside and he pulled the zipper closed.

East quickly changed into his sweatshirt and khaki trousers, brushing his hair and putting his ushanka over it, ignoring that it was still messy.

"Herr Sowjet! I'm ready I'm ready!" The kid hugged his bag and ran to the dinning room, seeing Soviet still in his pajamas and drinking his coffee.

"I-I see...it's alright kid. Eat your breakfast and we will leave in an hour." Soviet sighed tiredly and yawned, seeing Russia give East his breakfast and both kids began chatting happily.

As promised, both East and Soviet left an hour later to go to the prison where Reich was held captive.

East kept hugging the bag tightly, his little wings fluttering in excitement to be able to see his father after a month. Once they finished the procedure of the heavily guarded and fortified prison, East started running the long hall that was leading to a singular room in the basement.

"Vati!"

"It's useless to shout, kid. The cell doors are soundproof." Soviet watched the guard stand by the door, waiting Soviet to give him a

signal to open the door. Once given, the guard took out the keys and unlocked the door, watching East get inside and then he slide it close.

"Vati!" East ran up to the figure that sat in the corner of the bedded room, his knees against his chest and his mouth covered with a muzzle. "I'm here!" East said happily and crawled into Reich's lap, nuzzling his chest.

Reich slowly slid his legs on the floor, watching East sit on his lap while holding his little backpack and Reich wished to hold his son back, hug him and hold him close. But the clothes prevented his arms from ever moving.

"East.." Reich said hoarsely, feeling his eyes swelling up with tears. "Mein sohn.." he lowered his head and gently pressed it against East's, rubbing their foreheads together.

"I missed you, Vati.." East pouted and looked at Reich. "When will you leave this place?"

Reich frowned and looked away, not really having an answer to that. He decided to change the subject and point at the bag with his head. "What did you bring, mein klenier sohn?"

"Oh! I-I got you so many gifts!" He opened his bag and took out many paper drawings. "Can I hang them up with the rest?" He asked eagerly, seeing Reich nod and he went to one of the bedded walls, where there were many hung up drawings from East himself.

"This one is me and you eating ice cream together!" East said and taped the drawing. "And this one is me and you riding a dragon like the story Ruski read for me. This one is me you and west! And this one..." East kept talking happily about each drawing he made, and Reich listened to every word, not wanting his kid to ever stop.

After East was done, he returned back to Reich and took out a coloring book and crayons. He held a paper and was about to offer one to Reich but stopped and pouted. "Oh..but I wanted you to draw with me..."

Reich smiled sadly and shook his head. "It's okay...I'm feeling like watching you draw anyway...what do you want to draw, mein sohn?"

East sat next to his father and scooted closer to him. "Hmm...oh! I know!" He started scribbling in his paper happily, grabbing a red crayon, then a lot of brown shades.

"Tada! I drew you and Herr Sowjet as kids!" Reich's eyes widened in pain, seeing the drawing of a mini version of himself next to a mini version of Soviet, who was holding a sunflower. "You and Herr Sowjet will forgive each other and become friends again, right?" East beamed happily and hung the drawing in the middle of the rest. "Until then, I will keep hoping that Herr Sowjet and you will become friends again and then you can leave this place forever!"

Reich closed his eyes and felt his body burn in pain that kicked his guts. East is too innocent and it pains Reich that he won't be with him all the time he grows up. He wants to protect that innocence and to always make sure that no one ever dares break his heart.

"East..-" Reich was cut off when the door was open and Soviet stood there coldly.

"Come East. Your visiting hour is done." Soviet ordered and East pouted, not wanting to fight back and end up punished by not seeing his father for two months instead of one, so be obliged and got up sadly.

"Bye bye Vati..I promise to see you next month." East hugged Reich tightly and kissed his forehead, going over to Soviet and holding his hand with his own little one.

The doors closed harshly and Reich felt his body drained from hope and energy, collapsing in the ground and curling in a ball as he cried silently. He can't handle this torture anymore. He wants to be with his kid, he wants his son's suffering to end and for him to become in one piece.

But this was only the beginning of a long journey of pain and suffering due to the mistakes he made.

Germany stood before the door nervously, taking small breathes to help calm his racing heart at what was about to happen.

After he reunited with his other half, things have been a wreck everywhere for everyone. Germany was now an independent country and it was very overwhelming for him, especially since he recently and finally had the time and resources to see a therapist, getting diagnosed with autism and trying to keep track of his work and health. Soviet was still in his coma: two months in. Reich was released from the prison on November 1990, but Germany had never been able to see him due to having so many things to do. And now, it was time for him to finally see his father in one piece. He'll finally hug Reich and feel his arms wrap around him too.

He knocked the door gently and tugged at his sleeve, looking back at Russia who was standing by the car as he drove Germany to the house, getting out of his way and letting his sister watch over Soviet while he came to support his friend.

The door opened and German Empire stood there in surprise, looking back and calling for Reich who peaked his head from behind the corner and froze.

"V-Vati...?" Germany's legs shook and he gasped for a breath, feeling his eyes tearing up.

"Mein sohn.." Reich flew and threw himself in the arms of Germany, finally being able to hug him after almost fifty years of being in that white prison clothe that prevented him from holding his dear and precious child.

Germany bursted into loud, heartbreaking sobs while hugging Reich back tightly, both getting on their knees as they were overwhelmed with emotions and pain from everything that happened through the years.

Russia smiled sadly and looked up to see German Empire trying to sooth the two, his own face having tears from crying uncontrollably at the sight before him, finally having his family reunited again.

☆-Thunderstorm-

Characters: Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, Prussia, Reich, Soviet, Kingdom Of Hungary, German Empire and Austria-Hungary.

———————

Russian Empire took out the plastic cover for the plants, throwing it over the mini flowers corner and tying a rope to keep it in place.

Austrian Empire and Prussia were collecting the clothes and throwing them in the basket to take them inside the house.

Kingdom Of Hungary looked up at the grey sky with discomfort, folding her arms on her chest and saw the glowing lightning in the distance. "It's approaching." She said and Prussia walked in, saying that he and Austrian Empire are done with the clothes.

"The windows and doors are secured." Soviet said as he locked the last window. "I only need to lock the patio door as soon as father gets in."

"I pulled the electrical lever off. We don't need any accidents during the storm."

"And I charged my laptop and gaming device so we could watch movies or game." Reich smirked proudly, putting the electronic devices on the coffee table then going to the couch to take a blanket that was placed there and wrap it around himself like a burrito.

Russian Empire walked inside and rubbed his hair from the small droplets of water. "It's raining lightly now. Let's get in the middle of the living room or just anywhere far from the windows and glass doors." He ordered and the rest nodded in agreement.

During the first half an hour of the rain, it was calm and quiet, the

rain tapping gently on the window and created a pleasant atmosphere that sent a wave of relaxation in everyone, even to the bling woman whose ears were sensitive to loud sounds, the rain wasn't bad.

But the next minute, a bright flash lightened the room, followed by a loud booming thunder that shook Austria-Hungary's core and she covered her ears with her hands, flinching and letting out a small whimper due to the ringing in her ears.

"Mutter?"

"Dear?"

"I-I'm okay..." she tried to assure German Empire and Reich, feeling the calloused and scarred hand on German Empire on her cheek and helping her wear the sound cancelling headset, hooking it to his phone and playing a random podcast episode that Austria-Hungary liked to listen to.

Russian Empire moved his mug of coffee in his hand, swishing the drink while reading his book quietly. Prussia put his phone away and let out a groan, looking up at Russian Empire and huffing.

"I'm bored, let's play something?" He suggested yet Russian Empire didn't look at him, his eyes still scanning the pages of his book.

"Yeah! Doesn't Reich have party games in his console? Or we can play some uno cards, or tic tac toe's!" Austrian Empire added brightly, looking up at Russian Empire who made a disgusted face.

"Suit yourselves. I'm not joining.." Russian Empire muttered and looked back at his book, feeling Prussia get off from sitting next to him and going to play with Austrian Empire and Reich.

Soviet sat back and watched, not joining since he wasn't feeling up to playing. He chuckled when Austrian Empire ended up having to team up with a computer player while Reich and Prussia were in a team.

Kingdom Of Hungary saw that and joined her husband in the game, admitting that she is clueless to what she should do but she wants

to be with her husband's team and lose with dignity.

The evening passed on normally with the raging storm outside, as everyone was getting drowsy and exhausted due to not having much to do, they gave up to slumber.

Everyone was asleep tiredly on the couches, or on the floor having the blankets around them for warmth and comfort. Yet one of them was unable to find sleep.

Carefully, the figure untangled himself from the blanket and walked over to the patio door, putting his hand on the freezing window and staring outside at the rain. He reached his hand slowly to unlock the door but a voice stopped him.

"You'll only harm yourself."

"...I just..want to be under the rain for a little."

Frowning, Russian Empire watched the youngest German in the house unlocked the door and slide it carefully open not to wake up anyone, going out and sliding it closed.

Reich lifted his head up and looked at the rain falling on him, already making him soaking wet in less than a minute. The longer Reich stared at the sky, he felt he could see the rain droplets appear in a slow motion. Trickling down his neck and back, making his clothes absorb it and get heavier the more he kept standing out.

Reich loves the rain and he loves the feeling of it tapping on his face, erasing any thought that lingered in the back of him mind and wiping it away into nothingness. He loves the smell of the grass and dirt after it got washed by the rain, the scent of it felt both nostalgic and peaceful.

"How much longer are you going to stand out there? It's storming. You're gonna catch a cold." Russian Empire and Reich looked behind them in surprise when they heard the Russian accent, seeing Soviet and Prussia standing there.

"Get in, kid. Now." Prussia ordered and took off his sweatshirt, helping Reich walk inside the house and taking off his wet shirt.

"You're shaking.." Prussia frowned with displeasure, seeing Soviet go get some fresh clothes for Reich while Russian Empire went to bring a hot drink from the prepared heat storing metal bottles that were filled before the power got turned off.

Soon after, Reich was holding the warm mug of tea using the sleeves of Prussia's sweater that looked oversized on him, and Prussia was drying his hair gently with a towel.

"Are you alright now?" Soviet kneeled before Reich and asked calmly not to wake up the rest who were still asleep. Reich only gave a curt nod and looked down at his steaming mug. "Any reason for why you went out there?"

"I can't help it, the rain eases my mind." Reich took a sip of his drink, licking his lips when he felt pleased by the vanilla taste in his tea.

"But not at the cost of us worrying about you. Last thing we need is for you to be sick." Prussia said and took the towel away, seeing Russian Empire offer him a hairbrush. "Next time use an umbrella, to ease my heart at least." Prussia huffed and started brushing Reich's hair, seeing the small smile on his lips.

Russian Empire put his hand on Reich's shoulder and gave it a firm squeeze. "You want to do something together, ребенок?" He offered, ignoring the faces of Soviet and Prussia that morphed to display utter betrayal.

Reich lifted his head up to look at Russian Empire, smiling a little. "Sure. Anything in mind?"

"How about you paint the rain, if it soothes you?" Russian Empire offered and saw Reich's face brighten up. "Where do you keep your supplies? I'll go get them."

"I'll help." Reich got up after finishing his drink, going upstairs to get his stuff and Russian Empire followed right behind him.

By the time German Empire woke up, he looked around him and saw Austria-Hungary huddled in his arms, Kingdom Of Hungary

and Austrian Empire were asleep in the couch together.

Looking up a little, he saw Soviet and Prussia asleep on the floor, with Soviet lying in his back and his ushanka covering his face. Reich was sitting on the kitchen chair, his canvas stand holding up a painting while he looked out the windows then returned to his work.

Finally, Russian Empire was asleep leaning on the coffee table that was pushed near Reich to hold his painting bottles and brushes.

German Empire didn't move a muscle, watching as his son would lift up the long sleeves of Prussia's sweater away from his hands and then move the brush on the canvas with a professional flow, putting together his masterpiece.

He found himself dozing off again from how calm it was around him, the warmth of Austria-Hungary as well as the rain sound with the distant thunder, Reich painting quietly. It all lulled German Empire to sleep again, bringing Austria-Hungary closely and returning to the calm darkness.

Reich finished his drawing, taking the canvas off the stand and putting it away to dry in another room then came back after he washed his hands.

He looked around him at the sprawled out people, holding a blanket and trying to find his target as to where he can sleep. He walked over to Soviet and pushed him with his leg, making the man groan and turn to his side. Satisfied that a spot was acquired, Reich laid there and looked out the window until sleep captured him peacefully.

———

The next time Reich woke up, he heard soft murmuring near him and cold feel a hand brushing his hair. Not wanting to move or appear awake, he averted his eyes up to see who was next to him, seeing his father smiling while talking with Kingdom Of Hungary quietly.

"Look who's awake~" the face of Austrian Empire was suddenly in Reich's vision, making the German groan and turn his face away from him and burying it in his father's thigh. "Don't try to act asleep, you've been caught."

German Empire swatted Austrian Empire away with his hand, protectively covering Reich with his blanket.

"Do you feel better? Soviet told us you stayed in the rain." Austria-Hungary's voice was like silk, gently and motherly whispering to her son so it would only be both of them to hear it.

Reich looked up and saw that she didn't have neither her flag glasses nor eyepatches, her bluish-grey eyes having genuine worry in them. He gave her hand a squeeze and smiled. "I'm fine, mutter."

"Do you want jam or cheese?" Russian Empire held the plate out for Reich. "It's still raining. Might stay until the next morning." Reich took a jam sandwich, sitting upright and eating it while he listened to Prussia and Austrian Empire bickering about a subject they don't agree on.

True to his words, the storm calmed down its rage by morning, the sun shining through the windows and lighting up the place in a warm glow.

Austrian Empire and German Empire simultaneously lay on the floor, enjoying the sunbath from the warm sun, while Russian Empire and Prussia went out to check on the garden and take off the cover.

Reich collected his art supplies and went to take his canvas from where he put it, seeing it was almost dry and carrying it to the library of the house that was on the ground floor. The library was small, not everyone in the house is a reader, but some enjoyed a book in their hands.

Reich rested the canvas against some of his older ones, closing the door on it.

The canvas showed the backyard garden in a grayish shade, with

little dots of bright blue flowers shining in the darkness around it. Behind the canvas, Reid sighed it as "Forget-Me-Nots".

He hopes that Prussia hasn't seen it yet, for he wishes to make it a gift for him.

_____-

A/N: anyone got any ideas for Prussia and Russian Empire centric chapter? I have the energy to write but no idea is coming up to my mind Dx (or just Russian Empire with any of the boys, please hit me up I'm gonna cry-)

☆-The Owl and The Prey-

Characters: Russian Empire, Germany, Soviet, Prussia and Reich. Small appearances of Austrian Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary.

———————

Germany stood by the gates of the mall, looking around him for the familiar trio stripped flag that consisted of blacks and white, but he didn't see him. Looking down at his watch, he tapped his foot nervously.

It's okay, he thought. I'm just a little early anyway, I can wait a little more.

He lifted his head up and saw a figure approaching him, making his blood run cold and his face get warmer. Instead of the blacks and white, a taller and more built figure with black gold and white was walking towards the shaking German.

"H-h-Herr...Russisches Reich! W-where is..mm..." Germany was like a shaking leaf under the gaze of the Russian Empire, making the old man sigh tiredly and put one of his hands on his hip.

"Your "Urgroßvater" told me to come take his place since something came up, which I don't believe him.." he looked down at the kid who was pulling the skin of his nails out of anxiety, making the Russian frown and carefully pull his hand away. "It's okay if you don't feel comfortable, I can leave."

"N-no!" Germany held his hand so he won't leave, but quickly let go when he saw Russian Empire flinch away from the touch. "I mean..we can go together- I-if you want to! I don't want to force you like Urgroßvater did- I mean—"

Russian Empire blinked his eyes and smiled in amusement. "Take a

deep breath, ребенок.. I'm okay. Where do you want to start?"

Germany looked up and as he saw the gentle smile on Russian Empire's face, he felt himself ease and nod. "The bookstore.."

———————-

~Earlier~

"Oh Russian Empire~ Big Russia! My favorite roomie! Where is he?"

Russian Empire grimaced and put his book over his face. "If he comes here tell him I'm asleep-"

"There's my favorite Empire!" Prussia hovered happily behind where Russian Empire sat in the living room. "You wouldn't say no to my cute face, right?"

"Spit it out..." Russian Empire grumbled lowly, marking his book and tossing it away unenthusiastically. He watched in disgust as Prussia's eye had that familiar mischievous sparkle in them, knowing very well that he'll cause troubles and only that.

"Can you take my place with Germany today? I was going to meet him at the mall to help him buy things for his house but I'm busy taking care of other things. Come on, he's a good boy I promise~" Prussia smirked widely, holding Russian Empire's hand. "Please?"

Russian Empire pulled his hand away from the touch, wiping it on his shirt. "Well, it's not my fault you are bad at arranging your own plans. I'm not going." He deadpanned, not looking up at Prussia who pouted.

"I'll take care of your chores for today and tomorrow~? You know what's your job tomorrow right? Floor wiping. You have to roll the carpets and clean every little spec of dust. But if you take my place today, I'll take care of that chore for you~?" Russian Empire hardened his eyes at Prussia, feeling his mental scale getting heavier due to the offer.

"....fine. But I'm going it for the poor kid." Russian Empire sighed and got off his chair, immediately flying up when he knew Prussia

leaped on him to hug him.

A thud was heard but Prussia grinned up, not caring about his aching forehead from the fall. "Thank you! You're the best, mein freund!"

Russian Empire blinked his eyes, grumbling and tilting his head nervously. "Whatever.." he murmured and walked away, the tips of his wings fluttered because of the compliment.

_____-

~Present~

Russian Empire pulled out a book from one of the shelves, caressing the cover attentively and tracing his finger over the title that had a different texture.

The book had a simple yet capturing design, the title and edges were golden and in the middle was a painting of a castle in the snow.

'Russian Folktales' when was the last time he read those? When he was a child? Or a toddler? He doesn't remember. He opened the book and saw an illustration at the first page showing a mother holding the book and reading it for her child who's on the bed, and it sent a jab of sadness in Russian Empire's heart.

Has he ever read his son any stories to sleep on? Has he ever kissed his cheek and promised him that tomorrow will be a good day? Has he ever held his son's hand and taught him anything a father should?

"Herr Russisches Reich..?" The small worried voice of Germany woke him up from his trance, making Russian Empire looked down at him.

Germany froze when he saw the pained look immediately vanish into a gentle smile. "Are you done, ребенок?" He asked, trying to sound like nothing happened.

"Y-yes..um, do you want to get this book?" Germany pointed at

what is in Russian Empire's hand, but saw him put it back and shake his head.

"No, my basket is filled with enough books for me." He said and shook his basket. "Let's go."

Germany was about to follow him but stopped and stared up at the book that Russian Empire held, taking it out and reading the title.

Russian Empire paid for his book and looked to the other cashier, seeing Germany paying and taking his books to put them in his personal shopping bag.

"What's next?" Russian Empire asked as they both walked out the bookstore and Germany pointed at a sign in the mall that had information about the floor that's specified in home furniture shops.

"I need to buy a new reading lamp, lightbulbs and a new nightstand." Germany brightened up and walked ahead passing by a coffee shop and getting both of them a drink.

"What do you want to drink? It's on me!" Germany smiled at Russian Empire innocently, holding his wallet.

Russian Empire scanned the menu and frowned. "...black coffee.." he answered and Germany frowned. "What is it..?"

"It's hot in the mall. Don't you want something cool? There's a cold brew! It's black coffee but cold!" Germany pointed at the menu. "How about that?"

Intrigued, Russian Empire shrugged a shoulder and gave a little chuckle. "Whatever the little one says.." he told the barista who nodded and began his work.

Germany grinned up at Russian Empire for taking his suggestion and paid after they both got their drinks. Germany noticed Russian Empire's shoulders rising up and his cheeks brightened a little when he tasted the cold drink, taking a bigger sip as they headed to the furniture shop.

He is...he is enjoying it! Germany thought with his heart leaping in

happiness. Russia won't believe this story, ever.

It took them another hour until they were done with everything that Germany needed, walking out to the parking lot and loading Germany's car with the items.

"When will the nightstand arrive?" Russian Empire asked gently as he saw Germany close the back door with a smile.

"Oh! Tomorrow morning they'll deliver it!" He stood upright and looked at Russian Empire with pure happiness in his eyes. "I can't thank you enough for helping me today, Herr Russisches Reich. I'm sorry for the inconvenience Urgroßvater caused you." Germany pouted and tugged at his wing. "I hope you enjoyed your evening.."

Russian Empire smiled warmly and put his hand on germany's hair, giving it a gentle ruffle. "I had fun, really." He saw the kid blush and nod his head eagerly.

"Do you want me to drive you home?" Germany offered and Russian Empire shook his head, waving his hand and about to leave.

But a hand held his to stop him. "Wait!"

Looking back, he saw Germany looking nervous and immediately let go of him. "Ah- I-I'm sorry for holding your hand! I know you hate it—"

"What did you need?" Russian Empire asked calmly and gently, hoping the kid will calm down from his panic.

Germany looked at him and rubbed his shoulder. "Mm..I-i wanted to give you this.." he took out a book from his shopping bag. "I saw you staring at it longingly.." he handed out the book with the familiar golden title. "Please accept this gift from me.."

Russian Empire felt his eye burn him and his heart ache the more he saw the book. "Why..."

"...I know things were bad back then, I'm no longer a naive child. But you're trying to fix it...right? T-this..this book might..help you both."

Both.

Russian Empire took the book carefully and looked at Germany who was holding his shirt where his heart was racing, his ears were ringing from his panic and he felt the world spinning. He fears the worst reaction to come from Russian Empire. What if he angered him, or worse, ruined their bond?

Russian Empire stared down at the book in his hand, clutching it tightly and lowering his head. "But I'm late." He blurted out sadly, the sadness returning in his eyes. "I don't deserve to mend for what I broke."

"You do." The anxiety in Germany faded immediately. "You are his vater, no matter how many years go, you'll always be his vater. And you choose whether to change or to give up in the bond of your mistakes." Germany spoke with determination, having great faith in his eyes. "And I know you Russians are as stubborn as us Germans." He held his arm and gave it a squeeze.

"Herr Russisches Reich, you are deserving of change."

———————-

Russian Empire walked into the house, getting greeted by Reich who curiously asked to take the book bag to see what he bought, followed by Austrian Empire.

He simply handed them the bag and watched them both go sit on the floor of the living room, checking out the books and Kingdom Of Hungary joined them.

"Had fun out there~?" The voice of Prussia came from behind him, accompanied by a small chuckle from Soviet.

"Actually." Russian Empire started and smiled. "The kid was so fun to be with, he even got me a drink and we chatted here and there. I'm glad I took your place. Maybe even I'll become his favorite." He smirked and Prussia felt a vein about to pop.

"Don't get your head too high..." Prussia hissed with clinched teeth, leaving Russian Empire with Soviet and joining the others in the

living room.

Russian Empire and Soviet shared eye contact then looked away. Russian Empire looked at the book and held it tightly, speaking up in a low voice.

"Soviet.." he started, his eye darting everywhere but at his son. "Do you wish..to join me tonight when I read this book..?" He asked and reveled the book to Soviet, whose eye widened.

He took the book in his hands and felt a sour taste in his heart. He longed to have these moments as a child, but he never got them..

"I'm sorry." Russian Empire said and looked at Soviet's pained eye. "I..I know I...did too much. I still think that I don't deserve your forgiveness...but I'm.." Russian Empire took a shaky breath and felt his panic rising.

But it faded when Soviet held his shoulder. "I'll join you, отец."

It was early in the morning, Prussia walked into the library silently, seeing the sight before him with a warm smile.

Sharing the reading couch together, Soviet had his head resting on Russian Empire's chest with a little drool. On the other side, Russian Empire had his wings around both of them and his hand on Soviet's shoulder with care while he let his head rest on Soviet's hair.

Prussia leaned on the door frame and saw a red figure stand next to him, admiring the scene of the vulnerability the two countries showed in their sleep, due to their eyepatches being discarded away.

"That's a progress." Reich whispered with a genuine smile, his eyes on Soviet. "That's a childhood wish off the list, I say." He looked up at Prussia, being taken back when he saw an emotional twinkle in his eye.

"Let's leave them." Prussia said and that twinkle was gone, replaced with a fatherly smile and they both left.

Soviet stirred in his sleep a little, burying his face in his father's

chest where he rested on, feeling him arm tightly bringing him closer.

He opened his eye tiredly, seeing that he was in his father's hug and that made him smile genuinely, letting his eyelids grow heavier and he returned back to sleep.

☆-Gardening-

Characters: Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, Prussia, Kingdom Of Hungary , German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Reich and Soviet

———————————

Kingdom Of Hungary flipped the pan, making the omelette in a half circle and cut it with a knife, putting each half on a plate. Next to her was Austrian Empire who flipped the mini pancakes and put them in the plates that had the cooked eggs, serving it on the table until the rest arrived.

"Good morning."

"доброе утро.."

"Halo!! I smell pancakes!" Reich hovered behind Soviet who was walking slowly from how sleepy he is.

"Yes! Come in!" Kingdom Of Hungary smiled and held two eggs. "Russian Empire, you wish to have only omelette, right?"

"One egg, please."

"You need to eat." Reich sat next to him, making Soviet huff and go sit on Reich's other side, since the other seat next ti Russian Empire was taken by Prussia who just came in.

"I eat as much as my appetite can handle."

"Which isn't a lot." Prussia yawned and rubbed his face, pulling a feather out of his messy hair. "Ugh...I need to groom them..."

German Empire saw everyone in the dinning room and helped his wife take her seat, then he went to help both cooks.

Russian Empire was the first to get off the table, taking his mug of coffee and leaving the room to go sit in the living room with his book.

Passing by the patio door, he froze when he saw the sight before him and put his items away, going out and taking a closer inspection at the small flower corner they have.

"Russ~ what are you doing!" Prussia was flying over his kneeling friend who was brushing away the soil. "Russ-" he stopped when he noticed the plants looking more dead and ruined, having bites around their petals. Their stem and roots twisted and dead already.

"What happened?!" Prussia asked in exasperation, gently caressing his blue flowers and pouting. "Their blooming days were nearly over anyway..but I don't understand...Austrian Empire!"

"I'm here I'm here!" Austrian Empire rushed to the two, gasping at the sight of the ruined plants. "What?! Who did it!?"

"Insects." Russian Empire held one in his fingers and crushed it. "We need to renew this place and plant newer plants."

"This'll take all day!" Austrian Empire and Prussia looked at Russian Empire who got up and dusted his hands. "What shall we do?"

"You, me, Prussia and the two kids will dig the plants out as well as get the old soil out since we need a newer one that's nutritious. Kingdom Of Hungary, German Empire, Austria-Hungary will go shop for newer plants and compost." Russian Empire laid out the plan and looked at the two. "What are we waiting for? Let's get ready and do it."

Reich held the mini shovel and started digging around the plants, Soviet helping him pull them out and throwing them in the green trash bag that has a 'natural waste' signed on it.

Prussia pulled out the last 'Forget-me-nots' and held it in his hands, giving it a sad smile and planning to newly plant them again, tossing it in the trash that was between him and Russian Empire.

"The poor chamomile..." Austrian Empire held them sadly in his

hands. "My dear wanted to plant them for her herbal drinks.." he pouted sadly and looked at Russian Empire with shimmering eyes.

"Don't be sad, Austry. We shall renew this spot and plant newer chamomile." He said and tossed some dead plants in the trash. "Don't worry." He gave Austrian Empire a little smile and flinched when Prussia came between them.

"What about my own ones! Comfort me!" Prussia huffed while holding the dead flowers.

Russian Empire blinked his eyes and rolled them. "I don't want to."

"Why you-" Prussia tossed the flowers on Russian Empire, going back to digging the dirt and pulling out the other dead flowers.

Austrian Empire looked at Russian Empire and both shared a small muted chuckle, seeing their friend become grumpy and bitter.

"No! Get it away from me!"

"Aw, it's just a little worm! Remember when I held one for you back in the days? You always hated them~"

"Soviet, you get that thing away or I'm hitting you with the shovel!"

The three adults watched with amusement, taking it as a break to watch the two argue and throw first at each other. But the fun was cut short when Russian Empire ordered them to return back to work.

———————

German Empire and Kingdom Of Hungary stood by the pots of plants, with the older country talking to the worker about the plants they wanted.

Austria-Hungary let go of the cart and moved her white cane to guide her. Her stick hit some bags and she turned her head to where German Empire lastly stood. "Are those the compost bags?"

"Yes. But this company isn't the best. That's what your mother says."

He put his hand on her shoulder. "She's a professional."

"She loves plants a lot, that's why." Austria-Hungary chuckled and let German Empire lead her back to the cart.

Soon the cart was filled with carnations, lavender and other herbal plants. "Alright. Now that's down with, let's go get the other things- aw look! It's a little water fountain...we can get it to befriend the lonely plants!"

"No mutter..." both Austria-Hungary and German Empire spoke, with the latter pulling the woman away. "No need for a mini water fountain. Let's go."

The trip to the store was over quickly, having gotten their necessities and are heading back home.

Kingdom Of Hungary got out of the car and carried some bags, letting the other two carry the rest and instead of entering by the front door, the three went to the back door and Reich saw them.

"They're back! Right as we finished taking out everything!" He grinned and opened the door for them, letting them get inside and watched as Kingdom Of Hungary clapped her hands.

"Perfect! You have done your job well!" She smiled and rolled her sleeves. "Let's get this place refurbished." She grinned and blushed when she saw Austrian Empire admire her, looking smitten.

German Empire felt a tug in his sleeve and saw Austria-Hungary shaking in excitement. "C-can I help too? I know I'm useless but-"

"You're not useless, my dearest. I shall help you." German Empire gave her hand a gentle squeeze and went with her to help the others.

Prussia held the pot of lavender and was about to bring it to Russian Empire, but the flower tickled his nose and he gasped, letting out a loud sneeze.

"Cover your mouth!" Austrian Empire and Soviet shouted while Prussia looked down at his empty hands.

"Wait. Where's-"

"I took it. Last thing we need is germs on our new plants." Russian Empire said while holding the pot delicately, seeing Prussia stick his tongue out at him and cross his arms.

"Mr Prussia, where do I put this?" Prussia turned when Soviet spoke to him and he brightened up, walking with him to where they will plant it.

"Big bear-"

"Don't call me that."

Reich huffed up at Russian Empire. "Humph...can I work with you? I want to make vater jealous that I'm binding with you."

Russian Empire was about to decline the idea, but he enjoyed teasing the young German Empire. So he shrugged and went to work, with Reich right behind him.

Russian Empire was helping Austrian Empire and Reich put the plant in the hole, with the two pushing the soil towards it to secure it. He looked behind him when he saw Prussia and Soviet sharing loud laughs together, growing deeply and digging another hole in the ground for the next pot.

Austrian Empire and Reich looked at Russian Empire whose lips were forward in a small pout, his wings shaking in a little display of discomfort the louder Prussia and Soviet laughed together.

Austrian Empire looked up at Reich and they both couldn't hold it back, laughing their hearts out and holding their stomach.

"What is going on there.." German Empire looked over at the two, seeing Russian Empire confused and looking around him for an explanation.

"Y-y-you're jealous! Haha!" Reich laughed and hit the ground, gasping to take a breath. "Oh please it's so funny..."

"I've never seen him display that! Pruss come and see! Russian

Empire is jealous of you!" Austrian Empire wheezed, making Prussia quickly get up and rush to the scene.

"Jealous of me? Wait-" Prussia smirked and put his arm around Soviet who also came. "Awe, big Russia is jealous that me and Soviet are **so** close~?"

Russian Empire went rigid in his place and opened his mouth to talk, his face slightly red but he's discarding it as the hot sun. "No I'm not! It's childish to feel such feeling of jealousy over that!"

"He's in denial..." German Empire whispered and got a glare from Russian Empire. "Sorry, it's only what I'm seeing."

Soviet looked at his father and then the others, sighing and pushing Austrian Empire and Reich towards Prussia. "Let's just switch places okay? That way things are quieter." He said and went to his father, hearing the small snickering behind his back, yet they quieted down when Kingdom Of Hungary gave them 'the' mother stare.

Russian Empire looked away from his son, feeling his racing heart suddenly calm down and his shaking hands were calmer. He doesn't understand why, but hearing Soviet laugh loudly with Prussia pained him and also angered him.

He wants to be in that place too, he's okay with Soviet sharing laughs with the others..but he wants to have a turn too.

Wait, is it really just jealousy? That's...utterly ridiculous and childish!

"Sorry..." Russian Empire murmured softly and stopped digging the hole. "That was stupid."

"I find it heartwarming, actually." Soviet laughed and rubbed the back of his neck. "I never thought I'd see the day where my father is jealous that I'm bonding with someone else than him..but we need to take our steps slowly.." Soviet looked up at his father, seeing his screaming eyes.

"I know...I'm sorry..I was unprofessional.." Russian Empire sighed and blushed. "That was embarrassing..."

Soviet laughed warmly and put the white carnation in the hole they dug. "We'll reach there, I know it. One day you'll talk to me and laugh with me the way Prussia just did." Soviet patted the soil around the plant.

Russian Empire looked at the flower that danced with the wind and then over at his son, smiling sadly. "Yeah.."

Kingdom Of Hungary pulled both German Empire and Austrian Empire to her, whispering to them. "That's a white carnation..."

"Yeah? What's with it?" Prussia came to the group with a curious look, Austria-Hungary listening as well as she came next to her mother.

"It means pure love, innocence and new beginnings...it fits these two right now.." she smiled and held her heart. "Hopefully one day...I'll see Soviet and Russian Empire planting white tulips.." she leaned on Austrian Empire and looked at the two who still shared a small smile and a little talk.

White tulips: forgiveness, respect, purity and honor.

☆-Housemates: The Bio!-

A/N: today's chapter is simple and straightforward. A bio of the housemates and a little information to get to know them! I hope you enjoy it ^^

Also , mental age = the age of their act and mind, not their ACTUAL age x))

———————————

Russian Empire
Nicknames:
>Russ, Russia (if Russia isn't in the chapter-at their house), Big Russia(Prussia and Austrian Empire), Herr Russisches Reich (only Germany uses it), дед (Russia and his sisters), отец (Soviet)

Mental age / gender / height:
>56 - male - 198 cm

Talent / hobby:
>sewing (not a professional, but has a good knowledge to fix your shirt) - he can pass cook with a 'B' grade

Phobia / mental illness:
>Emetophobia
>Self hatred - slight depression

Interests:
> reading and collecting for the house library
> baking in his free time
> being etiquette in his lifestyle

Dislikes:
> Prussia (teasingly)
> physical touch

> his past
> himself
> loud shoutings

Flower:
> yellow carnations..
Description:
If you wish to gift someone a carnation, then the yellow ones you must avoid.
The symbols behind this colored carnations are: rejection, disdain, disappointment and sadness. They can also be given to people whom you dislike.
It represents how Russian Empire feels about himself.

Prussia
Nicknames:
Pruss, Preußen, Urgroßvater, opa, vater (last three are used by his descendants)

Mental age / gender / height:
52 - male - 190cm

Talent / hobby:
> solving problems, tactical thinking skills. He is a mediocre cook

Phobia / mental illness:
> losing loved ones - losing control of himself during a transformation or during an anger episode
> bipolar disorder (can have drastic shifts in his mood)

Interests:
> sword fight, he loves showing off his swordsmanship to anyone who wishes to fight him
> stargazing
> morning walks

Dislikes:
> Napoleonic France
> the French in total
> UN
> literally anyone who dares bully the housemates is on the bad

list of Prussia

Flower:
> Amaryllis..
Description:
Pride, strength and determination. It's a Greek name that's means "to sparkle"
No matter what he goes through, he will do everything to keep his pride and strength known.

Austrian Empire
Nicknames:
Austry, dear, szerelmem (my love), apa (father, Austria-Hungary uses it and sometimes German Empire)

Mental age / gender / height:
47 - male - 187cm

Talent / hobby:
> a great cook
> helping in housework or gardening
> singing and humming to himself

Phobia / mental illness:
> fear of Prussia when he's angry or fully transformed
> Coulrophobia: Fear of clowns

Interests:
> sword fighting
> cooking
> grocery shopping

Dislikes:
> Napoleonic France
> fights between the housemates (he feels it's his responsibility to fix it)
> riding planes

Flower:
Buttercups
Description:

They mean childishness, joy, friendship, general happiness and simplicity. It matches the current character that Austrian Empire has become, simple and loving of life and finding new things

Kingdom Of Hungary
Nicknames:
My love, Anya (mother: Austria-Hungary and German Empire use that), Miss Hungary (by the others)

Mental age / gender / height:
44 - female - 179cm

Talent / hobby:
> cooking
> gardening
> researching favorite topics

Phobia / mental illness:
> fear of war
> slight Claustrophobia: Fear of confined spaces

Interests:
> watching movies
> collecting antique items

Dislikes:
> outside threat that could harm the family
> arguing / fights
> sweet foods

Flower:
>Lavender..
Description:
They mean silence, purity, grace, serenity and calmness. It matches will with the motherly character of Kingdom Of Hungary.

Reich
Nicknames:
Reichy, mein sohn (German Empire uses it), Vati, vater (last two by Germany)

Mental age / gender / height:
33 - male - 166cm

Talent / hobby:
> tinkering with machines and devices
> painting
> strategic thinking
> using a gun - a dagger

Phobia / mental illness:
> Necrophobia: Fear of death or dead things aquaphobia: fear of water
> fear of his past catching up to him and to not be forgiven
> Bipolar Disorder (used to have APD when the start of ww2 and when he changed from Weimar to Reich, but healed from it when he lost the war and go prisoned)

Interests:
> flying and soaring in the sky alone or with Germany
> cliche movies
> throwing jokes with Austrian Empire
> gaming

Dislikes:
> his past
> America and Britain
> UN

Flower:
> Purple hyacinth..
Description:
> they symbolize sadness and regret, they can also mean asking for forgiveness. Reich still wishes to mend for his past and to redeem himself

German Empire
Nicknames:
Vater (Reich), mein sohn (Prussia) my love (Austria-Hungary)

Mental age / gender / height:
40 - male - 197cm

Talent / hobby:
> sword fighting
> using a gun
> physical strength

Phobia / mental illness:
> fear of losing his family
> he fears his own anger

Interests:
> doing chores with Austria-Hungary
> having evening tea with Kingdom Of Hungary
> physical training with Prussia
> being near Austria-Hungary

Dislikes:
> Serbia
> Russian Empire
> losing
> crowded places
> the guilt that he cause Weimar's pain

Flower:
> red Chrysanthemums
Description:
"I love you" that's what they mean. Love and passion. It is what his heart is filled with as he lives with Austria-Hungary. It's the only phrase that goes through his mind whenever he sees her. He truly loves her and fought to have her beside him.

Austria-Hungary
Nicknames:
Austro (short of her name, everyone uses it) my dearest, my dear, my love (German Empire), mutter (Reich), Oma (Germany)

Mental age / gender / height:
38 - female - 173cm

Talent / hobby:
> being empathetic and having a hold on her emotions
> she LOVES sewing and knitting, it's hard due to her eyesight but

she has a lot of help learning and perfecting it
> she makes mittens, scarves, ear muffs and beanies for everyone in the house each winter

Phobia / mental illness:
> fear of loud noises
> fear of being exposed to danger without anyone near her
> being useless and unhelpful
> she suffers a bit of PTSD

Interests:
> arts
> podcasts
> the sea
> shopping

Dislikes:
> Serbia
> wwi and her enemies (she has mended things with Russian Empire, and mended it with Britain because he's friends with German Empire)
> the guilt that she is responsible to Weimar's pain

Flower:
> heliotrope..
Description:
Eternal love and devotion. No matter what happens she'll always stay by German Empire's side and will always love him and her family. She shows her pure and honest love to them.

Soviet
Nicknames:
Sovi (he hates it because it makes him embarrassed), Herr Sowjet (Germany), отец (Russia), папа (Ukraine and Belarus)

Mental age / gender / height:
37 - male - 195cm

Talent / hobby:
> physical fighting
> using a gun - sniper - any weapon but a sword (he has bad

memories of using a sword. Feels it makes him like his father back then)

Phobia / mental illness:
> PTSD
> trauma from the revolution and thinking he truly killed his father
> growing up to hurt his kids like Russian Empire did to him

Interests:
> coffee with milk
> calm afternoons
> repairing cars and big machineries like tanks
> thunderstorms

Dislikes:
> America (as much as Ame takes care of Russia, he still tries to hate him)
> the 'betrayal' and fearing it might happen again, even when he is sure and trusting of Reich
> his past with his father
> Finland (he's trying he's trying to mend things-)

Flower:
> pale red carnation..
Description:
> "my heart aches for you"
His heart aches for his childhood that was wiped away from his due to the abuse. His heart aches for the friendship he and Reich used to have but was wiped away because of the war. He longs for the time where there was an alliance he and America had first a short time, where it felt like the world was healing.
He longs for the good days he had. But he's hopeful for a better future. He will heal, and he'll reclaim his lost friendship and family bonds.

☆-Night Terrors-

Characters: German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Russian Empire, Prussia, Austrian Empire, (Kingdom Of Hungary, Reich and Soviet have a mini appearance)

This is an old writing that I refurbished and now it gets to be published! Next chapter will be French family centric and after that...

oh I have some inspiration for the few coming chapters.
Long story short: angst >:]

Austria-Hungary felt a sudden jolt next to her on the bed that was very quick, followed by a gasp and rapid breatheing.

"Shh.." she immediately started comforting the Empire next to her, knowing what was happening.

It's not new to both of them. "I'm here, my love...it was just a dream.."

His voice was hoarse and weak when he called her name, reaching his shaking arms out towards her and touching her face to be sure she's real, then immediately brought her in a tight hug. Austria-Hungary felt German Empire's hands clutch her back tightly and pull at her pajama shirt, his breathing quick and panicky.

"It's not your fault." She assured quietly as his hold kept tightening painfully, but she ignored the pain for the sake of comforting her husband. "I'm alive...I'm right here with you, Kaiserreich."

"It is my fault...it has always been my fault and you know it.."

The quiver and hatred in his voice broke her heart as she buried

herself in his arms, rubbing his back gently and lovingly began to stroke his wings.

Tiredly, Austria-Hungary fell asleep in his arms without realizing herself while German Empire kept his hold on her, his chin resting on her head as he apologized in a whisper for waking her up from her sleep.

Every time German Empire closed his eyes he saw the battlefield, the smoke flying around him and in the distance was the slack body of Austria-Hungary on the ground, dangerously motionless.

And when he'd run to her he'll see her hazy pale eyes staring into the distance and her barely rising chest, looking very dead.

So he kept his eyes open all morning and held her until the next time she woke up and they both joined the others.

———

"You don't seem yourself." Russian Empire spoke after he cleaned his cup and put it in the rack. "Want to let it out?"

German Empire didn't answer immediately, staring down at his barely touched food and letting out a long sigh. "We're not that close." He finally spoke, sounding fatigued.

"I'm not asking you to vent to me. Just use your sword." Russian Empire took a quick glimpse at the untouched plate then lifted his eye up to look at him, elegantly clasping his hands behind his back. "I'll fight you, just as I do with your father when he needs to let some steam out."

Looking up at Russian Empire, he rubbed his temple and pushed his plate away. It was useless to attempt eating.

Both German Empire and Russian Empire stood in the back yard of the house, their swords in hand and their stance showed that they were mentally prepared to fight.

In the distance, Prussia and Austrian Empire stood ready to intervene if they must. "How bad do you think it'll go?" Austrian

Empire asked with worry lacing his voice, while Prussia stared silently.

"Very bad." Prussia muttered after a minute when he saw German Empire make the first move and throw a strong hit while Russian Empire shielded himself and pushed German Empire away easily.

German Empire wasn't favoring of making the first move always. He likes to read his opponent then move with the flow of his own attacks. But to make a first move this quick, only meant that his son wasn't in the right place today.

"You're going back there for no reason." Russian Empire taunted, taking a quick step and hitting German Empire's sword, making it shake in the German's grip; which was very unusual to the German. "It was years ago, another World War broke and you're still stuck in the first one? I didn't know you were this sentimental."

German Empire clinched his teeth in anger and threw a heavy swing at Russian Empire's sword. "Don't talk to me about that like you understand me."

"So it's true? You still carry the blame of the war? Aw..How moving." Russian Empire spoke with no emotion in his face nor eyes, seeing German Empire glare at him and attack again and again.

And again. Repeatedly hitting him. Blinded with his pain and frustration.

"It's not the blame of the war." Prussia spat angrily to Austrian Empire while watching the fight. "It's about Austria-Hungary." Prussia heaved a sigh, noticing Austrian Empire freezing in his spot while looking at him then turning over the fight.

"And...Does Russ know that..?"

"Yes. But he wants German Empire to say it. That bastard.." Prussia growled and crossed his arms over his chest, staring at his son who looked to be in another place.

Russian Empire saw the sword fly next to his cheek, stopping there

after a small cut was made. German Empire didn't speak and pulled his sword back then swung it, clashing it with Russian Empire's.

The fight stayed for a bit longer, sparks flying around the two Empires each time they fought. But it got worse as Prussia predicted. The two fighters stood panting, each one of them waiting the other to slip into a mistake.

Russian Empire opened his wings wide and boosted himself forward to German Empire and with two fully powered swings, he made German Empire lose his sword and fly in the air.

Prussia took a step to announce that the fight was over but saw Russian Empire turn defensive and German Empire's wings shivered as they grew in size slightly.

"Prussia, he's-"

"German Empire!-" before Prussia could yell at his son to stop, German Empire went forward with his clawed hand to attack Russian Empire, only to be blocked by his sword.

Russian Empire winced as he tried to push German Empire back, yet the half transformed Empire was on full rage, slowly tightening his hold on the blade of the sword and almost cracking it.

German Empire was about to let his tentacles out to assist his attack, but he got pulled away by Prussia, seeing Russian Empire being held back by Austrian Empire.

"Enough." Prussia glared at the two then looked at his son. "As I let you go, you'll turn back to normal. Got it?"

German Empire didn't talk as he waited to be let go, quickly returning to his country state and letting out a small apology to the surrounding group for losing his temper.

He lowered his head down and put his hand on his face in regret as the flashbacks of that day still kept replaying in his mind. "It...it's all my fault. What happened to Austria-Hungary." The trio turned over to him when they heard his voice heavily filled with agony. "I still

see her motionless body..I thought she was dead..that I lost her forever."

Austrian Empire's lips quivered, looking at German Empire with pain evident in his eyes. "German Empire..."

Prussia eyed his son then looked over at his Russian friend who put his sword in its belt, walking over to him. "It's all my fault. If only I...arrived there earlier..then maybe..." German Empire felt his shoulders start shaking the more he felt regret eating at him. "She's in a condition that can't get better...and it's all on me." He said and looked at Russian Empire when he felt his hand on his shoulder, a small squeeze given to him and his eye showed sympathy, knowing his pain.

"It's not your fault!"

Everyone turned around at the shout and saw Austria-Hungary standing by the patio door, next to her was Kingdom Of Hungary who was trying to calm her daughter but it was to no avail. "Stop blaming yourself-"

"Dear-"

"Let me finish." She demanded and stomped down the two steps connected to the patio feeling her father's hands hold hers and carefully help her walk towards them. "I said it, and I'll say it a million times more. It's not your fault."

"But I-"

"Don't. You had your things to take care of, your country and our son were in a critical state, if you came to me before our Weimar, then you better know that I wouldn't have forgiven you." She said and held his shaking hand with her own shaking one. "Listen to me when I tell you, you didn't throw the smoke grenade that separated me from my soldiers. You didn't attack me or give me the head trauma that caused me to lose my sight. And you didn't leave me to die. You came right on time. And here I am, alive and breathing." With her free hand, she took German Empire's hand and put it on her heart. "I'm alive, and this proves it.." she tightened her grip on

his hand, letting him feel her heartbeat.

German Empire squeezed her hand tightly and closed his eyes when he felt them burn. He opened his mouth to speak but no words came out of it, so he shut it and hugged Austria-Hungary tightly, putting his wings around the two of them.

"I cherish you.."

"I love you too.." she whispered with a sad smile, clinging to him.

Prussia turned and walked inside the house, making both Russian Empire and Austrian Empire follow him to let the two have their privacy.

———

German Empire looked at his wife from his spot on the couch, watching as she was unbraiding her own hair while listening to Reich and Soviet chatting.

"And how long will you be staying there?"

"A week. Kid is down with the flu and is still insisting to work. Koi told me the story that he heard from Italy."

"What are you, his bodyguard?" Soviet joked while throwing a walnut in his mouth, tossing one into Reich's mouth who was playing his game on the television.

"Hey now. We need our resources about our kids. You have America to update you about your son, no?"

"No." Soviet gagged and looked at the empty bag sadly. "You had the last one..I hate you." He saw Reich smirking and giving a toothy grin.

"There's another bag, Soviet." Austria-Hungary smiled from her spot and Soviet excused himself to go get it, leaving Reich, German Empire and Austria-Hungary alone for a minute.

Reich looked at his parents and noticed that they looked

comfortably cuddled on the couch, with German Empire running his hand through Austria-Hungary's hair and untangling it with immense care.

Reich looked back at his game, smiling in assurance when he heard their hushed chatting.

"Did I pull a hair, liebling?"

"No..."

German Empire twirled a hair and lowered himself to smell it, chuckling when he saw Austria-Hungary blush profusely. "Stop it—just..can you do my hair? I want you to put it up." She stammered shyly and heard German Empire hum in delight.

"Your wish is my command.."

☆-Bloodline Hatred-

Characters: Napoleonic France, France, Kingdom of France, Britain, England, Scotland and Canada.
Small appearance of Russian Empire, Sweden, Prussia and Austrian Empire.

A/N: I'm so happy I managed to finish it in one day! Enjoy it, especially you Napoleonic France fans >:)

———————-

Cheering. All that he can hear now is the loud cheering as he dragged the last person to be put under the sharp blade of the merciless guillotine from her hair.

He could feel her squirming and screaming, kicking her legs to be let go, to be forgiven and to be given a chance to change for the better. But it was too late for her, she knows.

"My people! Bare witness! The end of the tyranny is now!" He lifted his hand up and made everyone look at the pathetically screaming woman, her face full of her river like tears.

Her eyes looked at everyone who was under her rule, waving their arms in triumph and raising the new flag of the French people. The tricolored flay of red, white and navy blue.

Her end is now. She can do nothing but watch helplessly as she gets her body and neck secured in the guillotine by Napoleonic France.

Her brother.

She lifted her head up and her eyes met those of France's, seeing the pain and conflict there in her daughter's eyes. But she didn't blame her, she was a bad queen. She put herself before her people and

now she's getting the punishment for that. No mercy in sight.

"P-please uncle...think about it-" France spoke weakly to Napoleonic France, reaching her hand out to his arm only to get a harsh slap from him.

France fell on the floor and held her burning cheek, looking up in shock at Napoleonic France. "U-uncle-"

"You dare oppose to what me and the people want? France. Listen here." He held her cheeks and brought her face closer to him. "If you dare stand against my orders again, I'll have your head off your body." He pushed her back and planted his foot on her chest. "You understand?"

France gulped and whimpered, nodding her head and took a gasp of breath when he lifted his foot, turning towards Kingdom of France and grinning.

"Pull it over her!" Napoleonic France shouted maniacally, laughing as he saw the bloody sharp blade slide down in her.

Blood splattered everywhere. Kingdom of France thought that she's dead. The voices vanished and the only thing she felt was the warm blood dripping from her neck.

To her luck: the blade didn't cut her neck fully.

The blade was stuck there in her neck, having only cut half of it while the neck still weakly and pathetically clung to her body[OBJ], not letting her have a merciful death. A last moment of torment yet again.

She felt her body burn with so much pain, the blood not stopping its flow as the basket under her was filled with her own blood. She gave up, letting her eyes close and everything went black.

"Your highness, do you want us to pull the blade on her again?" A soldier spoke to Napoleonic France who looked down at his sister in disgust, seeing her body unmoving and drowned in her blood.

The elegant white dress was red from the cut. "No need to. She

looks as dead as her generals. Get rid of her body, now. The new rule has started!"

.....

How funny...

Her eyes looked up at the sky weakly, her body limp and sprawled from how she was thrown in the woods, her head still clinging stubbornly to her body even after removing the blade and tossing her harshly, as if wanting to let her have the last moment of her life alive and in pain.

It hurts. She wants to get her head off her body and end all connections of her vines and nerves, to make her brain let go of the agony she's in and for her heart to just stop bumping blood.

Yet she is alive.

She let her tears fall, unable to talk or move a finger. She saw a shadow..

A blurred figure of a feminine country-human, having the color blue and white, came to her, looking horrified while talking to someone behind her.

"Shh, it's okay...we got you now. You'll survive...you're safe."

No. She doesn't want to survive. She doesn't want to be safe anymore.

She wasn't to be buried under the ground and free of this world and her own life choices.

.....

It was dark in the new country, the country of Napoleonic France. France was outside in the dark city's capital, looking up at the podium that held the execution just this morning.

She felt her throat tighten up and her knees become jelly, falling down and covering her face as she cried her heart out.

"Pourquoi, maman ? pourquoi as-tu laissé aller jusqu'ici!" France held her heart and allowed her emotions to get out of control after trying to maintain them in place or else her uncle would severely punish her.

———————

Napoleonic France walked into the meeting room to meet the other countries and empire of Europe, proudly showing a twisted and corrupted smile as he took his seat before Britain's.

"Napoleonic France. Explain yourself. What did you do." Russian Empire slammed the table and glared at him. "Do you know what you just did?! You ended a monarchy by doing a revolutionary move!"

"While being near us, monarchies too! Are you ridiculous?!" Sweden stood up and crossed his arms. "What do you have to say about it?"

Prussia and Austrian Empire both stared silently at Napoleonic France who still coldly sat in his chair, looking at his nails while having a leg over the other.

"Tch.." he clicked his tongue and looked up uninterested, seeing every monarchy state at him with fiery eyes. "Do I sense...fear?"

Everyone's blood ran cold.

Prussia was about to pull his sword out but Britain's swift move to stop him saved everyone from having to have a bloodshed fight here.

"Napoleonic France, speak for your own defense."

Smirking, Napoleonic France started laughing, his eyes showing nothing but insanity in them. Fear left the atmosphere and was changed into pure terror that captured their heart.

"Then I shall declare a war! I will beat you all! Europe will be a ring in my finger!"

Napoleonic France has lost it.

And it was only the start of the roughest battles in Europe just to take him down.

_____-

-preset day..the house of England and Scotland..-

Kingdom of France opened her eyes slowly, her eyelashes fluttering from the sun rays hitting her face in the early morning. Turning her head carefully, she stared towards the window of her room and saw Scotland opening her curtains.

"Kofi! Ye woke up." The woman smiled happily and came to her friend. "How are ye this morning, lass? Forgive me if I get a lil blether today, I'm just excited to see me son and daughter in law." Scotland helped Kingdom of France sit upright and help her get into her wheelchair.

After the events of that time, it was Scotland and England who found her body and helped her be hidden from the world and get medical care for her neck to be stitched back. But it didn't come without a price.

Kingdom of France is paralyzed from her waist all the way down to her toes.

"I'll get ye to shower and then I'll do yer hair. Okay? How do ye want it? Up? Or straight?" Scotland saw Kingdom of France nod her head at the second option and she obliged to that.

Scotland carefully placed the towel over Kingdom of France's hair, moving her hands in a circular motion to dry her hair while giving out a soft hum.

"She called, she almost here." England stood by the door of Kingdom of France's room, smiling when he saw that Scotland was almost done drying the hair.

"Thanks! A loue ye!" She smiled at her husband who rolled his eyes with a little blush, leaving the two women alone.

Kingdom of France was done and prepared to see her family, feeling

Scotland push her chair to the living room and bark it, making sure the breaks were on.

"Bonjour maman!"

"Bonjour grand-mère, Ça va?"

Kingdom of France looked up in little surprise at hearing her eldest grandson's voice. Canada walked towards her and put his hands on her thin ones.

"Grand-mère...I missed you.." he put something in her hands and gently caressed her hair in a sign of affection. "I got you some Madeleines."

"Nada! How sweet of you! And just when I was done making tea." Scotland came brightly to her grandson and friend, putting the trey down and sitting close to England.

"Hello mother, father..how are you all doing?" Britain asked, putting his can on his lap, looking a bit distraught but keeping a smile.

"We are fine, Sonny." England frowned when he felt something wrong, squeezing Scotland's hand. "Why don't we go outside a little bit, eh? It's been a while anyway."

"Sure.." Britain nodded to France and left with his father to talk more privately.

Kingdom of France brought the cake up to her mouth, taking a small bite and looking down at the crumbles that fell on her lap.

Chewing on the baked sweet, she couldn't help feeling a small sense of nostalgia and sadness wash over her heart as eating her favorite dessert.

"Mm, they are so good.." Scotland melted and held her cheek in delight.

"I remember maman would always eat them with me..." France smiled at her mother sweetly and reached out her finger to wipe her lips. "Do you like them? Canada made us go all the way to the

seaside stores just to find a specific bakery that makes the best Madeleines." France laughed when her son blushed deeply and lowered his head.

Kingdom of France didn't know what to feel. Should she be happy? Sad? Pained? Hopeless of finding peace? She's conflicted. She's been conflicted for over two hundred years. Maybe more.

"So, Canada! When will ye settle down and let me have great grandchildren?" Scotland smiled innocently at the maple leaf country, seeing his face morph into embarrassment and shock.

"Why are you asking for that?! Aren't me and my brothers enough?!"

"Eh, ye old granny wants more little babies in the house." She pouted and Canada grumbled while looking troubled.

"Aunt Wales isn't enough? She's energetic like a child." Canada tried to fight back, looking at his mother and pouring when he heard her laugh at her son.

"Oh she's just teasing you, my little baby." France smiled and looked at Kingdom of France who gave a little smile and let her shoulders relax.

"What?! You're saying that-"

"Quiet, father!"

Everyone turned to the sound of commotion outside the balcony of the living room, looking at each other in worry while Kingdom of France only looked down at her lap.

"France, let's go check out on them. Nada, be a sweetie and stay with kofi." Scotland said and left with France right behind her.

What if...what if she's the cause of the yelling? What if they are giving up on her? She doesn't blame them. She's only a heavy burden for them. Scotland has been nothing but a sweetheart to her and yet she never repaid her back. Maybe England is done with this. Maybe he is finally throwing her out like how Napoleonic

France threw her.

"Canada.."

Canada looked up, shocked at hearing Kingdom of France speaking weakly and lowly, her voice shaking and her eyes showing worry and pain.

"Canada, est-ce que je pars?" He felt a jab in his heart and he held her hand tightly, kissing it with so much care as if he'll break like glass.

"Non, tu ne partiras jamais." Canada promised with a glowing determination in his eyes. Kingdom of France looked at him and held his hand gently back, her eyes having the question clear there.

How are you sure?

Canada smiled and patted her hand. "Tu fais partie de cette famille, tu ne seras jamais seul..."

"What's going on?" Scotland asked furiously, looking at her husband and son with displeasure.

England covered his face and leaned on the balcony weakly. "England. Answer me."

"He told him..right?" France looked at her husband who looked away.

"Told him what?! Speak to me clearly!" Scotland stomped her foot and felt England put his hand on her shoulder, whispering to her.

And she felt her blood run cold, quickly slapping her hand over her mouth.

Napoleonic France is alive. He's alive and free to roam around.

"He doesn't know Kingdom of France is alive. And he must never ever know.." Britain spoke with distress, looking at the three and they all had the same look.

They will keep Kingdom of France safe.

Or else, she'll die under his hands.

———————

Kingdom of France looked out the window of her room at the stars, gently putting her hand in the cold window.

"Kofi.." she looked behind her, seeing Scotland standing by the door and was holding two steaming mugs. "I made ye some tea with me." She smiled and handed the mug to her, her eyes landing on her neck and seeing her stitches.

How painful was it? She doesn't want to even imagine it. She averted her eyes outside and saw the moon. "It's beautiful.."

"Qui.." Kingdom of France said and took a sip of her tea, smiling sadly. "Merci, Ecosse..." Scotland stared down at her friend in surprise, breaking into a warm smile and putting her hand on Kingdom of France's hair, brushing it with her fingers.

"How do ye French say it...ah! De rien!"

☆-Cracking, Fading (1)-

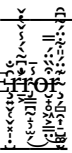
[image] [image]

A/N: EVERYONE!!! Before you read. Please. Pleas e. Take a look at these two masterpieces by my friend...

I AM GONNA CRRERRYYYY SHE DREW KOFI AND SCOTTY!!!!! AHHHHHH she is so good and talented I'm gonna cry-。゜(゜'Д`゜)゜。♥

_____

Charact—-Error



_____

Czechia put on the pilot jacket she lastly got from her father when he passed away, looking at herself in her mirror as she brushed the jacket to straighten it, then put two fingers on each cheek and pulled them to make a smile.

"Good morning!" She smiled brightly and turned to her bed, taking her working bag and putting all the files she needed, wearing it then going towards her older brother's room.

The difference between Czechia and Slovakia were only an hour during birth, but when meeting the two, everyone would assume that Czechia is much younger.

"Slovakia? Wake up or we'll be late to the Visegrád meeting." She knocked on his door, leaning on the doorframe while standing on her toes. "Kiaaaaaaaa!"

"Czechia...I don't feel like going.." Slovakia barely opened his eyes, the dark room feeling too bright because of the door being open and the light seeping in. "Can you take my paperwork? Please.."

Frowning, Czechia walked over to her brother and touched his forehead to feel his temperature. "You aren't warm.." she tilted her head and pulled the covers a little, seeing that his body was like a rag doll on the bed, barely moving. "Well..you look out of it.."

"Mm.." he mumbled weakly, closing his eyes and feeling his body ache him too much. "I'm sorry.."

Smiling, she covered him again and brushed his hair. "Don't be. Once I'm done we will go see a doctor, promise." She saw Slovakia give her a weary smile, letting his eyes close and feeling her get off the bed and close the door.

A crack appeared on his face.

_____

Brazil kicked the ball up high, looking at Argentina and grinning. "Esta é minha chance vencedora!"

"¡Hoy no!" Argentina ran to defense, seeing the ball reach Brazil's eyesight and he had a prepared stance.

Brazil was about to kick the ball when suddenly he felt a jab of pain suddenly hit his body and he froze on his place for a second, collapsing right after it and falling face first into the dirt.

"Brazil!" Argentina yelled and sprinted to his friend, turning him to lay on his back and gently pat his face. "Hey, open your eyes!"

"Ugh.. dói...tanto...." The Portuguese speaking country pulled at his chest, feeling that breathing was hard on him. "Ouch.." he didn't realize a few tears escaping his eyes due to the spike of pain that made him feel too weak to even move a muscle.

But Brazil felt the pain fade as well as the voices around him. He saw Argentina's face pale and his eyes were red from crying. Brazil wanted to apologize, but the darkness felt welcoming.

A crack broke in Brazil's chest.

_____-

"A coincidence? We still think so. The World Health Organization is asking permission from the United Nations to start a mini quarant-" China closed his phone when he saw Russia walking into the meeting room, pulling the door behind him shut to indicate that the meeting will start.

"So..Brazil is unable to attend the meeting. Therefore I'll have it recorded for him." Russia started and pushed the recording device in the middle of the table, letting South Africa press the start button.

The BRICS meeting went on smoothly as Russia hoped for, wrapping it up and handing the recorder to China so he can send the file to Brazil.

"Are you alright?" China asked, sensing his friend's discomfort.

"Yeah..just..overthinking things." Russia pinched his nose and let out a sigh. "Slovakia has been hospitalized, Brazil as well.." he crossed his arms and clutched them. "I'm hating how it makes me too worried..."

China frowned and swished his tail silently. He can very well understand Russia's worry.

Germany might be a socially distant country, but he can sometimes understand the atmosphere around him.

At EU's building, the energy has shifted downwards when Slovakia was announced to be hospitalized a few days ago. Czechia hasn't been healed after the news, having been invited to sleep with the Baltic girls who knew of her separation anxiety condition.

Germany was hoping that the rest of the week will be better, with news of Slovakia healing up well. But the opposite is what he saw with his own eyes.

Germany was walking towards the cafeteria having just dialed his father's number, hoping to chat about any updates in the house.

"Eh- Kingdom Of Hungary is overly worried about the current sick waves hitting some countries. The news just reported new cases and are calling for a quarantine." Reich hummed and laid back in the couch, kicking his legs up. "Are you holding up alright? The house is open for you if you feel overwhelmed."

"N-no I'm..I'm fine-" Germany was cut off when he saw some countries circulating around something and he excused his father to hang up, wanting to go see what was happening.

Reich closed his phone and sighed, looking out the glass of the patio door in thoughts.

An hour later, the news announced the new cases of Croatia and Luxembourg. A UN meeting has been held to start two days later.

_____-

UN held the papers he received from WHO, his face showing clear worry and panic. He doesn't know how to announce this to the arriving countries that slowly filled the room..

A mysterious disease that is causing countries to lose their strength, and have cracks in their body as if they are dying. There is no clear reason as to why they are happening or how to even prevent it. No matter the research WHO made, it always came to the same conclusions:

No cure.

"UN...we have to be clear with them."

"And tell them that this thing is incurable? To make them believe that their families will be lost and die? We have to give them hope that it'll be over." UN exasperated to his sister, clutching the papers. "We cannot give up on them. If we ever so slightly lose hope, or even show the dispersion...then the world will be pulled into a whirlwind of chaos, maybe even war." WHO looked down and took a shaky breath, looking up at UN.

"I'll do my best. I'll keep researching for a clue and I'll keep all the infected countries under the best care. I won't let anyone die under

my eyes."

"That's my sister.." he squeezed her shoulder to assure her then turned behind to look at NATO who was guarding the door for the two. "Open the door. I shall start the meeting now."

...

Russia walked into the meeting room, seeing UN still hasn't gotten into his podium and went to find his friend.

Germany was looking down at his lap, painfully squeezing something in his hand strongly, his breathing weak and panicky.

"Germany." Russia put his hand on his shoulder and gave it a firm squeeze. "Easy...take a breather.."

Germany took a weak breath, looking up at Russia and his eyes showed pure pain and fear. "I-Italy...just collapsed yesterday...I-I'm worried.." Germany felt his eyes burn him. "Vati called Koi to ask him how his son is doing..but he didn't get any updates. They are keeping them in rooms behind glass windows and the only thing we can do is just-just watch them! Watch them become weaker by the second and-" Germany was cut off when Russia hugged him tightly and closed his eyes.

It's indeed scary...to be in a bed, alone in a room and unable to move or see your family. To be trapped behind a glass window and hooked with so many wires in so many places, left to slowly die in that bed under the hope of 'don't worry, we are giving you the best medicine and you'll heal!'

It reminded him of the hardest three months he suffered through, watching the unmoving body of his father in a bed. But good thing he wasn't separated from him by a glass window.

"It'll be fine." Russia promised him and brought him closer in the hug when he felt Germany shaking and taking weak breaths. "We'll get out of this." He let go of the hug and smiled tiredly at Germany.

"As rare as it happens. I agree with the Russian." A figure came and put his hand on Germany's hair, ruffling it. "You got me, germs.

Ain't gonna let things happen while I'm here."

"Here comes the show off." Russia grumbled at America who took off his shades and smirked proudly.

"Don't call me germs." Germany said with a wet laugh, wiping his cheeks.

"Attention. Everyone please to your seats." UN stood on his podium, asserting his dominance by how high he stood and his face not having the soft smile they were used to seeing.

Russia fist-bumped Germany's shoulder and smiled in assurance, going towards his designated chair and sitting on it, whispering to Ukraine who's next to him.

UN started the meeting with a simple introduction and a humble greeting for everyone, then swiftly started taking about the exact reason of this meeting.

"I know that you all are waiting to hear some good news about our dear family and friends whom are under WHO's medical care after falling ill due to strange reasons. At first I thought as well as you all, that it's just a little fatigue wave that hit Slovakia and Brazil. Until some...dark symptoms showed." He nodded to WHO as she took the podium to speak up.

"Cracks have appeared on the countries who have fallen ill. Their spots are random but we still don't know the reason behind it. I am calling up my best doctors in the field and I will need any help that can be offered." She spoke, her eyes landing on Austria and Switzerland for a second then moved her gaze away. "We want everyone to be cautious and if they sense any signs of fatigue, please get in touch with me or UN, we shall have you under our best care. And we will make sure everyone survives it."

"Does that mean Slovakia's state is unclear?!" Czechia cried out from her seat, standing up with tears willing up in her eyes. "He has been away for a week! How long do you wish for me and the others to wait for a cure?!"

"C-Czechia! please sit down.." Belgium pulled at her hand but the young woman pulled her hand away and looked up at WHO.

"Tell me. Tell me that my brother is healing. Please.."

Getting no answer, Czechia flopped down on her chair and let out a muted sob, feeling Belgium rub soothing circles on her back.

WHO tried to keep composed, feeling her heart clutched in pain at the sobs that were coming out of the young country. "I can't promise an immediate recovery or a cure. But I can promise you that I won't let anyone slip from my hands. I promise you, Czechia. And I promise everyone else."

Ukraine looked at her friend who didn't calm down from her broken sobs, then averted her eyes towards UN and WHO, switching seats and UN continued talking about what everyone must do and showed the emergency contacts.

She looked up at Russia and saw him itching his bandages, his face emotionless but his eyes were hazy, indicating that he's in another place in his mind. She fidgeted with her hands nervously, feeling her heart in his throat.

To be helplessly laid in a bed, not able to move or see anyone...death felt more merciful than this torture.

A hand held hers and made her jump, looking over to see Belarus focused on listening to UN while her hand held Ukraine's.

Ukraine held her hand back with both of hers and squeezed it tightly. They have each other.

———————-

~Russian Empire and Prussia's room, two in the morning

Russian Empire was sitting in his bed, calmly reading a book while Prussia slept on his own bed with his wings fluttering unconsciously during his trip to dreamland.

Russian Empire was planning to reach the end of the chapter and

close his book for the night, but he ended up closing it earlier when he heard some commotion in Soviet and Reich's room. Squinting his eyes and looking over towards Prussia, he saw that his friend has woken up to the smallest sound of trouble.

Prussia got off his bed and grabbed his shirt from the floor, but froze when he heard the sound of two sets of footsteps running, accompanied by the sheer panic in Soviet's voice when he spoke.

"Don't close the line! You and Belarus get out and try to find him! I'll get out now!" His voice faded when he took the flight of stairs all the way to the ground floor.

Prussia and Russian Empire wore anything they found near them and got out of the room to follow Soviet and Reich.

"What's going on?!" Prussia flew over to Reich and Soviet, blocking their way from the front door. "Let us help." He said when he saw the panic and frustration in Soviet's face.

"Russia suddenly went missing from home. He ran away." Soviet hissed and pushed Prussia away, who didn't try to struggle.

"Me and Prussia will fly. You go to the house." Russian Empire said and wore his coat, getting out of the door and immediately took off.

Prussia put on his son's coat that he found in the hanger by the door, nodding to Reich and taking off after Russian Empire.

What happened? What caused Russia to run? Is it a depressive episode?

Soviet and Reich both couldn't pinpoint the exact answer.

☆-Cracking, Fading (2)-

After the meeting was done, Russia waved goodbye at Germany then headed outside the building where both Ukraine and Belarus were waiting by his car.

Upon getting into it, Russia had his eyes on the road but his mind was elsewhere. It was clear to everyone that the meeting was a little fruitless, it was only telling them all what they kind of already knew. But what is even worse is the helpless states of those who got infected by it.

"Ah!" Russia's thoughts stopped when Belarus gripped his head cushion where she sat behind him. "Stop there please please! I want to buy coffee!" She pleaded and pointed her hand at a coffee shop in the distance.

Russia looked at Ukraine who stifled a laugh and he smirked, deciding to play with his youngest sister. "Huh? Hey Raine, did you hear anything?"

"Nope~ why, did you?" Ukraine giggled and looked at Russia, ignoring the screaming and kicking behind her seat.

"Nah, maybe it was just a fly." Russia rubbed his ear and laughed when Belarus whined and gave up to pay for the two if they just took her.

"Fine fine, as long as you said you'll pay then we will go~" Russia took off after the red light turned green and parked by the shop.

Ukraine watched her sister pay for their drink and hold the receipt by the pickup table, watching the barista work. She looked up at Russia and saw him run his arms, his eyes looking a little tired

which made her worry.

"Ruski.." she put her hand on his upper arm, growing with worry. "Are you alright?"

He looked down at her and felt a bang of guilt at making her worry, smiling at her and holding her hand. "I'm fine..just." He took a breath and shrugged his shoulders. "Everything is making me drained I guess? We shall head home and I'll take my meds..things will be alright." He patted her hand to assure her, feeling his shoulders relax when he saw her give a gentle smile.

"Drinks!" Belarus came happily while holding up the cup holder.

———-

Russia stood in his bathroom late at night, feeling his head light and his arms were burning him under his bandages. He took out the first aid kit, taking the new gauze and scissors to renew his bandages as he assumed that his arms were either infected from the current gauze that was on him for a week or just uncomfortable.

Unwrapping it slowly, he felt the pain become worse and took a hitched breath, biting his lip to mute his gasps.

The bandages fell and he stared in shock at his left arm, all sounds around him faded and air couldn't enter his chest. He backed away while shaking violently and bumped into the wall, sliding down on it and feeling his eyes burn him.

Cracks. Cracks and dust were in his arms under his gauze all this time. He felt the world spin around him as he clutched his arms and took shuddering breaths, muttering to himself while the panic was shuttling heavily in his heart.

"No...no no go away..go away.." he clutched his arms tighter and tried to close the cracks, crying weakly and lowly not to let his sisters hear him, his clutch only worsening the pain and making the cracks bigger.

He can't stay here or they will find him, what could be even worse: infecting his family and friends. He doesn't want to be taken away,

he doesn't want to be confined in a deadly white room with nothing but the sounds in his head.

He is scared.

Russia is purely and wholeheartedly terrified.

He got up on shaking legs, his body burning him up and screaming at him to lay down and just give up, but Russia won't. He won't give up to this stupid pain and he won't allow himself to be the danger on his sisters.

If he is dying, he'd rather die alone outside of the hospital that would only fuel a hopeless case like himself and the other countries.

He went to the front door, the cracks on his arms falling more and more and hitting the ground. He swayed and leaned in the wall heavily, hearing the sound of a glass breaking as he cause the vase to fall accidentally. Russia took a shaky breath and left the house when he heard the sound of Ukraine calling out, ignoring everything in his body and sprinting away, taking this death with him.

Ukraine got left her room when she heard some commotion, meeting Belarus on the way and both ran to the source of the sound after calling for their brother and not getting an answer.

Belarus almost fainted when she saw the red and blue cracks in the floor, covering her mouth in shock and seeing the broken vase and the open door.

Ukraine didn't want to believe what she's seeing. It can't be.

"RUSKI!" She ran to his room and kicked the door open, only to feel the cold shiver run down her spine and the hair on her neck stand out in shock.

Russia isn't home.

_____-

Soviet panted heavily while running and swiveling between the

thick forest trees, calling out for his son while Reich flew over his head to inspect more.

Elsewhere, Russian Empire and Prussia were flying and scanning around area near Russia's home in hopes to find him, nearing the forest where Soviet and Reich are at.

"Do we scan it?" Prussia hovered and looked over at Russian Empire who hovered next to him as well, his face unreadable.

"Let's go. We might be able to cover more than Soviet and Reich." Russian Empire took off fast and Prussia followed him in pursuit.

Scanning the forest, Russian Empire squinted his sharp eye around the dark place, thankful to having a little bit of owl instincts that came with his owl wings.

He managed to find Soviet and Reich easily, keeping his attention on their spot while looking around him, until he and Prussia both saw the figure that leaned against a tree in the forest and Russian Empire dove down, letting Prussia handle calling Soviet and Reich to tell them where Russia and Russian Empire are.

Russian Empire landed swiftly and ran to the hunched figure of Russia who was barely moving from where he sat.

"Russia.." Russian Empire called out softly and stopped moving when he saw Russia look up and his eyes were filled with tears and pain. The crack across his cheek and his breathing hoarse.

Russian Empire felt his body go numb when he realized that his grandchild is now a danger on two legs. He has the disease and could infect anyone near him if not treated quickly.

Backing up, Russian Empire tried to think and forge a plan to keep everyone safe and help make Russia feel better too, but his planning came to a half when Soviet yelled his son's name.

"Wait.." Reich and Prussia's eyes widened when they saw Russian Empire stand before the sickly cracking country. "Soviet stop!" Russian Empire and Reich yelled simultaneously, grabbing Soviet and keeping him in place.

Infuriated, Soviet growled from his chest and looked at Reich sternly, making the German freeze and immediately let go, when he saw the same look he got years ago before his fall.

Russian Empire still kept a firm grip on his son, telling him that he can't go to Russia. "He's infected! You can't get near him! Let's call for help and let your son get the medical care he needs-"

"Let me go." Soviet spoke lowly, his eye landing on Russia's who were full of fear and a small spark of a child's hope.

"No. I won't let you get hurt due to the disease-" Russian Empire felt a pain in his abdomen that weakened his hold on Soviet and saw the red Russian country push him away with his golden eye shimmering in anger.

"I don't care what happens to me, as long as I keep my son safe." He spoke with clinched teeth. "You, of course can't understand that." Russian Empire didn't dare look up after that and left Soviet to do what he wanted.

"папа...мне жаль.." Russia winced and let his tears fall, feeling Soviet hug him tightly and bring him into his chest. "Я боюсь.." Russia cried and clung to Soviet tightly, burying his face in his shoulder.

"Don't be scared, I'm here. I promise I'm here.." Soviet ran his hand through Russia's sweaty hair, moving his hand to the lower of his head and soothingly massaging it. "Don't be scared." He kept comforting his son who was in a full blown panic attack, tugging at his father's coat and wiling in agony.

"I don't want to die!" Russia broke, the cracks only worsening while Russia stubbornly didn't want to give up to the darkness that was welcoming him, the black spots around his sight only making his panic worse. "Please- please save me-" Russia whined and scratched his father's back painfully. "Please please please- I'll do anything please, папа— d-don't let them take me too please-" he sobbed and felt Soviet sit on the ground and bring Russia to his lap, ignoring the blaring sirens in the distance that were closing near them.

"Shh, nothing will happen, I'm here." Soviet felt his eye sting him painfully with unshed tears. "папа is here, I promise..."

Russian Empire looked at the sight before him, the pain from Soviet's words still fresh and echoing in his mind.

Sooner than they expected, the UN ambulance team arrived and took Russia and Soviet, wanting to have the latter tested with both Ukraine and Belarus to be sure they are safe.

Reich looked down at his feet and when he was asked to go with them he denied and told Prussia that he'll go see Germany.

The boy is clueless to all of this.

———————-

Soviet broke the promise. He is here indeed, but he can't be with Russia.

The condition that Russia came into the hospital with was worse than any other case due to him taking longer to come. Brazil and Slovakia came with one or two cracks. Italy came with five.

Russia came with twelve horrible looking cracks, with some parts of his arm skin falling off.

Soviet put his hand on the glass that separated him from his son, feeling anger and regret take over him.

"Soviet.." Reich spoke quietly, going over to his friend. "You need to rest-"

"I'm not leaving." Soviet spoke without turning behind, his eye not daring to peel away from his son.

Germany, Ukraine and Belarus looked at the back of their fathers, sitting in the chairs that allowed them to watch over their brother and friend.

Germany was trying his best to stop his tears from falling, but every time his eyes would land on Russia's barely moving chest he could

feel himself crying again.

The wires hooked to keep Russia's body from collapsing into an indefinite coma, the mask helping him to steadily breath and allow the oxygen to circulate his body add to that the feeding tube in his abdomen to allow nutritions. And it wasn't only Russia, many countries are suffering the same fate.

Prussia walked into the corridor of Russia's room, seeing Soviet and Reich by the window while the rest were silently sitting in their chairs.

His eye landed on Russian Empire's slouched body in the chair, his hands covering his face to hide it. He was about to go sit next to him when a small voice called him from behind him.

Turning around, he expected to see anyone but him. The lizard country swished his tail slowly on the ground, his eyes glinting with tears as they landed on Prussia's.

"Chile..?" He walked towards his protégé, feeling Chile's arms tightly around him in a hug and the tears soaking his shirt. "Hey- it's okay, kid..what happened..?"

Chile sniffled and let go of the hug, seeing Prussia smile sadly at him in assurance.

"M-Mexico...Spain and Peru...all just got hospitalized...and I'm alone.." he hiccuped and saw Prussia's eye show sympathy, hugging the young country and rubbing his back.

"They'll make it...don't worry...you can stay with us, kid...you're not alone.."

Prussia came back, letting Chile sit next to Germany and both countries greeted each other then stayed silent.

Prussia looked over at Russian Empire and managed to sneak a peak at his hidden face.

Emotionless. It didn't have a trace of any emotion there...and it worried Prussia that Soviet's words hurt him too much.

☆-Cracking, Fading (3)-

~ Last part! ~
A/N: I hope it was to your enjoyment!! This is the third and last part of the installment! After this one, a new chapter with a new idea will be uploaded insha-Allah! ٩ (๑ ˆ̀ ๑) ۶

**** A/N: thanks to the note of a reader, I realized that the flower name I wrote in this chapter was misspelled xD you see that it says "cornflower" but the correct name of it is "CONEflower" (I even put the family name for the coneflower how did I fall to this silly spelling error-)**
But thanks to Fiona's comment (the reader who helped me realize the mistake) the comment said that even the cornflower is a healing plant! The more you know x)
———————

Soviet didn't feel the time passing, through out the whole time he kept staring at his son's weak figure lay in the hospital bed, watching as his chest moved in breathing, easing his panicked mind that his son is indeed alive.

"Herr Sowjet." He turned around quickly, as well as everyone in the corridor. Standing with a clipboard in her hands: Austria looked at the whole group apologetically. "Visiting hours are over..I'm sorry.." she said in a low hushed voice, noticing the pain clear in the group.

"Can't family members stay?" Belarus asked softly with her tearful eye. "Please? I don't wish to leave Russia.."

"Me neither." Ukraine added and Germany looked at his father, wishing he would talk to his sister about them all staying but he knows it's impossible to happen.

"Well..family can stay.." Austria started. "But only one.." she finished, her head low and the clipboard was moved to stay under

her arm. "It's all I can do. If I could do more then you know I would.." she gave a sad smile and looked at Reich then Soviet. "You need to choose who'll stay.."

Soviet felt guilt in his chest burn him. One? But he wants to stay...so does Ukraine and Belarus! Even 'he' wants to stay too.

"You must stay." Everyone turned to Russian Empire who finally spoke for the first time after Russia's arrival. "Ukraine and Belarus can stay over. I'll be sure they come here as soon as visiting hours are available." His eye was looking at Soviet's feet. He doesn't dare look up.

"W-well..that's the only way." Ukraine sighed shakily and shrugged her shoulders, her eyes tearing up at the thought of nothing else to do. "Take care of Ruski.." she spoke to her father and walked over to Russian Empire, Belarus giving Soviet one last hug before leaving as well.

Reich motioned with his head for Germany to follow him too, and Prussia went towards Chile to speak with him.

"Kid, do you wish to come with me? House is big enough."

Chile smiled and shook his head, looking over towards the corridor that lead to his family. "If family can stay, then I wouldn't wish to leave them behind..I'll stay too." He felt Prussia run his hand through his hair and he leaned to the touch. "Will you come again?"

"I might. But take my number so you can call me if you need anything."

"You got a phone?" Chile laughed when Prussia took him in a chokehold playfully, ruffling and messing up his hair. "Sorry sorry!"

"Yeah, you better be!" He smirked and took the kid's phone, putting his number and gave it back. "Take care, night."

"Good night, mentor.."

———————-

Russian Empire stood by the door of the guest room, seeing Ukraine and Belarus already out cold on the bed and mattress. Germany has been takes to sleep in Reich and Soviet's room due to the bed being empty, while the two girls took the guest room where Kingdom Of Hungary prepared the bed and laid a mattress on the floor.

Carefully, Russian Empire pulled the door close and stood there feeling lost and helpless.

What to do now? Is he able to see Russia tomorrow even? Or will his presence only make Soviet feel worse? He wants to apologize, but right now with everything happening, he can't even look up at him.

He reached his hand up and clutched his heart, feeling it beat hard against his chest. There was a pain in his throat and he took a shuddering breath.

He ruined everything he worked so hard for. Soviet still hates him, and he deserves it.

"Russ.." he didn't looked behind him, moving his head sideways and reaching his hand up to wipe his eye.

"Yes, Austry?" He asked in a shaking voice, clearing his throat and finally turning to see his friend who appeared sad and sympathetic. "...he told you?"

"Yes, sorry.." Austrian Empire walked over to Russian Empire and rubbed his arm. "Come join us on a tea. I can already tell you are unable to sleep." Austrian Empire smiled when Russian Empire gave him a little smile and a nod, following him to the kitchen where Prussia was pouring the tea in the cups, and putting out a handful of small creamer packets if someone wanted milk tea.

"You know he doesn't mean it, right?" Prussia said, rubbing the creamer bag with his teeth and putting it in his cup. "He was just mad, still have little scars from back then...but he forgives you. You told me that yourself."

Russian Empire looked down at his steaming cup silently, choosing

to only listen and not talk.

"He loves you, trust me on that." Austrian Empire added and rubbed soothing circles behind his back. "It's no one's fault, Russ. He knows you changed, and you always try to be better for Soviet and your grandkids. You only wanted to protect Soviet for the danger.."

"And Soviet knows you only did that out of protection. He was just worried for his only son..you, me and Austrian Empire would feel and do the exact same if one of our kids was hurt." Prussia sipped his drink and looked at Russian Empire who had his head down and a little tear droplet fell on the table.

"....he didn't lie..." Russian Empire chocked back a sob and closed his eye. "I don't understand...I don't understand why anyone would put themselves in danger for someone else...I don't get it, and Soviet is correct about it.." he shoved his hair away from his face, the frustration and tears only increasing.

"Well.." Prussia opened his wing and rested it on Russian Empire's back. "I guess that's something you'll discover on your own.." he smiled and rested his chin on his hand, watching as Austrian Empire tugged at Russian Empire's sleeve and offered him a napkin, feeling happy when he saw his friend take it.

———

"Vati..I can't s-sleep.." Reich opened his eyes tiredly and saw Germany hovering over Reich's bed while hugging a pillow. "..I don't.." Germany started whimpering pathetically. "R-Russland...I don't want him...to die..." he cried and Reich sat up, bringing his arms around his son and hugging him tightly.

"Shh...no hey, don't go there, mein sohn...things will heal up and Russia will be back before we realize it." He brushed Germany's wings, seeing his son's feathers a mess due to his panic and fatigue. "At ease..deep breathes.." he soothed and hummed to his son, feeling Germany huddle closer and cry more, letting it all out until he was too tired and fell asleep in Reich's arms.

Reich carefully let Germany rest his head in his lap, his hand

playing with his hair and massaging his scalp to help his tense muscles relax in his sleep.

"He better make it out..everyone else too.." he murmured, remembering the son of Kingdom of Italy and hoping for the best outcomes in the future.

_____-

If it were for Soviet, he wouldn't have left his spot, but he had to go back home to take a shower, change into proper clothes and have breakfast with his girls.

So right now, Russian Empire was in the hospital to cover for Soviet until he comes back or until visiting hours are open.

Held with care and love, a bouquet of cornflowers were in Russian Empire's hands as he walked to where Russia was resting, stopping by the window and taking a look at his grandson's sight.

His face still has the crack on it, and he didn't look different from yesterday. He didn't get the chance to ask Soviet if he got any updates about Russia, so he hopes that right now he's telling everyone at home any information.

He looked up and watched the red and white figure who's in Russia's room, taking his vitals and writing it down on her clipboard, her hair was in a messy ponytail with little white stripes here and there.

Austria watched intensely the Slavic's heart monitor and took the readings of it, turning her head quickly when she heard a knock on the door, paling when she saw that she left it open and Russian Empire stood there.

"No, you can't walk in, Mr Russian Empire!" She panicked and rushed towards the door to close it but Russian Empire moved his hands forwards and handed her the bouquet.

"I know..but would it be too much to put these near Russia?" He asked in a professional tone, looking apologetic to disturb her work.

Austria was going to apologize and ask him to put the flowers by the window outside, but she didn't dare say no to him, not after what Reich told her last night privately.

Sighing in defeat, she took the flowers in her gloved hands and nodded her head. "Only this once, Mr Russian Empire.." she looked down at the beautiful colors of the cornflowers, yellowish and orange. "They are beautiful..you picked them?"

Russian Empire smiled and nodded his head. "They reminded me of sunflowers..so I got them for Russia. He used to run around the sunflower fields at a young age."

Just like Soviet.

He lowered his head and nodded it. "I must leave you to work..thank you. And please take care of him." He walked away and Austria smiled gently, taking the flowers and putting them near Russia's hand.

Weakly, Russia opened his eyes and felt the flowers tickler his fingertips. "They are from your grandfather...he's here watching over you.."

"Ugh..." Russia breathed tiredly and weakly held a petal of the flower, feeling his tears fall. He wants to be free from this pain.

———-

"What're the new updates?" UN asked his sister who just entered his office and closed the door behind her and NATO.

"No new case reported in the last twenty four hours." NATO nodded to UN and stood protectively behind WHO and before UN, ready for any order from the two.

"Medically...no changes." WHO rubbed her face tiredly, having not slept in two days. "The state of everyone who came hasn't changed the slightest. Our medical care is managing to keep them in a stable condition until we can manage the cure. For now, the patients being in a stable condition is better than it collapsing to worse.."

UN nodded his head slowly, taking in the update about the countries and looking at his hands. "What will you be doing now?"

"After I'm out of this office I'll go back to research the medicine." She smiled tiredly and got up. "If you'll excuse me, then. There are countries we must take care of." She brightened up at her brother and left the room.

_____

The day passed on slowly, Chile has met up with Prussia during evening and both sat together to talk. Russian Empire and Soviet never left their spot of watching Russia as well as Ukraine and Belarus.

Germany and Reich went to see Italy's condition then returned back to Russia at the last hour of visitation.

As the sun sat, night fell and they were ushered out of the hospital except for Chile, Soviet and other countries' families.

____-

Soviet was taking a coffee break in the cafeteria, his phone leaning against the sugar holder and he was talking to Reich tiredly.

"So..you saw the news?" Reich asked while tinkering with something in the background. "Nothing new yet..do you think they are covering something up?"

"Not really." Soviet rubbed his eye and sipped his coffee. "Austria here has been nothing but honest with me. She said that the news took the words as WHO said to her. The countries condition are stable.."

"And is that really any good?"

"It's better than having to hear the word that they worsened and died." Soviet rested his throbbing head on the table tiredly.

In another table, Austria and Switzerland were eating their dinner, both countries looking tired from their work, yet not thinking of

backing down from their voluntary commitments to help those who need it.

Austria looked at her barely touched dinner and closed the lunchbox, feeling her appetite shrink at the smell of food. "I'll go get a coffee." She got up and wore her lap coat, looking down at her friend who was breaking a piece of chocolate and eating it while her eyes stared at the void. "I'll make it two then.." she chuckled and as she was about to walk away, her pager started blaring and so did Swiss'.

Both took out the device and the number of the room was shown, blinking rapidly. "We have to go." Swiss was focused now and grabbed her coat, running.

Soviet lifted his head up and watched the two run, clutching his phone and murmuring under his breath. "Please don't go left...don't go left.." his blood ran cold when he saw them take the dreaded turn and he closed the call on Reich, getting up and running after the two.

"Miss WHO! Follow us to Russia's room!" Austria yelled when she saw the World Health Organization stare at them in shock while walking, changing her turn and following the two.

———-

Chile sat by Mexico's window and tapped it gently to get her attention.

Mexico turned her head slowly to the window and her lips quivered when she saw Chile waving at her brightly, his own eyes having tears as well.

"You're strong! You know that, sis!" He tapped the window and grinned happily. "Spain is being a whiny baby!" He joked and laughed when he saw Mexico's lips crack a smile. Chile took this as a chance to talk to his sister all night as she was the only one that managed to stay awake from her slumber, only nodding her head and trying not to let her eyelids get too heavy.

Chile doesn't remember when he passed out in the uncomfortable metal chairs, but he got woke up by the sound of rushing footsteps. He looked up in worry when he saw Switzerland running with both WHO and Austria following her. A second later, Soviet was running after them and they all took a turn that lead to Russia's room.

He followed them in a panic, peaking at Russia's window and fearing that the Slavic was turning worse but his eyes widened at what he saw.

Sitting on his bed and pulling at his wires, Russia was being held back by his father from hurting himself while Austria and Switzerland were checking his vitals and the cracks that were healing up slowly but in an astonishing progress.

"How.." WHO asked in utter surprise and disbelief, her eyes landing on Russia's cheeks where the big crack became smaller. She took his arms carefully and saw that the fallen skin has slowly regenerated itself and was creating a weak coating to renew the skin.

She looked up at Russia and saw him faint in his father's arms from his tired head got, Switzerland quickly bumping antibiotics into his weak body and looked back at WHO. "Should I get UN?"

"Yes. Now." She said and made one last check up then ordered everyone to leave, including Soviet who was the last to get out.

———

Prussia held his biscuit and dipped it in his tea cup, lifting it out and eating it in one go. Next to him, Germany mimicked his great grandfather and did as him, taking the biscuit and shoving it in his mouth, breaking it.

"Mmf—" Germany blushed and wiped his face from the biscuit. "Too big.." he took his tea and drank it to wash away the food while Prussia smirked and took another one.

"Ah, younglings..." he chewed on his bite happily and looked over at his phone when it rang, picking it up and reading Chile's name. "Hello, kid! How are you?" Prussia's smile faded and he got up

quickly. "What?! We're coming kid." He closed the phone and hopped off the couch, rushing to the kitchen where Russian Empire sat there reading alone.

"What-" Russian Empire was cut off by Prussia.

"Russia just woke up but fainted again..he's showing signs of healing."

———

"I don't understand...how? If you said that everything you did to Russia you did for the other patients. Then how did he...heal?" UN begged in confusion, looking at the three doctors. "Show me the photos again, Austria." She handed the phone to UN and he looked at the pictures of the rooms, the heart monitors and everything looked just the same.

So how...

Soviet lifted his head up as well as the others when they saw Austria arrive to the cafeteria. "So- what happened?" Soviet asked the woman who looked down and shook her head.

"We don't know ourselves..everything is the same. We don't understand why he's suddenly healing up fast." She sat down and felt Reich rub her back to help her relax.

"May I see?" Prussia asked and was handed her phone, staring at the pictures while Belarus and Germany peaked in as well.

Soviet looked at Reich then at Prussia who frowned, trying to find the exact thing that could help lead to something. "Even the scans of the health files from yesterday look the same...nothing changed but Russia's increasing health.." Prussia gave the phone to Belarus who held it and doomed on something in Russia's room.

"Hey..pretty flowers." Germany said and hummed in thoughts. "No one has them but Russland.."

"Mm, I noticed that too.." Belarus murmured to herself and suddenly the phone was pulled away from her by Austria.

Pretty flowers? Only Russia has them?

"Those are Cornflowers." Austrian Empire looked at the picture next to his granddaughter. "Kingdom Of Hungary told me about them once. Aren't they related to making medicine?"

Austria looked up at Russian Empire in shock, everyone looking at her in confusion then slowly turned their heads to the eldest Russian who was feeling worried by all the eyes on him.

"Did you get them on purpose?" Austria asked, Soviet staring up at Russian Empire in surprise.

"Wait, you allowed him to get flowers inside a confined room?" Prussia asked the country in disbelief, looking surprised while Austria was sweating in worry.

"I-I...yes I did..I know I shouldn't! But I couldn't deny Mr Russian Empire to give this little gift for his grandson..after the..." she looked at Soviet then away. "I-I totally forgot that these are Echinacea..." she rubbed the back of her neck. "We need to get to work. They might actually be the reason behind it."

Austrian Empire, Germany and Belarus brightened up when they saw Austria look at them with a pleased smile. "You three helped us very much. Great job.."

Austria arrived to Russia's room, behind her Swiss and WHO. Opening the door, she let the two in first and she followed them, closing the door.

"папа..?" Russia's voice was slurred from the sedative, looking at the three doctors who arrived next to his bed. "мне холодно.."

"It's okay, I'll give you an extra blanket, Russia." WHO said and took the bouquet of flowers that were next to Russia's hand. The Slavic country let out a whimper at the flowers being taken away, the sign of his family being near him was being taken away. "Don't worry...these flowers will be your cure hopefully.." WHO smiled and nodded to Switzerland who took out an extra blanket from under the bed, putting it over Russia's body.

Austria looked at Russia and noticed the crack on his cheek even smaller than earlier this morning. "You'll heal..I promise." She told Russia and watched as he fell back to sleep, the medicine draining him down.

———-

Russian Empire and Soviet stood outside the hospital grounds, both countries looked down at their feet, unable to start the talk.

"I.." Soviet started and reached his hand up to cover his face, shame downing on him. "I'm sorry...about what I said back then..in the forest.."

Russian Empire looked at Soviet and then up at the setting sun. "Don't apologize...I think.." he rubbed the back of his head. "You are right...I don't understand that. I don't understand the meaning of putting yourself in danger to safe someone else. Or just to hold them and comfort them..I don't think I would ever do it..I'm sorry I stopped you.."

"You tried to keep me safe. That's what you did..I just got angry and sour about my past and I threw that comment.." Soviet took a step forward and held Russian Empire's arm. "I shouldn't have said that..especially when I know that you have changed.."

Russian Empire blinked his eyes, his sight blurring and he looked away. "It's okay.." Russian Empire took a shaky breath and reached his hand up to pat Soviet's hand. "Let's...let's go stay with Russia." Russian Empire smiled sadly and Soviet smiled back, giving Russian Empire a quick hug and then walked inside the hospital.

Russian Empire bite his lip and held his heart, where he felt warmth does inside his chest.

Three days. It took three days to make the vaccine out of the Echinacea flower, injecting them into the patients and waiting to see the results.

The medicine slowly began its work in their body after twelve hours of injection. Cracks were slowly closing up and the body was

gaining back the strength and color it lost after days of suffering.

Soviet has always been next to Russia's window and never dared leave unless he was forcefully dragged away and replaced by Russian Empire.

A week has passed, news about the working vaccine flew around and even the unaffected countries took the vaccine to be safe. The said disease was only working on countries, the source of it was still a mystery. But the cure is available, and the fear of it has now gone up in smoke.

Russia woke up tiredly, his body still healing up from the pain and regenerating the lost skin and stamina. He looked around him when he saw the room was different from the confined one he has been in for almost two weeks.

"Hey there, Ruski.."

"R-Raine.." he smiled tiredly and felt Ukraine brush his healed cheek. "I missed you.." he let his tears fall and so did Ukraine's.

"I missed you too, bear.." she hugged Russia carefully and ran her hand through his messy hair. "I'm s-so happy you're healing.."

"R-Ruski.." Belarus sniffled and hugged Russia's other side, making her older brother wince and laugh, hugging both his sisters tightly and burying his face in their hair.

Once they were done, Russia saw a blur of black wings and was immediately brought in a tight crushing hug by Germany who was bawling his eyes out.

"G-Germany.." Russia smiled sadly and hugged his fright even more tighter. "It's alright..I'm here.." he closed his eyes and brushed Germany's wings. "I lived, Germany.."

"Yeah, after putting me and everyone in a panic state..." Germany sniffled and buried his face in Russia's shoulder. "Never do that again.."

"Not my control..but I'll try." Russia smiled and let go of Germany,

chuckling when he saw Germany rubbing his eyes and wiping his tears. "Easy now..I'm fine really.."

Russia felt a hand on his hair and saw his father smiling down at him proudly. "Welcome back.."

"Hey, папа.." he smiled tiredly and leaned on his father's body, feeling him wrap his arm around his son.

"Mr Prussia! They woke up! They woke up!" Prussia looked back to the door that got kicked open and fell backwards due to Chile jumping into his arms and hugging him with his arms, legs and tail.

Prussia started laughing at his protégé's excitement and sat up, patting his head and smiling down at him. "I'm happy for you, kiddo."

———-

It was late at midnight in the hospital. Visiting hours were over a while ago but Soviet, Ukraine, Belarus and Russian Empire were able to stay altogether since Russia isn't confined anymore and it meant that more family members can stay.

Russia sat on his bed, tapping on his phone and texting Germany while yawning tiredly.

"Close your phone and get to sleep." Russian Empire said and went towards the kid, helping him fix the pillows comfortably and press the bed to make it down.

Russia handed his phone to Russian Empire who put it on the table and then covered Russia with the blanket.

"Thanks, дед.."

"For what?" Russian Empire looked confused and surprised at Russia.

"The gift.." Russia chuckled when Russian Empire ruffled his hair. Russian Empire gave a warm fatherly smile, gently wiping Russia's eye and then rubbed his cheek. Where the crack used to be there.

"You're welcome.."

☆-To Break Him-

Characters: Prussia, Austrian Empire, Russian Empire, Soviet, Reich, Austria-Hungary, Kingdom Of Hungary, German Empire and Napoleonic France.

———————-

Austrian Empire sat under the shades of the patio, sitting on the lawn chair while reading out loud for his wife that was working on watering the garden.

"No way!" Austrian Empire yelled from his spot, lifting his head up towards his wife. "What do you mean "the cure was found by someone who wanted to stay anonymous" it's Russ! He asked them to do that?!" He watched as his wife laughed, lifting the straw hat a little to look at her shocked husband.

"Yes! Where were you when UN talked to him?" She dragged the hose and changed its spray pressure. "Russian Empire asked to stay anonymous about it. And he kept saying that the coneflowers he brought were simply a gift for Russia, he didn't know about their healing facts."

Kingdom Of Hungary turned to the flowers so she could water them, pressing down the trigger of the hose nozzle, blinking twice when no water came out.

"What.." she huffed and pressed again, nothing coming out. "Baby, can you check the water pressure? There's nothing coming out of the nozzle."

Austrian Empire put the newspaper down and was going to check on the pressure, but froze when he heard his wife scream in pain combined by the sound of the water spraying. "Liebste?!" He ran towards her and started panicking when he saw her lying on the grass in pain, curled and covering her face.

"Hey..hey what happened..?" He turned her carefully and saw her tearful eyes, her hands having a bit of blood on them, her nose red and bleeding. "Oh my- t-tell me what happened!" He used his sleeve to wipe her nose and took his hand away when he saw her flinch and wince in pain.

"H-hose...wasn't working..then suddenly the pressure was back and it got out of control and crashed into my nose.." she blinked her tears, the pain making her eyes become tearful and her face burnt her.

"Maybe something happened with the water pressure..come, I'll help you inside and patch you up.." he soothed and helped her stand on her feet, walking inside and seeing that Prussia was holding the aid kit.

"I heard some yelling...saw you helping Miss Hungary up and knew I had to come with the aid kit." Prussia frowned with worry and looked out. "I'll take care of the whole thing, you two stay here now." Prussia smiled at Austrian Empire who looked grateful for what he's doing, then returned to help his wife.

———

"So how's your grandmother?" Soviet asked from under Russian Empire's car, unscrewing the oil tank and pulling the bowl underneath it. "That nose hit she took earlier today looked nasty."

"I know." Reich answered from inside the car, sitting in the passenger seat with the door open to hear Soviet while he himself was tinkering with the old radio to replace it with a screen device. "She's better now, took a nap and Austrian Empire is right with her." He unattached the wires.

"What are we up to?" Prussia walked into the parking area in their house and saw the two boys busy in their own hobby. "Is Russian Empire's car broken?" He asked and leaned his head down at peak at Soviet who was watching the oil pour into the bowl.

"No, just a regular oil change and an upgrade to his radio and gps." Soviet answered and got out from under the car, looking over at the

sprawled out screws but not finding the one he wanted. "Your car needs any fixing?" Soviet looked up and met the eye of Prussia who was scanning over the car with a glint of interest.

"No no, mine is good." He waved his hand and grinned. "Oh yeah, I came to say that German Empire and his wife made some refreshments. Get inside if you want to have some."

"Sure, thanks opa!" Reich put his stuff away and flew inside the house, Prussia was about to follow him as well but stopped when he heard something hit the car.

From where he stood, he saw the toolbox that was resting on the car's roof slide dangerously to fall over the head of Soviet who was too busy wiping the oil off his hand.

"Soviet! Hey- toolbox!" Prussia yelled and walked around the car to save Soviet but winced when the box fell and the sound of metal clanking echoed everywhere. "Soviet!" He rushed to the country who had his arms over his head, purplish and green bruises were slowly showing up and Prussia stood there in shock, looking at the toolbox that was on the ground and next to it was a large sized brick, almost the size of a hand.

"Ugh.." Soviet winced and hugged his arms, seeing the shadow of Prussia over him.

"It's alright..let's get you inside. Did you injure your head?"

"N-no..just my arms.." Soviet spoke and let Prussia help him stand, groaning when he moved his arms uncomfortably. "What happened..?"

Prussia looked at the brick again then around the area, holding Soviet up easily and walking back inside. "I don't know for myself.." he muttered and looked over at Soviet then at the door. Why did he feel someone was watching him..?

Russian Empire stood beside German Empire silently, seeing Kingdom Of Hungary sleeping on the couch, while Soviet was resting on the armchair, watching the television with his arms over

his chest.

"Something feels..off." He spoke and looked at Austrian Empire who was brushing Kingdom Of Hungary's hair while he seemed lost in thoughts. "Don't sense something, Austrian Empire?"

Everyone looked at the country who lowered his head, resting it on Kingdom Of Hungary's head. "...my gut isn't feeling anything..so I'm hoping these are just little coincidences.."

Austria-Hungary hopes so.

———-

The next morning, Austrian Empire was walking downstairs while rubbing his stomach under his shirt, his eyes barely open while he yawned.

To Austrian Empire, he loved the homey feeling that the smell of coffee in the morning gave him, it always made his muscles relax when he knows that he's somewhere safe. Somewhere where life is simple, surrounded by his family, and worth living.

Being a dead country was a shock for him at first, he lost a lot of the things he had and thought that this was it, this was the end. Until years later, he met both of them as dead countries too: Prussia and Russian Empire.

During that time, when they were building their house and getting over their past, Austrian Empire was more leaning towards Russian Empire than Prussia when it came to trust and friendliness. Even during that, Prussia was understanding of Austrian Empire's distrust in him. Prussia never pressured him to gain his trust, he did his best to earn it.

Austrian Empire smiled in memories and got into the kitchen, greeting Russian Empire who was there.

"Good morning!"

Austrian Empire froze suddenly and held his gut. The familiar homey feeling vanished when his gut sent his waves of pain,

making him immediately panic and look up at who came.

It was Prussia.

Why...why did it suddenly pain him when he came? Will something harm Prussia?! But he's afraid..deadly afraid.

No. It can't be..

Looking at Russian Empire then at Prussia, he sat down silently in his chair and lowered his head. He doesn't want to believe it.

Prussia can't be the cause of his gut instinct, he can't be the danger this time.

He trusts him..he does trust him!

Do I..?

"Woah~ lil Austry looking pale today?" Prussia took a bite out of his muffin then easily cut the cake in the middle, giving Austria a half of it. "Have a muffin, mm?"

Russian Empire looked at Austrian Empire and handed him a mug of coffee. Sensing something off, he looked at Prussia and then down at Austrian Empire who was clutching his gut too tight. "Your wife is alright, Austria. Don't worry, yes?" He tried to make Prussia think that this was the problem and looked up at him. "Prussia, can you wake your son up? I'll stay with Austrian Empire and German Empire can start making breakfast."

"Oh, yeah yeah sure!" Prussia walked out of the kitchen with his muffin in hand, taking the flight of stairs.

Austrian Empire hated how as soon as Prussia left, the guy feeling lessened. "Russia.." he looked up at him, guilt visible in his wavering eyes. "My gut.."

"I made him go, it's alright. What do you feel?"

Austrian Empire took a shaky breath, feeling his mouth dry and his eyes started darting everywhere but at Russian Empire. "I'm..scared

of Prussia..I'm not scared! I'm just-" he brought his knees up against his chest and put the muffin down. "I don't want it to be true..Russ.." he felt his eyes water and he frowned, looking up at Russian Empire who opened his arms and gently hugged the pained Austrian.

"Easy, easy, Austry.." he rubbed his back and brushed his hair, opening his low ponytail and carefully arranged his hair to look presentable. "We will get to the end of this and prevent any harm that could befall us all.."

"And Prussia too.." Austrian Empire tightened the hug. "I can't let something hurt him.."

"Don't worry. We will keep everyone safe."

Austrian Empire and Russian Empire kept being normal after the confession that happened during breakfast, both of them would watch Prussia and then go back to doing their routine.

"I need to buy some groceries.." Russian Empire sighed and closed the fridge, tossing the last soda to German Empire who caught it and gave it to his wife to drink it after he opened the can.

"Do you need help? I can go with you!" Austrian Empire suggested happily and Russian Empire pouted, about to say that he wanted to ask Soviet but remembered the injuries he sustained yesterday.

"Sure." He agreed to Austrian Empire coming with him. "Get dressed and we can go."

"You'll have to take Mr Prussia's car." Austria-Hungary said and took a sip from the soda. "Reich and Soviet didn't finish fixing your car..so now we only have one car available."

"Oh..right.." Austrian Empire looked at Russian Empire who nodded his head.

"True. I'll borrow the keys from Prussia then." He said and went to get himself dressed and take the keys.

Both Empires met outside by Prussia's car, getting into their seats

and Russian Empire started up the engine. Austrian Empire quietly stared out the window, bothered by the fact that his gut feeling returned to him as he entered Prussia's car but choose to ignore it, putting it as the same feeling of when Prussia passed by this morning.

"Are you alright?"

"Mm.." Austrian Empire answered shortly and Russian Empire took off driving.

Russian Empire looked at the steering wheel then the screen that displayed his speed, feeling that the car was a bit uncomfortable today but he couldn't tell where the problem was.

Nearing a red light, Russian Empire pressed down the breaks gently but saw the speed unchanged. Again, he pressed down and the realization hit him, reaching his hand out and pressing the warning light in the car.

"Russia- red light!" Austrian Empire covered his face, his shoulders covering his ears out of fear when the car his the sidewalk and passed by some honking cars. "Why the hurry?" Austrian Empire screamed and looked at Russian Empire who didn't show any emotion.

"The breaks don't work." Russian Empire hissed, his leg still pressing down on the break that didn't want to work. "I can't stop that car."

"N-no.." Austrian Empire took quickened breathes, his hands shaking and clinging to his chest tightly. "No no-! I don't..no how did it happen!" He covered his ears and groaned.

Russian Empire saw the pure fear in Austrian Empire's eyes and body language , how he tightly held on to the seatbelt and the door handle with white knuckles, how his eyes were glued to the street and gleaming with tears. It pained Russian Empire and made his heart ache with so many emotions he couldn't understand. But in the middle of it all, something was screaming at him to make Austrian Empire feel safe. With the adrenaline circulating his body, it immediately led him to start thinking fast, get a plan and safe

Austrian Empire: now. Looking around him while holding the shaking steering wheel, he knows that he needs to get to safety with Austrian Empire too, and only one plan came to his mind in this situation.

Smirking, he couldn't help but remember Prussia with this plan. 'I know for sure he would have thought the same..I hate how in dire situations I would start to think like him..'

"Austria!" He shouted and made the Empire turn at him and focus on him. Without a second thought of his safety, Russian Empire unlocked his door and took off his seatbelt. "Unbuckle yourself."

"What?! Russ, this seatbelt is what's going to keep me alive! I'm not taking it off!" He wailed in terror at his friend, the winds blowing their hair everywhere. "You're clearly not thinking well! Close your door! We can find another way!"

"Do you trust me?!" Russian Empire reached his hand out for Austrian Empire to hold. "If you do, then you know I have a plan to save us! And it's only this way!"

Looking at his hand, Austrian Empire was still doubtful about what Russian Empire is thinking. But he closed his eyes tightly and let out a long breath, making that thought fade. He is sure that he trusts Russian Empire with all his heart.

Unbuckling himself, he held Russian Empire's hand tightly and screamed when he was dragged out of the unstable car, feeling Russian Empire wrap his arms and wings around the scared country to shield him from the fall and they both started rolling on the grass, coming to a halt when Russian Empire hit a road sign and it stopped his rolling.

He let go of Austrian Empire when he was sure that they are safe, wincing as he heard the sound of the car crashing into a tree and beeping loudly. How will he tell Prussia..-

"R-Russia! Russia, you are bleeding!" Austrian Empire was shaking violently, his hand reaching up to Russian Empire's head to try and stop the bleeding gash, yet one press from his balm made Russian

Empire gasp and lurch away from his touch from the dizziness it caused. "No no- I'm sorry! I-I'll call for help! Just don't close your eyes!"

Russian Empire groaned and laid on his side, taking weak breathes and trying to not focus on the pain in his body.

———-

"R-Russian Empire! Austrian Empire!" Prussia flew over towards the two who just came out of the cast room, each having their injuries bandaged up. "What happened..? Who crashed into you?"

Russian Empire held his bandages head and looked at Austrian Empire, wanting him to take the place for taking.

"No one..we...the breaks stopped working.." Austrian Empire looked at his feet and closed his eyes. "Russian Empire saved me by jumping out.."

Prussia ran his hand through his hair and pulled at it. Of course he couldn't fly! The car was moving fast already and Russian Empire wouldn't have the time to take off while having Austrian Empire in his arms!

"What is happening.." Prussia kneeled down while still holding his hair. "Kingdom Of Hungary ..then Soviet..and now you two..why.." Prussia bite his lips and covered his face. "I want to think this is all just coincidence...but it feels like it isn't..it feels as if someone is watching me..watching us.."

Russian Empire carefully kneeled down to rub Prussia's back, looking up at Austrian Empire who looked away and held his injured arm tightly. His gut wretched and pained him again.

Austrian Empire can't understand what his gut is trying to say.

He felt eyes burn the back of his neck and turned behind him, looking at the people who walked here and there, trying to locate who was staring at him.

But he found no one.

"Let's go home." Russian Empire said when he sensed what Austrian Empire did, helping Prussia up and letting him take the lead to get them out and take a taxi home.

Austrian Empire allowed himself to melt and give up in the arms of his wife as soon as she held him, burying his face in her shoulder and letting his tears fall in the privacy of their room.

"Shh shh...most itt vagyok. Minden rendben lesz.." she soothed her husband and felt her heart break when she heard his muffled sobs.

"I don't know what is happening..and I'm scared.." he held her tighter, feeling her hand massage his scalp. "I don't want anything hurting you all anymore.."

"And we shall be safe..don't worry..."

———

Austria-Hungary and German Empire walked in the mall, the former holding her husband's hand with her left one, while the right one held her bubble tea drink.

German Empire held the bags with his free hand and looked down at her, smitten by his wife looking happy and her hair swaying with each step she took.

"Where would my dear want to go to next?" He rubbed her hand and Austria-Hungary hummed, squeezing his hand back.

"Let's go buy some bath bombs! I want to try them..also they sound soothing to me when they melt in the water." Austria-Hungary chewed on her tapioca pearls, feeling German Empire intertwined their fingers together.

"Alright, let's just locate the elevator and we can go down."

German Empire stood by the elevator doors and waited for it to come up by their floor, looking behind him when he felt something itch his back.

The feeling of being watched suddenly fell upon him and he looked

down at his wife and brought her closer to his side.

Confused, Austria-Hungary only smiled and hugged his side happily, hearing the ding and the doors sliding open. "Come on.." German Empire spoke gently and gave one last look around him before walking with his wife.

The doors closed and the elevator started moving downwards in a steady speed but it stopped by one of the floors.

"This isn't our floor yet." German Empire spoke and waited the door to open but it didn't. Suddenly the elevator started shaking and the lights began fluttering randomly. "What is-"

German Empire and Austria-Hungary crashed into the walls when the elevator dangerously started falling down and fast. Austria-Hungary covered her ears and cried out because of the loud scratching metal sound while German Empire brought her in his arms, hugging her and using his wings to protect them both.
He felt his heart in his throat when darkness consumed the small area and the falling was getting quick.

The elevator came to a stop abruptly and sent German Empire hitting his shoulder on the metal doors, making his scream in pain.

"Zz—-e—o?! Hello?! Anyone is this elevator?!" The speakers started blowing with the panicked voice of the security. "Please pick up the handset to answer me!"

He reached his good arm up and picked the handset weakly. "Yes! W-we are two!" He felt Austria-Hungary crawl closer to him while shaking and crying. "The elevator stopped suddenly..it's dark and we- ugh.." German Empire's shoulder burned with pain and he winced. "We don't know which floor we're at.."

"You're right between the basement and ground floor. The elevator stopped due to some wires keeping it at place. We will rescue you right now."

Feeling relieved, he let go of the handset and hugged Austria-Hungary with both his arms as wings. "We will be safe..it's alright.."

he whispered to her and ran his hand through her hair, kissing it. "I'm here with you.."

Prussia watched with fear and confusion at the sight before him. German Empire and Austria-Hungary were sitting outside the mall by the paramedics who were patching them up. German Empire has a dislocated shoulder while Austria-Hungary only had a few cuts and bruises because German Empire made sure to keep her protected.

Prussia backed away a little and bit his lip until a metallic taste was in his mouth. Why are these accidents happening around him? Around the people he cares about. Why is everyone getting hurt suddenly? Why is he feeling there are eyes burning his back, watching his moves and tormenting him this past week?

"It's your fault. You only cause trouble everywhere you go."

Prussia quickly spun his head around and saw no one. He swore he heard someone talk to him. His fault? Is it really?

"Vater? Are you okay..?"

"Y-yes.." Prussia finally answered as looked back at his son and his daughter-in-law. "Let's just go home.." he walked towards the road and stopped a taxi for them, helping German Empire get into the car without hurting his shoulder.

German Empire and Austria-Hungary got out once the taxi arrived at their house and Prussia took out his wallet to pay.

He stood in his spot, watching the car drive away and then turned around to walk inside the house when he crashed into a figure and looked up in surprise, but his surprise turned to anger and shock.

"We meet again, my dear guard dog.." Napoleonic France smiled maniacally, walking forward to Prussia. "What's wrong..you look pale, hm? Too many troubles following you around lately?" He smirked when he saw Prussia go rigid and clinch his hands. "Your dear family been getting too hurt huh? Well..it has always been your fault." He took a step forward and enjoyed his Prussia backed

away.

"What are you doing here.." Prussia hissed angrily. "You can't hurt us, or you'll only put yourself in trouble."

"I can always get out of trouble." Napoleonic France shrugged his shoulders and chuckled. "But you? Oh trouble loves following you...who ruined the picnic fireworks? Who let his son have two deadly bullets in his body when rescuing Germany? And now? You lead your whole family and friends to get hurt by just existing with them." Napoleonic France laughed and slowly took out his sword to use it.

"Prussia!"

Napoleonic France turned behind him and swung his sword at Russian Empire who ran towards him and used his sword to push Napoleonic France back.

"Look at that! Why bother yourself to help a useless cause like Prussia?!" Napoleonic France screamed and laughed. "You can do nothing, Russia. So stay back."

"He might not be able to do it alone. It's why we are here." Austrian Empire held his sword shakily, trying to put on a confident smile but was unable to.

"Get out of here, Napoleonic France. You're losing this fight." German Empire held his sword in his good hand, pointing it straight at Napoleonic France.

Reich held his dagger and defensively stood with the others, Soviet next to him holding a gun even though his arms still pained him.

"Please." Napoleonic France chuckled and moved his prosthetic hand towards them, pointing his index and middle fingers while the rest on his fingers were closed, and an opening appeared in the two pointed fingers.

"It's a gun!" Prussia jumped on Napoleonic France's back and tried to mess up his aim, only to get punched by the elbow in his face and send him falling back on his head.

Napoleonic France started opening fire while the others defended themselves. "Look at this! Look at what you cause! You're weak without me!" Napoleonic France has lost it, slashing his sword at the injured countries and making Austrian Empire and German Empire lose their swords, kicking them in the guts and sending them crashing back into Soviet and Reich.

Russian Empire moved forward to attack Napoleonic France but his head was still spinning in pain, making him lose his focus and aim in the wrong spot.

Smirking, Napoleonic France used the back of his sword and hit Russian Empire in the head where his stitches were, making him immediately fall on his knees and clutch his head in pain.

"Look at what you've done, guard dog." Napoleonic France held Prussia by his collar and wickedly started laughing with his eyes showing nothing but hatred and anger. "What do you feel huh? Anger..helplessness? Perhaps...vengeance?" Napoleonic France looked into Prussia's eye that showed how pained and lost Prussia is. "Don't you want to avenge them? Then do it...fight me in your true form." He let go of Prussia and saw his eye losing their spark.

"N-no...don't listen to him...don't do it.." Russian Empire tried to get up but lost his balance and fell on his knees. "Prussia, don't lose control! He only wants this! Don't listen to his order!"

"Do it. Fight me, kill me and avenge them. It's what you want...right?"

Prussia took a shaky breath, his wings shaking violently and his teeth growing sharper.

A laugh escaped Prussia's lips as realization dawned on him. Everything was done by Napoleonic France. He caused these accidents. He planned for everything to lead to this.

The tail swished in anger and his arms and legs turned to their claws form, laughing and cackling uncontrollably as he held his head. "Your end is now, Napoleonic France..." he jumped forward to attack him, his claws getting met with a sword.

"We have to stop Prussia!" German Empire got up weakly and ran to stop his father. Austrian Empire tried to help Russian Empire get up but he was in an intense panic attack.

This is his pure fear, this form of Prussia exactly. It made everything and everyone fade into nothingness and get replaced by the dusty battlefield against Prussia decades ago. The form that he last saw in his last battle against Prussia..how he lost. Was to this monstrous form.

His gut feeling was warning him about this, about having to fight Prussia again. Because it's the only way to make Prussia return to normal.

Right now, Prussia is in a deep sleep, and the monster inside him is out now.

"Help me up." He looked down at Russian Empire and weakly nodded his head, helping him up and both prepared their swords to attack as well. If they won't stop Prussia now, then he might do something he doesn't want to do.

Napoleonic France kept fighting Prussia and couldn't help the wide smirk when he saw German Empire, Austrian Empire and Russian Empire attack Prussia to try and stop him.

"Show them your strength!" Napoleonic France laughed and backed away when he saw Prussia being held down by the three, but he easily pushed them off and sent them away from him.

Prussia turned back to Napoleonic France and planted his feet claw on the ground, letting give him a fast boost to fly towards Napoleonic France and attack him.

Napoleonic France opened fire on Prussia, but he used his claws as a shield and deflected the bullets in the air. Taking a jump, Prussia dug his claw down to attack Napoleonic France in the heart but Russian Empire stood before him weakly, defending Napoleonic France.

"What.." German Empire looked up in surprise and so did Austrian

Empire. "Why are you defending the French?!"

"I'm not defending him.." Russian Empire growled and tried to keep pushing Prussia away. "I don't want Prussia to get into trouble...that's all." He pushed him back and breathed weakly. "I will not let you make this mistake! You are not a murderer!" Russian Empire yelled at Prussia who was panting, saliva dripping from his monstrous pointy teeth. "So you better turn back. Now." Russian Empire held his stance and saw German Empire and Austrian Empire run to make the defense stronger.

Reich and Soviet ran to attack Prussia from behind, but the two were easily pushed away by Prussia's tail. Soviet crashed into the fence and broke it, while Reich managed to open his wings and fly before he could hurt himself.

Austrian Empire and German Empire ran forward to attack together but Prussia ran ahead with no fear, using his claw and grabbing Austrian Empire by his sword, throwing him on German Empire and then he looked at Napoleonic France.

"You..." his body was shaking with fatigue and anger. "I'll kill you.."

"Then try, guard dog.." Napoleonic France opened his arms and smirked when he saw Russian Empire run forward and yet again stop Prussia from murdering the country.

Napoleonic France took this chance and ran around Russian Empire, preparing his sword and aiming to stab Prussia from the back.

"No...you...won't!"

He didn't understand at first, but now he kind of does? That's what he's telling himself at least. The meaning behind putting yourself in danger to save the life of someone you care about. Someone who you consider a *family*.

Russian Empire screamed and pushed Prussia away, standing before Napoleonic France and feeling the cold metal enter his stomach and come out from his back.

"NO!" Soviet and Austrian Empire screamed in horror. Prussia

looked behind him and suddenly...just then...***He woke up.***

He turned back normal when he saw the sight before him, the shock on Napoleonic France's face. The pain in Russian Empire's body language as he held the bleeding sword with his shaking hands, coughing out blood and collapsing on his knees.

"N-no...no no-" Prussia started hyperventilating, rushing to Russian Empire's body and saw the man lay on his side. "Russian Empire- Russ please I'm sorry, I'm sorry I'm sorry I lost control please- don't die!" Prussia didn't realize that he was sobbing, bawling his eyes out and clutching the cold hand of Russian Empire. "W-wake up! Please I promise to get a grip on myself next time and- and I'll do anything you ask from me-" Prussia cried and tried to wipe his tears, feeling something get on his cheeks from his hands but not knowing what it is.

"Prussia I.." Russian Empire breathed weakly with a little smile. "I understand now..." he blinked slowly, seeing German Empire knock out the shocked French country, Soviet taking out his phone and calling someone. "I understand...why we put ourselves in danger...to save others..."

"What.." Prussia looked down at Russian Empire in confusion. "W-what do you mean..?"

Russian Empire only smiled and felt his eyes closing and the coldness seeping into his numb limbs. "You..Austrian Empire...you two are family...to me.." he breathed hoarsely and chuckled. "I'll do this again if I have to...but right now..I-I feel drowsy.."

"No, stay awake! Russia!" Prussia shook his body and that's when he saw what was in his hands. They were covered in blood: Russian Empire's blood.

He stared at his hands and his tears didn't stop falling, he clutched his hair and let out a loud heart aching scream and sob, lowering his head and making his chin touch chest, letting out his pain.

It felt too familiar, it reminded him of how he lost Brandenburg. And he hates it.

"Prussia..?!" Austrian Empire let go of Reich who was helping him stand and rushed to his friend who suddenly got quiet. "Prus-" he was cut off when he saw Prussia fall on his side, passing out from shock.

———-

Russian Empire was bedridden in the hospital for three straight days, only showing signs of waking up on the fourth.

During that time, Soviet and Prussia never left his side. One stayed to watch over his father while the other was there because he doesn't know what to do if not protect the one who saved his life back there.

As for Napoleonic France, he has been taken to UN and was under heavy punishment, being put under NATO's watch as well as UN himself and never leaving their sight.

Austrian Empire and the others were back home, fixing what had been broken during the fight that day.

Heavy with guilt, Prussia couldn't find it in himself to help them out. He caused the mess there, he made Russian Empire stay in this bed, he hurt everyone and attacked them physically and mentally with his full form.

"I'll go to the bathroom." Soviet excused himself and Prussia only nodded and didn't look up, wanting to keep his tearful eyes to himself.

Once the door closed, a scratchy voice spoke up tiredly. "Good, I needed a private moment with you.."

Prussia looked up and almost fell off his chair, his tears falling nonstop. "W-what..?"

Russian Empire tried to sit up, wincing and allowing Prussia help him upright. "I-I need to get the doctor! You stay still and-" Prussia got cut off by Russian Empire hugging him and heavily letting his tired body lean on him.

"I know you've been carrying that guilt..but it's not your fault." Russian Empire groaned in pain, patting Prussia's back when he felt it start shaking.

"It is..It is my fault that I bring trouble to you all.." Prussia closed his eyes and held Russian Empire tightly, hating how red his bandage was looking already. "I hurt you all and.. just take a look at yourself and you'll understand!" Prussia held back a sob when he felt Russian Empire rub his back tiredly.

"It's **his** fault..so you better accept that and tell me that he's getting punished rightfully.." Russian Empire smiled tiredly and chuckled when he saw his son standing by the door shocked and frozen.

"Father.." Soviet breathed and the water bottle fell from his hand. "Y-you woke up.."

Russian Empire only closed his eyes and felt Soviet come to him and hug him closely, letting the two have it and rested on them.

The comfortable silence that was accompanied by Prussia and Soviet sniffling was interrupted when a nurse walked in and gasped, getting out and calling a doctor to arrive and see the awake patient.

Prussia let go of the hug, the guilt still lingering in his heart. It's his fault really, he should have known better. He should have controlled his anger.

Prussia felt Russian Empire flick his finger on his forehead, making him wince and look at his friend who shook his head.

"I said it's not your fault.."

Prussia wants to believe the words coming out of Russian Empire. He really wants to, but the guilt still weights heavier on him.

☆-Greenland!-

[image] [image]

Characters: Greenland, Denmark, Faroe, America and a small appearance of Britain.

A/N: this chapter was politely requested and it's a new experience for me to research about Greenland and write about him! Next chapter is already planned in my mind. I'll be focusing on making soft stuff now so, no need to use tissues for now guys, it's all rainbows here xD
Also!! I'll have my art attached at the end of the chapter x)
———-

Greenland ran after the leather ball, kicking it against a tree and watching it come back to him, repeating the process with a happy smile.

It was 1867, the young child has the flag of his father precisely the same, no differences to be noticed but the eye color: for his were bright blue, while Denmark's were a warm shade of brown.

The kid doesn't have a sharp political view like his father or his uncles, he simply saw life easygoing and wanted to enjoy it with no worry about anything else.

Greenland kicked the ball too hard and got it stuck on the tree branch, huffing and puffing his cheeks. He took off his shoes and socks, climbing up to retrieve back his ball, but was mesmerized by the view of the city.

The winter was over, the snow was melting and the greenery stubbornly peaked from under the white blankets. The smoke emitted from houses and restaurants, vanishing in the sky beautifully. Greenland lost time as he leaned on the tree, hugging his ball to his chest and awing.

"There you are!"

At hearing the sound of an adult, Greenland looked down in hopes to see his father, but saw the striped flag with a big star glowing, next to the star was a number.

37

"Hello, kid." America greeted with a smile and looked around him. "Is your father around? I wish to see him for some business."

Greenland hated how the word "business" came out of his mouth, the way he was looking at Greenland with excitement and hunger altogether, it made the kid feel scared.

"...father is doing some work...I'm waiting for him to pick me up here.." Greenland decided not to get down from the tree, clutching his toy tighter and clinging to the safety of the height he has over the Northern American country. "..what do you want?" He asked out of curiosity and in hopes to ease his panic and fear of the country before him.

"Just some adult stuff." The conversation ended from there.

Greenland didn't hop off the tree until he saw the slightest glimpse of his father approaching, smiling at his son but the smile was gone and replaced by a professional look when he saw America waiting him by the tree.

"Amerika. May I be of your help?" He asked and saw Greenland run towards him and stand under his arm, clutching his uniform.

"I wanted to give out a little proposal, why don't we talk more professionally inside your place?" America offers, letting Denmark lead him inside and Greenland still latching onto his father.

Entering the meeting room, Denmark asked for his son to bring something for the guest, watching him leave and noticing America's eyes were fixated on Greenland too.

"So. What is it?" Denmark tried to keep his displeasure from showing on his face, seeing America only grin happily and put his

hand on the desk.

"5.5 millions for that kid and your brother Iceland, what do you say?"

Straight to the point, how bold and stupid of him. Yet it was fearsome, how he easily spoke without being scared.

"Amerika." Denmark started coldly, his eyes sharply focused on the young country who only got his independence almost a century ago. "Just because the negotiations of buying Alaska worked well for you, doesn't mean that you can try to reach your hand out to every colony you want and buy them. If anything: I see Britain before me."

America was forcing to keep his smile now, not wanting to let his anger out with how Denmark dared compare him to his father. "Ahah, well. I'm only scouting out for some chances, that's all." He moved his head to the side and tapped the table. "I'm open for more negotiations if you wish. I can offer you more golds..." America said with a lace of venom in his tone, the spark in his eyes was gone and replaced with hunger.

"Please leave. Greenland is not for sale, Amerika." Denmark hissed and saw his son walk into the room, holding a tray with two steaming teas in it as well as some biscuits to serve, apparently not catching on what his father just said.

"...very well." America got up and left the room, closing the door behind him.

Greenland turned towards his father when he heard him sigh, rubbing his eyes tiredly. "Papa.." Greenland started, putting the tray down and tapping in the desk nervously. "Um..what did Mr. Amerika want..?"

Denmark looked up, seeing the genuine discomfort in his son's eyes and the fear there. He gave a warm smile and shook his head, putting his hand on his hair and brushing it. "Don't worry. Nothing you need to be afraid of..it's just some stupid business. Amerika is getting a little too greedy, eh?" He smiled when he saw Greenland

laugh and calm down.

Greenland is not for sale, that was undebatable.

———

"Run! No matter what you hear or what you see, keep running and don't look back! Now go!"

Those were the last things Greenland and Faroe heard from their father as the Germans started their merciless invasion on Denmark.

Greenland doesn't know for how long he and his sister were running, but they never stopped or looked back. They never stopped when the bombs exploded or when the German started yelling to catch them, they never looked back when the cries of help echoed around them and the bullets flew too close to them.

They never dared stop, the adrenaline was bumping through their bodies that it numbed any pain they should be feeling.

"R-ren...tired.." Faroe whined, trying to keep up with her brother but her little legs were getting sore.

"Don't stop now! Or they will catch us and kill us! You have to run!" Greenland yelled, looking around him in the open field and running faster. "Quickly or they will catch us-" he stopped when he heard Faroe gasp and yelp in pain, immediately followed by a thud and then wailing.

Faroe hasn't noticed the small rock that peaked from under the dirt which lead her to accidentally hit it and lose her footing, falling on her face and scraping her knee.

She immediately started crying on the ground, feeling Greenland lift her up to sit and he checked her knee. "I-it's a small scrap! Hey don't cry- we still need to run-" Greenland tried to shush his sister, but she kept crying nonstop. Her cries were a mixture of pain and pure terror.

Suddenly, the realization dawned on Greenland heavily. What will they do now? What will happen after they run? Will they be

rescued? Or killed? Is Denmark even alive? Was he killed on the spot where they last saw him? How will Greenland survive with his sister if he doesn't even know where they are now?

Greenland started shaking and without noticing himself, he was crying too. He brought his fists up to his face and let out all the pain and agony he's is currently feeling, rubbing his eyes until they burned him yet the tears didn't stop.

Both countries were crying for help, not noticing the two figures that started running towards the noise once they caught it.

"Greenland! Faroe!"

Fear struck the eldest sibling, looking behind him and not recognizing the blurs, he carried his sister and started running while screaming to be left alive.

"Stop! It's us the allies!"

Greenland didn't stop, thinking it was just a German soldier lying to him. He kept running but due to fatigue, he slipped and crashed on the ground, covering his sister not to get hurt.

"Don't kill us please!" Greenland pleaded and curled into a ball, entirely covering his sister.

"Greenland, hey..look at me.."

Looking up, Greenland saw both America and Britain giving him sympathetic looks, and the kid cried again.

A while later and after patching up the two countries, they were taken into one of the Allies' military jeeps. America was driving and staring ahead while Britain looked down at a map, then turned his head behind him to the backseat.

Greenland and Faroe were fast asleep, hiccuping and shuddering from crying almost all day. He looked back at the map.

"So, you're taking Greenland?"

America tapped the steering wheel. "Yes." He simply answered, already planning what to do and how many soldiers to send there, the land was a golden mine for America, a military necessity he never knew he needed until recently. This is his chance to try the feeling of '*owning*' Greenland.

"I shall take the young girl." Britain said and sighed, rubbing his nose. "Are we doing the right thing?"

"Yes. Yes we are. We're taking them for protection." America fought back, trying to reason with his father and the voice in the back of his head. America doesn't have anything against the kid, really. Greenland wasn't a problem to America nor a burden. He doesn't want to harm him or even separate him from his family. It's his land that he wants. It has so much opportunities to take that America wants to have it for his own selfish greed.

It has never been something wrong about the kid and never will be, America deems.

..

Faroe Islands stood in shock as she finally understood what was happening before her eyes. How Greenland stood with America, his head hung low. While she was with Britain and his wife.

It took the little girl a long while to really figure it out, but once she did, she started crying and broke into a sprint for her brother. "No no! Ren stay!" She felt a hand grab her wrist and she started hitting it with her fist, pulling at her hand to be let go from whoever stoped her. "Let me go! **REN!!**" She screeched, seeing Greenland standing, not daring lift his head up while America smiled down at him.

"It's for the safety of you and Faroe. *Right?*" America said and noticed the droplets of tears falling from Greenland's eyes.

It's for their safety, Greenland understands. He wanted help and he's getting it now.

So why was he so scared to be forever taken away from his family?

———

May, 1945 - Nuuk : Greenland.

Greenland sat on the roof of a postal office, looking up at the sky and letting out a sigh. Right now as he's sitting here, the allied forces are fighting to free Europe..the last he heard was that they were planning to enter Denmark and free it.

After an hour, Greenland was done sitting out and got off to leave the roof and go back to his home, listen to the radio and try to see what the progress was.

But he froze in his spot after he turned around and saw what was behind him, or more better; who.

Standing there and leaning on a crutch with the black Germanic military clothes, was his father. Denmark took a shaky step and let go of the crutches, opening his arms and accepting the heavy weight of his son leaping on him and wrapping all four of his limbs around him in a hug, crying and speaking in gibberish, rubbing his face in his chest.

Denmark winced then laughed, rubbing his son's back soothingly and pecking his hair. "Hey..I'm here now.." he whispered and felt his own tears as well. "You know, you're heavy." He joked and heard Greenland let out a laugh that was mixed with a sob.

"I-I'm not heavy! It's because I-I'm taller than you." He looked at his father and reached his hands to his cheeks, feeling the bandages and scars. "You're *real*.."

"As real as I can be...when the allies came in, I had to fight with them.." he smiled and held his son's hand back, giving it a firm squeeze. "It's okay..the nightmare is over...you'll be with me from now on..you and Faroe.."

———

1946

America walked into Denmark's office, smiling when the country

greeted him friendly with open arms.

"Amerika! Please have a seat! I am happy to see you."

"Thanks, you don't know how happy I am as well.." America whispered and took his seat, starting small chats with Denmark about how things are in his country and how he's healing up after the war that has taken a toll on everyone in the world.

"Denmark, I want to talk with you about something.." America started slowly, taking out a check and sliding it to him. "Its about your son,Greenland..You know, when I had to take over his land in order to save him...and.." America's eyes showed a spark of mischief. "Oh how his geographic location was so *perfect*...it's a good trading point and even a greater military presence for North America and Europe...if you use it correctly, you could have the best and biggest offense and defense." America leaned forward and chuckled. "Greenland is a useless island for you, hm? I mean, you really haven't done anything to the island but having it under your name...while I managed to show the whole world the advantages of Greenland's position."

Denmark frowned deeply, the smile that he had was gone and disappeared. He knows exactly where America is taking this subject, but he wants to hear it. Maybe he only wants to give him pointers on how to manage Greenland better.

"Stop the sweet talk with your little twisting and turning." Denmark crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back on his chair. "Just tell me what you are trying to say."

America took out a check, smirking widely at the Nordic country. "Very well.. A hundred million dollars. We can sign the deal and I get the island for myself, what do you say-" America watched as Denmark took the check and he felt a surge of victory overflowing in his heart.

But the little victory died immediately when the sound of the paper Getting ripped filled the air.

"Amerika. I will forget what happened just now, if you leave and

never ask me again about buy my son."

America chuckled and got up, fixing his clothes and putting on his shades. "Have a good evening, Denmark."

It wasn't the last time America kept pestering to get his hands if the island.

———-

June, 1985

Denmark held up the sewed flag and admired it proudly. It's about time Greenland gets his own flag, and after long planning and commissioning a tailor to sew the flag, it is now ready to be wrapped and presented to '**him**'.

Denmark wrapped the gift paper around the neatly folded flag, putting a sticker to secure it and then carefully placed it inside a paper bag, leaving his office and going back home.

Greenland was sitting in the living room cross legged, holding the instruction paper upside down while near him was Faroe, who's in a heavy fit of laughter.

"So...I think I did it wrong." Greenland said with intense focus. "It was supposed to be a car."

"A-and you made a boat!" Faroe was giggling endlessly, rolling on the floor and kicking her legs up. "Silly Ren! You are holding it wrong!!"

"Am I?! What!" He held the instruction paper up and huffed. "Now that's how it works! Stupid Lego set." He smiled at seeing his sister enjoying herself even more.

They both turned to the sound of the door opening, with Faroe running quickly and jumping on her father. Upon seeing the bag, she squealed and covered her mouth to sustain her giggles.

"Now?!" She whispered happily and Denmark nodded his affirmation.

"What's going on?" Greenland walked into the two who were by the entrance, seeing a paper bag and smirking. "What, another set of Legos, father?" He joked but stopped when Denmark handed him the bag.

"Open it and see for yourself." Greenland took the bag and his face showed surprise at how heavy it was. Taking the wrapped gift, he looked at it then at Denmark and Faroe who were giving excited smiles and were full of anticipation.

Opening the wrap, Greenland unfolded the flag and let out a small weep. He held it up and admired the design, simple and appealing to his taste, it even uses the two colors he's so comfortable to having: red and white.

"How do you like it? You deserve to have your own flag.." Denmark smiled and almost cried at seeing his son hug the flag tightly then walk forward and hug Denmark, burying his face in his shoulder.

"I love it..I *really* do." Greenland sniffled and heard Faroe squealing happily and hugged both their legs, her excitement and happiness reaching the stars.

A day later, everyone was surprised to see the new flag of Greenland, a flag that represented the country as himself. Even if he's still part of his father's rule, he now has what makes him special.

His own flag.

——————-

A/N: ART!!! My designs of my favorite silly trio x))

☆-The Little Glass Heart of Austria-Hungary-

Characters: Austria-Hungary, German Empire, Austrian Empire, Reich and Kingdom Of Hungary.
Small appearances of Russian Empire, Prussia and Soviet.
———————————

Austria-Hungary feels like a spoiled princess when being with German Empire. The man is ready to cross the whole world if it meant granting her a wish she asks for.

Even after she lost her sight, he still treated her with no difference. German Empire made it his duty to make Austria-Hungary feel comfortable and loved, no matter where they are.

One of the many signs of care that German Empire shows, is that he labels everything in braille. Every spice bottle and every box of tea bags will have a label on it. Even under her own personal mug, he has a braille sticker there so she would know which is hers.

Austria-Hungary brushed her wet hair then reached her hand towards the many bottles of hair products, trying to read the conditioner that she recently purchased from a hair-care clinic. Upon finding it, she started treating the lower parts of her hair.

German Empire was sitting in the living room, his phone on his chest while he lay back on the couch watching the latest news with both Russian Empire and Austrian Empire.

The channel was switched to a hockey match by Soviet who took the remote and flopped down next to his father.

Before Austrian Empire could ask Soviet why he switched the channel, his face changed to surprise when he saw the teams

playing. "It's Canada against Russia?! Is it live?!"

Russian Empire straightened up at that, his focus increased and was aimed at his grandson in the field, his stick crashing with Canada's to try to get the disk.

German Empire was intrigued to watching the play but got interrupted when his silent phone started vibrating with messages that didn't want to stop. Picking up his phone, he saw that his wife was spamming him with random texts and he excused himself to leave, going to their room.

"My love?" He opened the door and closed it behind him. "Hey..I got your messages..are you alright?" He walked to her figure that stood inside the bathroom facing the mirror but her head was low and the towel covered her face and hair. "Dear..?"

Austria-Hungary slowly turned towards his direction and a small whimper escaped her lips. "K-Kaiser.." she hiccuped and pulled the towel away.

Austria-Hungary was trying her best not to cry, but once she heard the gasp of shock from German Empire, she began sobbing and covering her face. "I don't know what happened! I-I was using the new hair treatment and-" she sobbed more and felt German Empire quickly bring her in a tight hug. She wrapped her arms around him and buried her face in his chest.

German Empire looked down at her hair, looking too dry for normal. The hair was crumbled and in a messy knot, looking burned and far from how it was back in its old form.

"Hey, it's okay.." he tried to soothe her sobs, cupping her cheeks and resting his forehead on hers. "Deep breath, follow me.." he took a big breath and Austria-Hungary tried to copy him, little sobs and whimpers escaping her but she kept giving her attempts.

Once calm, German Empire helped her sit in the closed toilet lid and held both her hands, caressing them gently and lovingly. "Now..tell me what happened that caused this?"

"I-I used...the new conditioner...I put it on the lower part of my hair and started brushing it to get it untangled...then w-when I washed it...this happened.." she almost broke into another fit of cries but held herself back. "I don't want to cut my hair.." she leaned on his hand that rested on her cheek, feeling him peck her temple and run his thumb under her eyes to wipe her tears.

"Hey, don't worry...I'm not a professional but I'll take you to see one, okay? Come on..let's get you dressed.." he whispered and helped her up on her feet, letting her go get dressed and he looked over at the conditioner by the sink.

Austria-Hungary heard the sound of something heavy getting thrown into the trash can.

_____-

German Empire walked into the hair salon, Austria-Hungary being right behind him and having a beanie to cover her hair.

They both left the house quietly, not wanting to make a scene about their leave nor wanting to worsen it on Austria-Hungary if everyone saw her in that state.

The hair dresser greeted the two and lead them to a chair, with German Empire helping Austria-Hungary sit down and rub her shoulders to calm her.

The hairdresser gently took off the beanie and grimaced, looking at the hair and taking a hairbrush from the apron she's wearing. After a few unsuccessful attempts to untangle the burnt hair, she gave up and called for one of the workers to prepare the shampoo chair.

"What will you do?" German Empire asked and saw the hairdresser delicately help Austria-Hungary on her feet to get her hair washed.

"We shall try to wash her hair and moisturizer it in hopes that it'll be untangled. If it doesn't work then...I'm sorry but we will end up chopping your hair." She looked at Austria-Hungary, seeing her freeze and take a small gasp.

Chop it? No. No no! That was not what she wanted to hear!

German Empire felt helpless to say anything, watching as the work began on trying to fix Austria-Hungary's hair trouble.

Half an hour later, German Empire saw the hairdresser dry Austria-Hungary's hair and gently speak to her. The expression on Austria-Hungary's face showed pain and acceptance, replying to the hair dresser with few words or just giving out a nod or a head shake, feeling like shutting herself out from the world as she knew what will happen now.

The sound of the scissors made Austria-Hungary flinch and bite down her weeps. She hates the feeling of her hair falling on the floor, how her head felt lightweight and her neck was too exposed. It all felt unnatural to Austria-Hungary and made her reminisce the bad memories that she wishes to forget.

The hairdresser was the sweetest, both German Empire and Austria-Hungary agreed on that. She did the best to make Austria-Hungary look her prettiest in the new hairstyle, buffing it and making it a cute little fluffy mess that had Austria-Hungary look young with a baby face, her cheeks looking rounder and cuter.

She didn't even want to get her payment for the hair wash, only asking her money from the haircut she made.

"If you ever need anything, you're welcome to come here!" She waved at the couple and watched them leave the place and head back to the car.

Austria-Hungary had her head low, biting her lower lip and sniffling. "Sorry.." she murmured and reached her hands over to her eyepatches, taking them off her then putting her fists over her eyes to stop the tears. "I'm sorry.." she heard German Empire stretch over to her and give a tight hug, allowing her to let out all her cries and sobs at having her hair cut.

To anyone, they would find the subject an easy matter and that Austria-Hungary was overreacting to such things, but to those who lived around her, they knew differently.

Austria-Hungary has started to let her hair grow after the Great

War, once she became a dead country and a blind woman. She decided to not cut her hair and leave it to grow naturally, as a sign of healing from trauma, change and letting go of bad memories.

A sign that she's trying to move on and to live her life the fullest.

Yet it was cut short by this incident, leaving her to remember the days of the war and the terror that was marked on her. She just wants to close her eyes and open them again with her hair long and healthy.

The drive home was quiet, Austria-Hungary has let out her pain and finally calmed down, feeling ready to meet the others with her new look.

German Empire parked the car and got out, holding her hand and taking her to the door, opening it and announcing that they have arrived back.

"Mutter, you ca-!" Reich froze in his place, staring at his mother's new look and gasping happily. "Woah! You look so pretty!" He flew towards her and held her cheeks, filling her face with kisses. "Vater is so lucky~" he smiled but the sadness reached his eyes when he noticed how his mother was trying to be happy but she couldn't lie to herself.

"Mutter..it shall grow back.." he gently held her hand and squeezed it. "You'll have your hair long before you know it.."

"Hercegnőm..?" Kingdom Of Hungary spoke in a small whisper, reaching over to her daughter who pouted, her lips quivering as she tried not to break.

"Mama.." Austria-Hungary felt her mother run her hand through her hair, using the other hand to put it on her daughter's cheek. She sensed the sadness and heartbreak in her voice and body language, bringing her into a tight hug and smiling.

"Oh my little baby...it's okay..you look wonderful no matter what.."

"Austria-Hungary.." Austrian Empire came forward and put his arm around her shoulder in a side hug. "You must know

something...long or short hair, you'll always be our Austria-Hungary. Even if your hair is short, it doesn't mean than you can't make greater memories with it. You have to forget the bad ones.." He smiled and kissed her cheek. "Also, you look fantastic with every style."

German Empire looked at her parents with gratitude, feeling thankful that they said the right words to the saddened Austria-Hungary.

The next day, Austria-Hungary laid down on the bed, not used to her hair feeling so short, nor the winds tickling the back of her neck. She felt a dip in the bed and a hand run through her hair with so much care.

"Do you want to go down and have breakfast with the others?" He asked softly and saw her shake her head no, scooting closer to him and burying her face in his chest, hiding there as she curled into a ball.

They stayed together for a while until a knock was by the door. German Empire got up to answer it, seeing Prussia and Austrian Empire with each holding a plate and a steaming mug.

"Haven't seen you two down there..so we decided to bring breakfast up here." Austrian Empire smiled sadly and watched German Empire take the food after he thanked them.

Austrian Empire stared at the closed door and frowned sadly, rubbing his arm and looking at Prussia who looked intensely focused on his own thoughts.

"Opa Pruss, opa Austrian Empire...I have a plan!" Reich came to the two with a happy grin.

Austria-Hungary sat on the dressing chair, letting German Empire brush her hair and fix it. He looking down at her sadly when he saw how she immediately pulled the hoodie cover over her head as soon as he was done.

"Mama, can I come in?" Reich knocked on the door, walking in

when Austria-Hungary gave him the okay to do so.

"So- me, Opa Austrian Empire and Oma Kingdom Of Hungary want to take you two out with us! We will go around the city, go shopping and you get to buy anything you want! And also, there's a cafe I want to take you to, mama~ it's a surprise!"

Austria-Hungary wanted to decline the offer, but the way Reich sounded eager to take her and how happy he was made her rethink what she wants to say. She felt German Empire put his hand on her back and kneel to her height.

"What do you say, my love? Shall we go?" Austria-Hungary lowered her head and nodded, feeling both Reich and German Empire brighten up at that.

An hour later, Austria-Hungary was in the car sitting between her son and husband, while in the front were her parents. They began their drive to one of the streets that consisted of many lined shops, where they could park the car and walk on foot. At the end of the street was the cafe that Reich planes to take his mother to.

Reaching the first shop, they all walked inside and split into random groups or solos, to see the clothes and other accessories that were put for sale.

Austria-Hungary ran her hand over the fabric of the dress that was displayed, feeling someone come near her and awe at what they saw.

"Oh it looks fantastic! Why don't you try it?" It was Kingdom Of Hungary.

"I don't know, mutter.." Austria-Hungary let go of the dress and Kingdom Of Hungary frowned, looking at German Empire and Austrian Empire who were getting some newer clothes as well as for the others.

"Come on~ your husband will love it..it matches your new haircut too~"

Austria-Hungary flinched and looked down. She hates her new

haircut. But she loves German Empire, oh she is madly in love with him indeed.

"I'll try it..but for German Empire.." Austria-Hungary said and heard her mother squeal and hand her the dress.

"Go go! It's your size!" She helped Austria-Hungary get into the fitting room and looked at German Empire with a mischievous smile.

"Mutter? Did I wear it correctly?" Austria-Hungary walked out of the fitting room after a few minutes, moving a stubborn hair strand away from her cheek and lifting her head up when she didn't hear her mother. "Mutter?"

"...Austria-Hungary..." she blushed furiously when she heard German Empire, stammering and covering her face.

"D-dear?! What are you- where's mutter!" she asked in a panic, whining and closing the door on herself. "What if I wore it wrong- mutter you..." she groaned and stomped her feet in embarrassment and anger, yet his gentle voice behind the door melted her.

"No- not at all! Please come out..you look so pretty in the dress.." German Empire pleaded and knocked on the door. "Please, my love?" She can't say no.

She opened the door and felt German Empire hold her hand, gently spinning Austria-Hungary and making the dress twirl with her. The dress was a white summer dress that reached below her knees and had two strings to tie them together on her back between her shoulders. It wasn't an exposing dress, it was sweet and just the right fit on Austria-Hungary.

The pattern on it were pink flowers with leaves, printed everywhere and looked tiny. The sleeves were short and puffy, and to top it all, Austria-Hungary was holding a straw hat that had a bow.

He gently took the hat and placed it on her head, seeing her become a blushing mess. "It's perfect...it was made for you.." he cupped her cheeks and brushed her hair. "We are getting it."

Before Austria-Hungary could speak, he leaned down and kissed her nose, smiling triumphantly when he saw her pull the hat over her face and mumble incoherently in Hungarian.

Kingdom Of Hungary, Austrian Empire and Reich watched happily as German Empire and Austria-Hungary shared a little romantic moment together. The three felt their hearts bloom when they saw Austria-Hungary smiling and laughing at whatever German Empire said to her in a quiet hushed voice.

Back inside the fitting room, she was going to change from the dress and back to her clothes, yet she reached her hand up to her face and gently traced it and the hat.

It was...a great combination. The short hair with the straw hat felt comfortably fitting together as well as the light summer dress. And the way German Empire was head over heels for how she looked...made her remember something else.

Their first days of marriage. How did she forget that? She has linked the short hair to bad memories that she didn't realize how the best memory in her life ever has happened during the short hair period.

Marrying German Empire.

She blinked her eyes under the eyepatches and gasped, blushing deeper. German Empire was seeing Austria-Hungary just like the days he was newly in love with her during their marriage. German Empire was even more in love now that her hair is short and reminds him of those memories.

She covered her face and squealed suddenly. She's letting go of her bad memories and is holding on to this one and only this.

She feels that she looks like the day she officially got engaged and married to her love. And she can't be anymore happier.

Austrian Empire noticed how Austria-Hungary looked brighter when they got out of the store, her face had a smile and her happy voice came back as she started chatting.

Austria-Hungary hugged German Empire's arm and felt him stiffen a little, blushing deeply and clearing his throat. He can't help how he's more and more falling for her.

Austria-Hungary giggled and stuck her tongue out, hearing Reich next to her laugh as he understood the situation before him.

A few more shops later, they were standing by the cafe and Reich was shaking excitedly while grabbing his mother away from German Empire, taking her inside with him. The three followed suit and looked around them at the brightly colored cafe with the decoration having black balls hanging from the ceiling with a lightbulb inside them.

"Welcome to the boba coffee shop~! I've always wanted you all to try it!" Reich snickered and saw his father roll his eyes at him.

"Oh yeah. The one you sent me that time.." German Empire chuckled when he saw Austria-Hungary looking childishly excited. "My love?"

"I heard so many people talk about it! I want to try!" She stood on her toes and nodded her head. "Yes yes let's try! All of us!"

The rest agreed and soon they all placed their orders and went to sit on a table. Reich and Austria-Hungary decided to stand by the counter to listen or watch as the baristas worked on making the five drinks.

Austrian Empire saw Reich and Austria-Hungary come back with the drinks in the cup holders, Reich holding up the four pack while Austria-Hungary was holding a singular one: German Empire's drink.

"Here." She handed it to German Empire after she was helped by him to sit next to his seat. Everyone got handed out their drinks and looked at it.

Kingdom Of Hungary swished her green matcha bubble tea, hoping that it would taste good and not too sweet. Austrian Empire awed at his purple colored taro drink, watching the black tapioca pearls

move around with his straw. Reich got himself a salted caramel and so did Austria-Hungary, while German Empire got a brown sugar.

They all took their sips simultaneously, with Reich grinning and waiting their reaction.

Austrian Empire chewed on the pearls with a bright blush on his face, smiling at the taste of his drink. Kingdom Of Hungary shivered when a wave of sweetness hit her, surprised that even her matcha drink that would usually be bitter had a ting of sweetness in it due to the tapioca pearls.

As for Austria-Hungary, she took a big sip from her drink and uncontrollably let out a gasp, covering her mouth as her grayish eyes shone under the cover.

"Libeling?" Austrian Empire turned to his daughter who was blushing furiously for her childishness and covered her face, moving her head behind German Empire's shoulder to hide it.

"You like it?" German Empire asked in a gentle whisper as he saw her nod her head, making him let a small smile slip on his face and take a sip of his own drink, shivering at how overly sweet it was.

"Too sweet for me." he mumbled and lifted his head up to look his son who grinned happily with the straw in his mouth.

"We should get some for the others at home, and maybe get mutter a gallon. They have it on their menu～" he laughed when he saw his mother blush and throw the cup holder at him, huffing and turning her head away while sipping her drink with a shy pout.

Austrian Empire rested his cheek on his hand, watching his dear daughter drink and laugh, talking with her family more brightly than when she came from the hair salon yesterday.

Kingdom Of Hungary saw the look on her husband's face and leaned against him. "Do you see how happy our little princess is?"

"Mhm.." he wrapped an arm around her and kissed her cheek. "I do." He smiled and turned over to Reich, seeing him scanning the menu for what to get the others at home.

"Get Prussia the caramel, he'll like it." German Empire said while sipping his own drink, having tried his wife's drink while she tried his own.

After listing the drinks they will order, Reich went to the barista and ordered the drinks then payed and waited to get them done while Austrian Empire decided to bring the car closer to the coffee shop.

The rest of the day went on better than Austria-Hungary has thought, really. She never imagined herself accepting the haircut or even loving it, but with German Empire being so in love with her and reminiscing their old days together, she couldn't help loving the haircut too.

They both were lying down on their bed at night, preparing to sleep after the eventful day. German Empire buried his face in Austria-Hungary's hair and sniffed it, hugging her tightly.

"Do you love my short hair more than when it was long?" The question made German Empire freeze and start stammering.

"What-? What made you think that? You know I love you with any hairstyle! I really do! Did I make you feel different- I'm so sorry it's just that, I'm remembering good memories and- I uh.." he blushed when he heard Austria-Hungary laugh and lift her head up towards his direction.

"I'm just teasing you, silly.." she giggled when he grumbled and booped her nose with his finger. "..I love you.."

"I love you too.." he smiled and let himself give up to sleep.

☆-Mini Comic - @Kitten.Obi -

[image] [image] [image][image]

A/N: this comic was made by my dear bestie and whom I see as a sister ! *Her IG: @/Kitten.Obi* ! You can see many of her wonderful art of countryhumans or even OCs! ('°ω°｀) ♡

Make sure to check her out! Now to the comic, I'll put an English translation!

Side note: NOT A SHIP COMIC! It's familial teasing ٩ (๑ ˙˘˙ ๑) ۶
————

Prussia : imagine if we lay down on the roof and watch the stars-

Prussia : -in the sky, and I get closer to you,
Russian Empire : -pure disgust-

Prussia : and throw you off the roof...

Russian Empire : -bursts into laughter-
Prussia : -pure shock-
——-

This woman portrayed thEM SO WELL SIWNDIWNE THE MY REALLY ARE JUST SIBLINGS WHO ANNOY EACH OTHER YET CARE !!! Austrian Empire is just the baby of the group... I love this trio too much help me- (ಥ □ ಥ)

Hope you loved the comic (because I almost cried) AND DON'T FORGET TO CHECK HER ACCOUNT!

☆-Party Pooper-

[image] [image] [image]

Characters: Prussia, Austrian Empire, Russian Empire, Austria-Hungary, Kingdom Of Hungary , Reich, Soviet and Germany.

A/N: honestly this chapter was written RANDOMLY— I just wanted something to put for today's update and I hope you like it ^^
If you see any mistakes it's cause I didn't edit it Dx
——————

Austria-Hungary was walking downstairs and heading to the living room, with German Empire right behind her and carrying a basket containing his wife's knitting stuff.

Once she took her spot, German Empire handed out her unfinished project to continue, putting the ball of thread inside the yarn bowl then sitting next to her.

"Knitting!" Austrian Empire peaked his head inside the living room with a grin. "What are you making, princess?"

"A scarf for Reich." Austria-Hungary answered with her hands moving at a steady flow. "You know him during winter." She chuckled and felt her father sit on the other side next to her.

Prussia yawned loudly, walking into the living room with his coffee, blinking his eye and sitting on the floor with his back resting on German Empire's legs that dangled from the couch.

The atmosphere was one of calmness and tranquility, with the soft sound of the knitting sticks and the low hum of the television, almost making Prussia return to sleep again if it weren't for Soviet announcing his approach to the group.

Austrian Empire lifted his head up when he saw Russian Empire passing by the foyer and going towards where the library is, then he spoke up. "I have a question..." he murmured and everyone turned to him, Austria-Hungary listening as she worked.

"Have we ever seen Russian Empire laugh? Like, genuinely happy and from his heart kinda laugh." He asked and Soviet looked at where his father went to, doing his might not to smirk.

"Nope. Surpassingly I haven't.." Prussia sipped his coffee and looked up at his son who shook his head. "Soviet you're too quiet." Prussia now focused on the Russian who didn't answer, only shrugging his shoulder in dismissal.

"Is there even a way to make him laugh?" Austria-Hungary asked after putting down the scarf, entertained by the subject. "A way that doesn't have suffering, that is." She added which made German Empire cover his mouth to hide his chuckle.

The small debate went on jokingly until they were interrupted by Reich flying into the room with his phone showing a video call of Germany.

"Alright mein sohn~ say what you were saying again?" Reich grinned while Germany rubbed the back of his neck timidly.

"Uh..so UN is inviting you all to attend a little party that he's hosting at his building tonight...and I do wish for you guys to come.." Germany smiled when he saw the faces of his family change into surprise and excitement.

"A party?! This is so great!" Austria-Hungary cupped her own cheeks, not believing the words she just heard. "We have to go! Please?" She turned to German Empire who smiled and booped her nose.

"Sure.."

"Wait, why hasn't Russia said anything to me?" Soviet scoffed and picked up his phone, his scoff vanishing into embarrassment. "Oh...I had it on mute- yeah I'll reply to him.." he quickly started tapping

on his phone and texting his son.

"Neat, my charming tuxedo has been in my closet for too long~ I can finally put it for some good use." Prussia finished his coffee in a chug and beamed.

"You are not going."

Everyone froze and so did Germany, making out the voice that spoke right after Prussia.

They looked back at Russian Empire who put his book on the television shelf, crossing his arms over his chest and looking at Prussia in the eye. "Napoleonic France will be there. We can't risk something bad happening. Especially to you."

"But...the rest of us will be with him.." Austrian Empire assured, trying to lighten the mood but Russian Empire kept firm on his words.

"Napoleonic France doesn't care about us as much as he does about Prussia. If he sees him, he might cause trouble to everyone else there, including Prussia."

"UN and NATO are watching over him." Prussia argued with a scowl. "I'll be just fine, don't make it sound like I'm the trouble there."

"First, the party will be a good distraction for Napoleonic France. Two, you were never the problem and we all talked about this." Russian Empire shook his head and moved his hand to place it on his hip. "It's final. You're staying and I'll stay with you. The others can go."

Prussia wanted to argue and reason here and there, but the image of Russian Empire with the bleeding sword in his abdomen flashed across his mind and he turned his head away, giving up to staying.

No one dared speak another word, looking at each other silently then over at Prussia who excused himself and got up to his room for the rest of the morning.

_____

It was evening, the sun was slowly sitting and the night was becoming a little colder. Everyone is dressed and ready, leaving the house and getting into the two cars to leave as two groups, but Austria-Hungary had a little thing to say before she can leave.

"Mr Prussia." Austria-Hungary knocked on the door as she was dressed and ready to accompany the other who waited for her. "Hey..don't be sad. I know Mr Russian Empire just wants to keep you protected..." she frowned and placed her hand over her heart. "I promise to get you a gift from the party, okay..?"

"Sure.." Prussia's voice murmured from behind the door, listening to the woman bed her goodbyes and walk away from where she was just standing.

Prussia returned back to his bed and flopped down on it, taking out his phone and seeing that German Empire, Austrian Empire and Reich have texted him some encouraging words, but he just swapped away the notification and threw his phone behind him.

The door creaked open and Russian Empire's footsteps echoed throughout the room, nearing Prussia's bed and stopping there as he sat down on it.

Prussia didn't look at his friend, turning his head opposite his direction and jabbing at the pillow with his finger. "Sorry...I know you're doing it for my safety, that I should feel grateful...especially since it was my fault what happened last time."

"It wasn't your fault, Prussia." Russian Empire spoke gently and looked down at his lap, running his hand over his abdomen that has the scar permanently there. "It was never your fault, from the first time he appeared." He looked back at Prussia and titled his head to the side.

How can he help Prussia now..

Russian Empire looked around the room, sighing and rubbing the back of his neck. He got up and went to his wardrobe, taking out

his coat and a scarf. "Get dressed. We'll go out."

Prussia looked over at Russian Empire, seeing him getting ready to leave. Contemplating, Prussia decided to see what Russian Empire has in plan and got up to get dressed too.

Both countries were walking outside by the quiet town, Prussia looking up at the stars and admiring them while following Russian Empire to where he took them.

In all his honesty, Russian Empire doesn't know where to go. He wanted to get out of the house and take Prussia to have a breather instead of being coped inside the house doing nothing, or worse: getting moody.

Russian Empire let out a breath, his head low and looking at his feet that moved with every step. He stopped when he felt Prussia tug at his arm.

"Yes, you have my attention-"

"Swings!" Prussia ran towards the playground and jumped on one of the swings eagerly, moving his legs to speed up.

Russian Empire tilted his head in confusion, but a smile appeared there and he walked to the other empty swings and sat on it. Any other time, he wouldn't have stayed. He would have left Prussia alone to embarrass himself playing in a kid's ground, but with the current circumstances as well as the fact that the sun is gone and no kid is here, Russian Empire let himself join.

"You think I can do a three-sixty swing?"

"I'm not taking anyone to the hospital." Russian Empire snarled playfully, watching his friend attempt to make it.

"HA!" Prussia laughed when his swing did a full circle, trying to make it halt by pushing his legs on the ground but he lost balance and fell face first.

"P-Prussia?!" Russian Empire got off his swing to check up on the fallen country, doing his best to hide how impressed he was at the

fact that Prussia actually did it.

"I'm good!" Prussia lifted his head up and spat out the pebbles that got into his mouth. "Did you see that?!" He looked up at Russian Empire with a wide childish grin.

Russian Empire huffed and turned his head slightly to the left, his body shaking uncontrollably.

"Russ?" Prussia came over to where he turned. "Hey, you okay?-" Prussia's the widened when he saw Russian Empire covering his mouth the mute his laughter.

"Y-you're—" Prussia was cut off by Russian Empire laughing and continuously turning his head away from Prussia not to be seen. He took a shaky breath and wiped his eyes, seeing the stupid victorious grin blasting his friend's face.

"You saw how cool that was. Right?!" Prussia flapped his wings happily and looked at him.

"I didn't see it.." Russian Empire wheezed and put his arm up in failed protection while Prussia flew up to ruffle his hair.

"You're lying! You saw it I know! Admit that I was awesome!"

"N-no—- hey!" Russian Empire swatted his hand away fixed his hair, finally calming down for his laughter and going back to the swing, so did Prussia. But this time, both of them didn't play and instead watched the stars.

"Hey Big Russia, do you see that star? The one that looks like it has an orange glow." Prussia waited until Russian Empire finally nodded in confirmation. "That's actually mars." He grinned when he saw the surprise in Russian Empire's face as well as interest.

"Really..?"

"Yeah! And that one up there is Jupiter, we've been seeing it a lot eh?" Prussia grinned and waved at the bright planet. "I've read an article that says we might see Venus by next week." He held the swing ropes and leaned all the way back until he was looking at the

street upside down.

Russian Empire hummed while he kept staring at the planets that Prussia pointed out, quite impressed by his knowledge but not surprised. Ever since his ruling days and Prussia was intrigued by space and the stars.

"Do you think they're having fun?" Prussia pouted and sat upright, looking at Russian Empire who shrugged his shoulder and smiled.

"Aren't we having fun too, though?"

"No!" Prussia stuck his tongue out and screamed when Russian Empire kicked his leg with his boot. "Ouch! Okay, we are! I was just joking.." he got off the swing and looked back at Russian Empire who followed him.

———

He parked the car with a tired sigh, finally back home after the long party that lasted til midnight. He cracked his neck and turned to look behind him seeing Reich and Soviet were snoring tiredly.

German Empire got out and helped Austria-Hungary out of the car, pecking her hand and letting Kingdom Of Hungary take her inside. He went back to the car and knocked on the window.

"Soviet, Reich. We are home." He watched as they were shaken up awake, looking around them tiredly and getting out of the car.

Reich rubbed his eyes tiredly while Soviet opened his necktie, both walking inside and stopping when they saw Austrian Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary and Austria-Hungary standing by the foyer and looking at the living room.

German Empire closed the door and went towards the group, following their sight and letting out a sigh.

In the couch, sprawled out and deeply asleep was Prussia, his legs stretched out and resting on Russian Empire's thighs.

Russian Empire was asleep sitting up on the couch, having a small

spot on it due to Prussia taking most of the space.

Boxes of leftover pizza and fires were on the coffee table while the television had the menus of the CD they were playing.

"How could they.." Austrian Empire pouted and clutched his heart. "They shall pay.." he huffed and watched as Soviet walked inside the room, taking the fallen blanket and draping it over the two.

Austria-Hungary felt her husband walk over to her and wrap his arm around her shoulder tiredly, yawning. "Come on..we should all go to sleep.." he said and everyone agreed, with Reich grabbing a pizza slide and walk after them to head to their rooms, with everyone falling asleep immediately as they laid in their beds.

———-

Prussia groaned, fighting his heavy eyelids to try and open them. Once he succeeded, he looked around him at the sun illuminated living room, with Russian Empire nowhere in sight.

The leftover was gone and the room looked more tidied up than he last remembers. As he moved to get up, pushing the blanket away and placing his feet down: a mug of coffee appeared by his face.

He looked up and was met with Russian Empire who had his clothes changed into cleaner ones, his hair brushed and tied in a mini ponytail. "Morning." He greeted the black winged country who finally took the mug and drank from it.

"Ah...mornin'.." Prussia melted to the coffee sensation, leaning back on the couch and looking up at the roof. "Have you met with the others?"

"No. I don't think they'll wake up anytime soon." Russian Empire shrugged his shoulder and opened the book he had with him. "Good. It's been a while since I had a calm morning."

"Wow.." Prussia snorted and sipped his coffee, opening his phone and seeing that Germany has sent him some pictures he took during the party, whether it be himself or of the others.

"Huh..look at that." He moved his phone for Russian Empire to see, showing a picture of Soviet, Russia and his two sisters laughing together. "How much will you give me so that I can send it over~?"

"None. I have Germany's number." Russian Empire lifted his book up more to cover his smirk once he saw the pure shock on Prussia's face at that.

"What?! Since when?!"

"Since we went shopping together because you couldn't." Russian Empire looked down at Prussia who was grinding his teeth while hissing.

"You still taunt me about that day.."

"And will keep it up. Because you deserve it."

"WHY YOU-"

Austrian Empire yawned and peaked into the living room, seeing Prussia being pushed back by Russian Empire who used his leg to push his cheek away.

"Let me at you!"

"No- get off." Russian Empire kept the distance between them and saw Austrian Empire laughing and running his hand through his hair.

"You two sure have it early.." he said and saw Prussia grumble and give up, sitting away from Russian Empire and sipping his coffee loudly. "Well..you made him angry."

Russian Empire only rolled his eyes and looked back at his book, a little smile was on his face.

_____-

A/N: you're here? Good. Have some of my art as well as my friend's art!
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Made by: @ Kitten.Obi (I.G.!!)

Now mine:

ϑϬ -Mute Prussia AU (1)-

A/N: see that lil cutie butterfly emoji? Yeah this means that this chapter is an AU! (Alternate universe - aka not canon!) and it's not historically accurate, just some fantasy and different story line x)
Also I'll be taking a week break from updating the book because I need to rest haha! See you next Friday!
(ง•⊟•)ง✧

He only had two choices, either to escape into the woods, or death. Prussia didn't want to die, not like this.

He remembers his escape like the back oh his hand, a small opening in the wall that he found, crawling with blood and dirt on his as he kicked squirmed to get out and flee with his life, and into the darkness of what faced him.

How long has it been since he saw anyone? He doesn't know. He has found himself living alone in a small cabin by a lake in the middle of the forest he escaped to, hoping to live the rest of his life in peace and die alone without suffering.

He misses his family and friends, he always kept thinking about them and reminiscing their memories until soon, it was only the blur of their faces. He was starting to forget how they looked and sounded. He is starting to forget his own son's features.

It hurts him, it rips at his heart. But he won't dare come back, or else he'll be back to the same unending cycle of pain and torture.

Therefore, he accepted this. To live by himself, feed from the forest and trees, hunting deers and birds and using the clean water of the lake. It has been like this for years, Prussia thought it'll continue like that til his last day.

But somehow, just...somehow...they both found him.

Prussia was chopping the logs into half, preparing his stash for the winter that was closing in. He winced when a splinter got into his finger, taking it out and putting his burning finger in his mouth to numb the pain.

Feeling better, Prussia gripped the axe tightly and was about to swing down on the log that was standing, but got interrupted by my a voice he never thought to hear again.

"Prussia...? It's not a hallucination right..? Y-you're alive?! Oh Pruss!" Austrian Empire ran towards his friend and brother, hugging him tightly and sobbing on his shoulder. Behind him stood a tall, well dressed figure with a sad look.

Prussia felt his eye getting tearful. Why are they here? Why did they even come? Were they looking for him?

He was sure that he never left a trace or appeared to anyone. He wanted them all to think he died, alone and pathetic. But still, somehow..

They still found him.

He shook his head and pushed Austrian Empire back, holding the axe defensively. He felt pained when he saw the heartbreak in Austrian Empire's eyes, the same expression was on the other man too.

"Prussia...put the axe down..we won't hurt you.." Russian Empire spoke carefully but saw Prussia turn and aim at him.

Prussia stared at how well dressed Russian Empire looked, he must still have his rule. Austrian Empire looked to be in a more simpler clothes, did he let go of his rule? Did he lose it?

Opening his mouth, Prussia couldn't find his voice. He never found it. Ever since that day and it was gone.

"....a—be—-me!" Prussia gasped and clutched his throat, the axe falling from his hands and dangerously plunged itself next to his leg. Prussia wheezed and groaned, falling on his knees and coughing as blood splattered out from his mouth.

Russian Empire immediately kneeled down and put his arm behind Prussia's back. "He's bleeding- Austrian Empire, help me get him inside his place." He ordered as Austrian Empire ran to open the door of the cabin.

Russian Empire carried his friend and rushed to get him inside and aid him, begging and pleading that he doesn't close his eyes yet. But Prussia gave up, he's a quitter. He's always been a quitter.

.....

It was dark and cold, little droplets of water fell from the ceiling and onto the floor right next to someone's feet: it was Prussia's.

He was trapped in the dark cell, surrounded by the cold walls and facing the bars before his face. The chains were heavy and burned his neck and leg, keeping him in place.

He opened his eyes at hearing the smallest sound of footsteps, whimpering and backing up in his cell to hide himself. The headache returned to bounding as soon as he opened his eyes, making the nausea return and his blurred vision uncleared. His throat burnt him from how much he had screamed the many torturing he endured, making him unaware of time anymore. How long has he been here? He doesn't know.

Seeing the tall figure stop by his cell and open the door, Prussia took a small gasp and covered his face when he felt someone pull at his hair and drag him out.

Prussia started kicking and screaming even when his throat was hurting him more, almost breaking down on him and stopping its work. Prussia was clawing at the hand that was mercilessly dragging him across the stony floor, scraping his legs and arms.

Stop! He pleaded, let me go! But no one heard him.

He was tied down to a table and felt the leather straps and chains getting pulled tightly to secure him in place. He kept struggling and yelling, trying his might to escape this torture, but to no avail.

A strap was put over his forehead to steady his head and he looked at the people around him in pure horror. A man walked up to him smiling

mincingly, twirling a dagger in his hand.

"Do you know how rare it is for someone to have red eyes, Prussia?" He started feeling sick in the stomach. "You don't need two eyes to see."

That day was the last time Prussia heard his own voice before his vocal cords never worked again.

———-

Prussia woke up with a gasp and a moan, his vision still not focused due to just waking up, so as soon as he got off his bed he tripped and fell heavily on the floor.

"Pruss..?" Russian Empire walked over to his friend in the dimly lit room by the moonlight, carefully helping him up and trying not to breakdown at how Prussia flinched from the slightest touch he felt from him.

Russian Empire helped Prussia sit on his bed and carried the fallen blanket, wrapping it around him. "Easy, you're safe.." he assured him and watched as Prussia was shaking and silently cried where he sat.

He reached his hand up to his head and winced, blinking rapidly when he felt something tight around his head by the left eye. Now that his senses came back, his body was feeling sluggish and heavy to move, and his eye burnt him too much even though it was non existent.

"I treated your eye. It wasn't taken care of and had some infections.." the soft voice of Austrian Empire answered this time, arriving with three cups in a tray. "I also gave you some herbal medicine to help your body after you collapsed due to coughing blood. Does that answer your questions?" He smiled and handed him a cup.

Russian Empire and Austrian Empire stared at their friend, the friend who they never gave up looking for, even when people kept saying that he might have died.

Russian Empire, Austrian Empire and German Empire were the only

ones who held on to the hope that Prussia is alive.

And there he is. In front of them, breathing and with a beating heart!

"Prussia? Is there something wrong?" Russian Empire asked carefully, not being able to make eye contact with Prussia who had his head low. "Prussia?"

Austrian Empire frowned, sensing something wrong in the air. Ever since they saw him and Prussia hasn't said a full sentence or even a single word. And right now he only has his mouth tightly shut and avoiding eye contact.

It clicked in Austrian Empire's mind what is going on.

"Prussia...can you talk?" A shiver ran down his spine when he saw Prussia bite his quivering lips and cling tightly to his mug.

It all happened suddenly: Prussia's mug slipped off his hands and he lurched forward, his eye hazy and unfocused and his body unmoving. Russian Empire quickly captured Prussia before he could hit the floor and checked for his pulse, letting out a relieved sigh and putting him back to bed while Austrian Empire collected the shards.

"He passed out..I guess the medicine knocked him blackout.." Russian Empire sighed and let the whole puzzle pieces form a slight piece of the picture.

Prussia ran away, he chose to escape from everything that has haunted him during the war and now once he's found, secrets of what exactly happened to him are slowly unraveling themselves.

With the first thing being that: Prussia is mute.

The next time Austrian Empire opened his eyes, it was morning , he stretched and sat up from where he slept on the chair, going over to Prussia's bed to check up on him.

Austrian Empire felt like he was in a dream, one that he didn't want for it to end. A dream that Prussia is really alive, he's here and not just an imaginary picture. He has been looking for him ever since the war ended and Prussia's kingdom was liberated from the tyrant who invaded it. But ever since then, Prussia was nowhere to be found.

The kingdom has lost its king, and the next in rule was Prussia's son: who helped in liberating the land and went to the prisoners cells in hopes to save his father.

Russian Empire, Austrian Empire and German Empire were the ones who rushed to the basement and called for Prussia, checking every single cell there was but they didn't find him.

Upon arriving at the last one, they all froze. Austrian Empire remembers the taste of vomit in his mouth when he couldn't keep it inside and turned behind to let it out.

The last cell was covered in blood and claw marks, the chains broken and a bit of the bar was bent for someone to escape it. It was clear who was in this exact cell.

Austrian Empire remembers very well the reactions around him, how German Empire collapsed on his knees and screamed in agony, how Russian Empire covered his mouth and let his tears fall freely. It was a horrific moment that was forever engraved in their minds.

Austrian Empire shook his head and came over to Prussia who had his back on him. He didn't want to wake him up really, but he needed him to take his meds since almost twelve hours passed.

"Pruss..wake up, you need to take your medicine." He gently reached his hand out and shook his shoulder. "Prussia." Another shake and Prussia was suddenly lying on his back, his breathing weak and slow.

Cold sweat was covering his forehead and his face was flushed with a deep blush, indicating that he's heating up rapidly.

"Prussia?! What happened?!" Austrian Empire panicked and touched

his cheeks and head, feeling him being too hot. "No no..not when we found you! Russia-" he turned behind to see Russian Empire already awake and taking off his cloak to drab it over Prussia and wrap him in it.

"We need to get him to the empire and get a proper medical care." Russian Empire said and scoffed. He didn't wish for this to happen, but it seems like the infection only got worse due to how long it was untreated.

Prussia will hate this since it appears that this cabin is his only safe space, but they have to take him away. So, Russian Empire made sure to cover Prussia's face to hide him from the prying eyes of public.

"Let's go."

Russian Empire sprinted quickly, looking down every once in a while at Prussia who was panting and moaning in pain, as if trying to speak in his delirious state. He tightened his grip on him and ran faster to where he and Austrian Empire came from, the road that would lead to the German Empire.

It was a race of time.

ϑϬ -Mute Prussia AU (2)-

A/N: hello everyone! Back from break with a new chapter of this au heh >:)
I'll write other requests that I got right after this chapter, hopefully there will be more mute Prussia but for now I'll stop it here and move to the wonderful ideas by some of you guys x]
And also I have an important update!
From now on I'll try to have a schedule for updating this book, so that I can have time in writing and editing!
Update days: Friday - Tuesday - Wednesday
Saturday is a day where I might update or might not xD
———————-

Characters: Prussia, German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Austrian Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary, Russian Empire and Switzerland

———————

"German Empire!"

Two guards turned around in defense while pointing their rifles at hearing the screams, but as soon as they witnessed the source of the voice they immediately put their weapons aside and made an opening to let the two walk into the castle.

"Where is he? Germany!" Austrian Empire started calling in a panicked manner, his eyes scanning the big entrance and halls.

"Can someone tell me the cause of the yelling? What is going on-" German Empire rushed down the luxurious stairs with someone right behind him, but froze when he noticed that Russian Empire had someone in his arms, his look of confusion turning into a mixture of pain and hope. "Is that.."

"We need your most trusted doctor, one who can keep a secret. And now!" Russian Empire hissed, his heart racing as he didn't wish to waste a single minute talking.

Putting his emotions aside, German Empire nodded his head and turned to the woman standing next to him. "Austria-Hungary, take them to the guest room, I'll get in touch with Switzerland and bring her here."

"On it, follow me." The wife of the ruling emperor lead both her father and his friend to the guest room that was located in a secluded area of the castle, giving them more privacy.

As soon as she unlocked the door, she watched Russian Empire rush inside and lay the covered figure on the bed, carefully taking off the cloak and unbuttoning the shirt of the man to help cool him down.

Her eyes widened when she saw who exactly laid there, scarred and covered in a dirty bandage around his right eye with a barely audible breath was none other than he father-in-law:

Prussia.

"Oh my.." she covered her mouth, allowing herself to shed some tears from shock and relief. He is found? And also alive? Her husband's hope weren't in vain this whole time! Her father has finally found the person he's searched the whole continent looking for! Prussia is right before her own eyes.

A moan interrupted her thoughts, making her look at Prussia who weakly attempted to push Russian Empire away from himself, feeling a cold cloth being placed on his chest and face that made him shiver and cry out.

Austria-Hungary rushed next to her father and reached her hand to hold Prussia's feet down, watching as they both worked to lower his temperature. She noticed how Prussia felt hot for normal and began struggling more the moment he felt restrained, his foggy mind taking him back to that awful memory he was once in.

"It's okay, it's okay...we are not hurting you. We only want to help.."

Austrian Empire soothed gently and ran his free hand through Prussia's hair, feeling a jab at his heart when he saw the falling tears from his good eye. "Es ist okay..." Austrian Empire whispered in German, hearing Prussia's whimpering getting lower at the familiar mother tongue.

"It's working.." Austria-Hungary noticed then walked towards Prussia's head and sat next to it, taking her father's place in brushing his hair and speaking to him in a soothing German language, while Russian Empire and Austrian Empire kept doing their work until Switzerland could arrive with German Empire.

An hour later, Prussia has passed out on the guest bed, his breathing calmer and his temperature a few numbers lower than when he came in first.

The door was pushed open, revealing Switzerland and a panting German Empire behind her yet his eyes were focused on his sleeping father.

"Everyone, out please. I need to do my work." Swiss spoke professionally and put her medical bag on the bed. She looked behind her and saw the pleading look on German Empire's face, making her give up. "You can stay, he is your father after all."

Once they left, Switzerland took out a needle and injected it carefully into Prussia's veins. The old German gasped with a small groan, opening his eye and looking around him.

"...ha.." he blinked wearily, his eye landing on German Empire and widening at realization. Is this a dream? Mocking him with his desires? Or is it a reality? He couldn't tell anymore due to his head spinning too much, making everything around him move.

In a last attempt to try and see if he's real, Prussia reached his hand over to German Empire before it can get too heavy to move. His eye swelled with tears when he felt his son catch his hand as it fell, gently pecking it and bringing it to his own face.

"We've got you.." German Empire promised and felt Prussia caress his cheek with his thumb. "You're home.."

Prussia's vision went black and he was yet again engulfed in the endless cold void.

_____

After more than two hours of waiting, Russian Empire covered his face where he sat waiting for Switzerland to come out and bring the good news with her. Next to him stood Austrian Empire who had his head resting on Kingdom Of Hungary's shoulder while Austria-Hungary had to leave the group and take care of the empire's affairs, promising to meet them as soon as she's done.

The three perked up when the door was finally opened and a fatigue looking Switzerland walked out with a drained smile. "Things are stable..he's asleep and his temperature is still too warm, but more importantly he's not in any danger for now. I'll check on him tomorrow morning, get him his medicine too and help him take it instead of the IV he has right now. The infection is under control which is good, but he still needs to take everything easy." She announced and let Austrian Empire and Russian Empire walk inside, grateful that Kingdom Of Hungary came over to her and helped take her to the second guest room to rest and get a night's sleep.

Entering the room, Russian Empire saw German Empire sitting right near Prussia's bed, holding his hand and intertwining their fingers together. Prussia still looked drained from color, his pillow and blanket having a few droplets of blood due to his bandage changes and cleaning the infected area.

"Pruss.." Austrian Empire sighed with a little whimper, taking his other side and clutching his hand tightly.

Russian Empire saw a clothe on the ground, dirtied with more blood and drenched in sweat. Kneeling down, he saw it was his cloak. He quietly took it and put it away, glancing back at the sleeping figure of his friend then turning over to German Empire.

"I must leave back to my empire." He spoke quietly, a hint of guilt clear in his face. "I wish I could stay, but I must take care of my affairs. I'll return as soon as I can. Keep in touch for any updates."

German Empire nodded then suddenly got up, walking to Russian Empire and hugging him tightly.

Shocked, Russian Empire stayed frozen and unmoving, not even lifting his arms to hug him back.

"Thank you.." German Empire whispered, sniffling and burying his face in his shoulder. "Thank you for finding him.."

"It's wasn't only me.." Russian Empire said back, finally moving his hand up and rubbing the German's back. "Take care of him."

"I will."

All of them will.

_____

The next time Prussia opened his eyes, it was because he felt something soft brush his hair, pleasantly massaging his scalp and making him feel at ease from the little panic he was having.

He looked at the figure and blinked his eye rapidly until it cleared. She looked older than the last time her saw her..her red hair was in a mini ponytail, some hairs falling out from the tail and making it look a little messier. Her blue eyes had genuine concern and love as she looked at him with an assuring smile.

"Ah-.." Prussia winced, putting his hand over his burning throat to lessen the pain. He felt something gently brush against his lips and opened his eye to see that she brought a warm glass of water for him to drink.

"It's okay, Mr Prussia. This place is safe." Austria-Hungary spoke calmly, making sure that Prussia could hear her whispers while the other two men were tiredly asleep. "I'll ask you yes no questions, you can nod or shake your head, mm?"

Prussia nodded, Austria-Hungary smiled and nodded back. She knows that Prussia can't talk, her father told her and German Empire yesterday after she finished her work and met them. She's both shocked and pained at the revelation of that news.

She shook her head and looked at Prussia, asking her questions. "Do you feel any pain?"

A head nod.

"Is it your eye?"

Another head nod.

"Okay, okay I see..I'll go get Switzerland so she can-" Austria-Hungary was cut off when she felt Prussia hold her left hand gently, caressing the ring around her finger and looking at her in surprise and confusion.

Austria-Hungary blushed then smiled softly. "It's from German Empire..we are married.." she held his hand back. "We also have a son ..I'll let him see you once you feel better, I promise."

Prussia let out a small breath, feeling his eye tearing up. He's a grandfather? Has he been gone this long? He opened his mouth to speak but before he could, he felt tight arms wrap themselves around him.

Prussia groaned weakly, looking down and meeting the same face he saw before. His son.

"O—-ohn—" Prussia whined and cried, suddenly forgetting everything and everyone around him, only seeing his son. His dearest gift and hope. His everything.

Prussia hugged German Empire tightly and started wailing in pain and agony, his broken and exhausted voice making his cried even more heartbreaking.

Austria-Hungary backed away and felt a hand on her shoulder, looking up and seeing Austrian Empire crying silently while watching the scene before him:

How Prussia would rest his forehead on his son's and run his hands thought his hair and wings, unbelieving what he's seeing right now. The way Prussia would trace his hands across German Empire's facial scars as hair then hug him again, burying his face in his chest

and just wanting to absorb the scent of his son.

"O—Oo....-" Prussia gasped in pain, the relief evaporated and replaced by heavy guilt. He left his son alone all this time to rule this land alone, with no contact or explanation. He reopened his mouth to speak again but no voice came, which made him cry more and tug at his son's back.

"He...he wants to say something.." Austrian Empire walked to a desk in the room to grab a paper and a pen, handing it over to Prussia who quickly scribbled his words.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

It was repeatedly written on the paper with shaking hands until German Empire stopped him.

"Don't be sorry. You never did anything wrong." German Empire pleaded, looking at his father's lowered head.

I left you. I left Austrian Empire. I left Russian Empire. I left my people.

Prussia froze a little then wrote again:

I was a coward.

"You weren't a coward. You choose to escape with your life instead of dying!" Austrian Empire argued back.

"Vati." Prussia froze at hearing German Empire use the little childhood name he called him. "You were only trying to survive. No one blames you.."

Prussia crumbled the paper and let the three hug him tightly, hiding himself in their arms and shrinking away from the cruel memories that haunted him.

☆-20k Special QnA!-

Special 20k QnA chapter!
Status: closed!!

Howdy! How are you all my readers? I asked whether you want a QnA chapter for the special 20k and based on your agreement to it, I shall serve! (ง•̀⊟•́)ง✧

I'll leave this chapter for A WEEK! Last day to publish your asks will be 11th October.

> Any uncomfortable or repetitive questions that were answered in the previous chapters will be unaddressed <

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-The Housemates (German / Russian / Austrian family):

> Prussia

> Russian Empire

> Austrian Empire

> Kingdom Of Hungary

> German Empire

> Austria-Hungary

> Reich (Weimar)

> Soviet

> Germany

> Russia

> Ukraine

> Belarus

———————-

-The English household:

> America

> United Kingdom

> Canada

> France

> New Zealand

> Australia

> Wales

> Ireland

> England and Scotland

> bonus: Kingdom of France

———————-

-World Organization:

> UN

> WHO

> NATO

> bonus: Napoleonic France

———————-

-The others:

> other countries you wish to ask that weren't listed up *(specify who please!)*

> author

☆-Surprise!-

A/N: this chapter was suggested and requested by a follower! I hope you enjoy the softness! ^^
Next up is another requested chapter, an AU specifically x]
———————

Characters: Reich, Russian Empire, Soviet, German Empire, Austrian Empire, Austria-Hungary, Kingdom Of Hungary, German Empire, Kingdom Of Italy, Imperial Japan, Prussia and Germany.

———————

Russian Empire flipped the pan and listened to the sound of the hissing toast, the smell of cinnamon rolling in the kitchen and giving a warm wintry vibe to the cool morning.

"Morning! Thank you, bye!" The calmness was interrupted abruptly by Reich bursting into the kitchen and grabbing a piece of the already done French toast.

Russian Empire blinked in surprise and horror at the fact that the German easily devoured the steaming bread with no struggle.

"You're...welcome?" He sometimes questions himself about how he still lives here with people as crazy as Reich. But it gives life a better taste so he won't complain.

"He left already?" German Empire walked into the kitchen stretching his sore wings, going over to set the table for breakfast.

"He has plans?" Russian Empire asked while putting the freshly fried toast with the others, taking another one and dipping it in the butter and brown sugar mixture.

"Yes. He's meeting up with Koi and Imperial then they'll hang out for the day."

Russian Empire gave a hum and continued making the food, the kitchen slowly filling up with the rest that woke up to dig in their breakfast.

Russian Empire refilled his coffee mug after he served the plates, going over to his chair to sit with the rest but yet again got interrupted by the doorbell. Sighing, he announced that he'll answer it since he's the only one standing.

Opening the door, his stern face changed to pure confusion and surprise when he saw exactly who came. "ребенок..? What...are you doing here?" Russian Empire's shoulders relaxed as it was only Germany staring up at him with his red eyes shimmering innocently. "Your father just left, you know that?"

"I know!" The sparkle in his eyes got brighter and Russian Empire doesn't know what to feel about this anymore.

"Uh..get in..then.." he moved aside and watched Germany get inside the house, commenting about the tasty scent in the air.

"Guten Morgen!" He walked into the kitchen and grinned happily, laughing when he saw the shock on their faces.

"Deutschland? Kid, your.." Prussia frowned and rubbed his cheek. "Should I call him-"

"No." Germany shook his head and saw Russian Empire walk back to his seat, but instead of sitting he offered it for the kid who again shook his head. "Sorry for coming all of a sudden, but it's really part of my plan for something.."

"Plan?" Soviet asked and lifted his head towards Germany. "What have you got, детеныш?"

Germany took a deep breath and tugged the strings of his hoodie. "Because vater isn't here for this day..I want to do a party for him and I thought..having you in it will mean more to him.." Germany started, his eyes darting on the ground as he felt too nervous to

meet their eyes. "S-so...uh..if you don't want to it's fine I can do it in my house by myself-"

"No no, keep going, mein kind. I want to help you." German Empire smiled and patted his shoulder where he stood near him. "Is there a reason for the party?"

"Mm.." Germany nodded and smiled sadly. "Not a lot of countries talk or admit about the fact that vater has learned to change and fix himself..so I want him to know that I-we notice..we see him trying. I want this to be a morale boost for him to keep doing the right thing."

The words not only touched German Empire's heart but also everyone's. Reich, his time in the imprisonment and the self-improvement lessons he took during his capture haven't gone up in smoke. Reich has actually learned from his mistakes and is mentally recovering from the bad habits and thoughts he has. His APD is almost healed and gone, and he's seeking monthly therapy for his bipolar disorder.

Reich isn't slacking off when it's about change and becoming good. For his son and his family, he's doing his best.

And Soviet knows it. As much as the little voice in his head would remind him of how his trust was broken and how Reich stabbed him in the back mercilessly, his eyes see something else. They see Reich really doing his best to be a better man.

Germany became more nervous as the silence lingered on longer, looking at Austrian Empire for help while the older Austrian shrugged his shoulders and looked at the others. "Guys..?" Austrian Empire asked softly. "What's..your answer?"

"Yes." German Empire and Prussia both said, with the latter giving Germany a wide grin. "I'll join in, mein urenkel."

"Me too! My son deserves to be recognized for the good too!" Austria-Hungary clapped her hands happily, turning to her parents when she heard them chuckle and announce their involvement too.

Germany was flapping his arms uncontrollably as he saw everyone was joining in, then turned to the man who partly raised him, wanting him to join in too. "Herr Sowjet? Will you join?"

Soviet looked down at his plate and gave a warm smile, looking up at Germany and nodding. "да."

"Now that everyone has joined. Do you have any plans in mind?" Russian Empire asked the kid, swishing his coffee in his mug.

"Huh? You're with us?" Prussia grinned playfully while Soviet looked a little astonished at that. "That's surprising since you would rather stay away from a crowd."

"Did you join in immediately because it's about Reich~?" Austrian Empire teased with Prussia, seeing Russian Empire frown and protest with a no, but the two kept pressing on.

Russian Empire turned his head away and pursed his lips in a pout, slightly getting panicky about his emotions and what he's feeling, knitting his eyebrows together in thoughts. Is it really because Reich? What? He has a soft spot for him? Well...the kid knows how to make him laugh sometimes..

Soviet looked at his father then at Prussia and Austrian Empire who bursted out laughing loudly, grumbling under his breath.

Soviet is totally not jealous or anything.

Germany noticed the pout on Russian Empire's face as well as Soviet and looked at his grandfather who only shrugged his shoulders with a smile. "So, what's the plan?" He asked and Germany shook his head, focusing to answer.

"Oh yes! I thought about getting a cake for him..decorate the living room with fairy lights to give a warm look. I already got him a gift and it's in my house, I left it there in case you guys didn't want to uh..yeah- I'll bring it over here."

"Get a cake? Uh, no hun." Kingdom Of Hungary got up after she finished her breakfast and took her plates. "Kid, we have to bake one."

"Oh! That's right!" Austrian Empire brightened up at his wife's idea. "Baking it will have a deeper meaning than buying one! I like how you think, liebste~"

"Oh shush it you fool.." Kingdom Of Hungary pushed his face away while blushing, looking at Germany then Russian Empire. "Well...someone here knows how to make a certain German cheesecake-"

"No." Russian Empire deadpanned. "Don't even think about it. I only do it because there's an adult child who eats it." He looked at Prussia who chocked on his coffee, looking away and humming innocently.

"Well...there it goes." Kingdom Of Hungary rolled her eyes.

"He likes fruit tarts." German Empire and Germany spoke simultaneously, Austria-Hungary snapping her fingers and grinning.

"Papa can do that easy-peasy."

"Yes I can!" Austrian Empire rolled his sleeves and patted his forearm. "Let's get it started then!"

Less than a minute later, the breakfast on the dinning table got replaced by the ingredients for the tart. Due to not having enough fruits, Germany offered to go buy them and along the way he will bring his father's gift from his home.

Russian Empire and Austrian Empire discussed how to make the tart while Kingdom Of Hungary was by the stove watching and instructing Austria-Hungary to stir the milk while they heated it.

German Empire took out a glass bowl and a whisker, seeing Prussia approaching him with the eggs while behind him was Soviet.

"I brought the grumpy Russian with me."

"I'm not-"

"Oh yes you are." German Empire smirked whilst breaking the eggs and mixing them with the sugar.

Prussia snorted and patted Soviet's back. "There there, I don't really know how that feels but I'm trying to assure you."

"Real mature.." Soviet huffed and moved away when he saw Austria-Hungary coming over to her husband with the steaming milk to pour it.

Prussia flew over to Soviet and hovered next to him, whispering. "Hey Soviet, I've got a plan."

"No thanks-"

"We can make dear отец jealous~" that got both Kingdom Of Hungary and Soviet's attention.

"H-...how will you do it?" Prussia only smirked widely and Kingdom Of Hungary made an escape for her safety when she saw the mischievous glint in his eye.

"By having fun~" Prussia rubbed his hands together and dragged Soviet with him, making sure to be having him all for himself and his son during the baking process.

Germany arrived half an hour later and was tossed over to Russian Empire's help to replace Austrian Empire who went to make a jam to cover the fruit tart with it as a last touch. Nervously, Germany held the bowl of washed fruits and looked up at the older Russian with a sheepish smile.

Russian Empire looked down at the kid then over at the other side of the kitchen when he heard Prussia scream and Soviet ducking away from the hot pot in Austria-Hungary's hands that swung near them when she tried to avoid them, apologizing because she can't see.

"Come on, ребенок. We will be working on the tart mixtue." Russian Empire spoke gently and took the bowl of fruits, pitting them in the fridge. "Let's finish it so it can chill for an hour."

"O-okay!" Germany smiled and went after Russian Empire who put the ingredients together into a bowl, taking the whisker and handing it to Germany.

"Go on." He watched as Germany started mixing easily at first, but when the mixture began thickening, Germany started groaning when the whisker got heavier.

"Ugh- Herr Russisches Reich..." he looked up and saw Russian Empire smile softly and shake his head. "Help me." Germany puffed his cheeks and Russian Empire came from behind him, putting his hands on Germany's and helping him mix for a few more minutes.

"Stop it! Haha! Prussia get away-

"German Empire hold him!"

"Vater..what are you doing to him-"

"Just hold him, come on!"

Russian Empire looked behind and saw his son trying to escape Prussia who was swinging a spatula as a sword, while he was using a pot lid as a shield.

Germany watched while laughing at their silly game, then averted his eyes up and saw Russian Empire looking both relaxed and longing. Germany immediately understood that look.

Russian Empire wants that smile to be directed to him too.

"Herr Sowjet!" Germany waved his arm and smiled innocently at him. "Can you help me with something please?"

"Hm? Sure." Soviet put the lid away and went over to Germany and Russian Empire, with Prussia smirking at Austrian Empire and both making a fist-bump.

"Yeah, ребенок?" Soviet put his hand on Germany's head. "What do you need?"

"Cut the fruits with me and Herr Russisches Reich!"

Soviet looked up at his father and both blinked at each other, their feelings incomprehensible to both of them, while Germany only grinned happily.

"Sure.." Soviet took out three knives, giving the smaller one to Germany who huffed and looked up at Soviet.

"I'm an adult.."

"Yeah but you're the youngest adult here so, quit whining. Also I raised you!"

"Sorry!" Germany hide behind Russian Empire and stuck his tongue out. "Would you give Russia this knife too?"

"Yes, happy?"

"Okay~" Germany smiled triumphantly and started cutting the apples while Russian Empire stood between them and couldn't help a small chuckle.

"He chuckled!" Kingdom Of Hungary covered her mouth and blushed. "Oops..sorry.."

"What's going on?" Germany tilted his head and smirked. "There was a challenge about making him laugh?"

"...a kid blew our cover because of your wife." Prussia looked at Austrian Empire who blushed and rubbed the back of his head.

"Oh look at the time! It's watering the plants time!" Austrian Empire covered the jam he just made and dragged his wife to run out the kitchen. Russian Empire looked at the rest who made random excuses and left the kitchen, with German Empire taking Austria-Hungary's hand and both left.

Germany returned back to cutting the apples but stopped suddenly. "Oh! I'll go wrap the gift and hang the lights! Opa!" Germany rushed out of the kitchen before the two could react to him, seeing the German fly out and call his grandfather.

Russian Empire sighed a long sigh, shaking his head and taking Germany's apple to cut them. "He set us up." He looked at Soviet's hands that were busy cutting the strawberries and pushing them off the cutting board and to the bowl. "You can leave if you wish-"

"I'll stay.." Soviet said with a huff, taking the kiwis and peeling them, swiftly cutting them to half circles. "Do you want me gone?"

"N-no..no.." Russian Empire turned his head away and then murmured softly. "I'm happy you're with me.." he blindly reached his hand and it met with Soviet's, both grabbing the same fruit.

Soviet took his hand away and groaned, kneeling down on the floor and covering his face. "Why am I so awkward.."

Russian Empire panicked when he saw Soviet like that, kneeling next to him and frowning in worry. "Um..sorry, I didn't mean to make you feel that-"

"Don't apologize..we're both just so bad at understanding emotions..." Soviet grumbled and covered his face. "Why is it easy to laugh with the others but I feel nervous around you.." Soviet sighed and turned, leaning on the kitchen counter and Russian Empire joined in.

"I wish I had an answer..but I don't. I find it easy to get along with the others but when..uh.." Russian Empire tilted his head to the side and frowned. "When it's about you..I find it hard to explain what I feel..I guess it's my guilt.."

Russian Empire hugged his knees and felt his wings twitching in dissatisfaction. "I don't..understand a lot of things.." he mumbled and rested his chin on his knees. "I never really got exposed to emotions in my youth...which made me grow stoic and emotionless..I guess." Russian Empire frowned in thoughts. "It's Prussia and Austrian Empire who..made me feel things. Their friendship with me and how they would drag me to adventures back in the days, it made me get exposed to a lot of emotions that I still don't understand to this day. And you took the burn of it.." Russian Empire looked at Soviet and wanted to reach his hand to his son's, hold it and give it a gentle fatherly squeeze.

"I'm sorry for being so broken.."

Soviet felt a stab in his heart, shaking his head and lowering it. "Don't be.." he spoke softly and reached his hand out to brush the

messy feathers on his father's wings. "Emotions can sometimes suck." Soviet joked with a chuckle, seeing Russian Empire smile and let out a small laugh.

It felt so right to hear him laugh.

"I guess you are correct.." Russian Empire smiled and looked at Soviet when he finished doing his wings. "Thank you.."

"You're welcome. Now let's finish cutting the fruits then we can torment the Germans." Soviet grinned and got up, helping Russian Empire stand on his feet and both went to finish the task, then Soviet spoke up again.

"Do you favor me over Prussia?"

"Of course."

"Then what about Reich?"

"You're going too far, son."

———————-

Reich shook his empty coffee bottle, tossing it to the trash can then looked at his watch. "Ah, guys I need to head home. It's getting late."

"Mm? What?! Now?!" Kingdom Of Italy, also called Koi by his closest people, whined childishly. "But I just saw you.."

"Just saw him? Koi-kun...we've been with Reich-kun since eight o'clock. It's now five." Imperial laughed at him, patting his shoulder while the trio took the turn that lead to Reich's house. "We can see each other next week! Right Reich-kun?"

Reich put his phone away and did a thumbs up. "Next time I'll take us to the aquarium near the boba cafe." He gave a toothy grin and felt Koi give him a tight side hug.

"I can't wait! When is next week?! Can't it be tomorrow?!"

"Koi-kun.." Imperial shook his head and watched Reich laugh while ruffling Italy's hair.

Once by his home, he waved his arm and bed them goodbye, fishing out his keys and humming while opening the door.

"Yo-ho, your favorite house member is back." He called out and stopped when he noticed the dark house. "Weird..maybe they went to the movies?"

He walked further into the house and saw that the living room had a warm light coming from it, so he waked over there but froze when he saw the sight before him, the confetti popper going out and covering him in the colorful glittering papers.

In the middle of the coffee table was the fruit tart with soft drinks around the dessert. Everyone else stood behind the table and greeted Reich happily while Germany and German Empire stood next to the foyer by each side, the confetti poppers in their hands.

"Überraschung!" Germany threw himself in Reich's arms and German Empire quickly came forward to steady the two from falling over.

"W-what— what's happening?" Reich asked, the warm light already gave away to his watering eyes. "Mein sohn, what are you doing here?"

"I'm here because me and everyone else made this surprise party for you!" Germany let go of his father and held his hands. "Do you like it?"

"What's..the reason?" He asked confused and emotional, looking at everyone who smiled at him.

"Because you've changed." This time it was German Empire who spoke, followed by Prussia who put a party hat on Reich's head.

"You didn't give up on yourself nor us, and you learned from your mistakes."

"You proved worthy of trust again..I hope." Soviet added the last

part in a joke, ruffling Reich's wings.

"Well then, why not make the cut?" Austrian Empire came over to Reich with a warm genuine smile, holding the cake knife out for the country who stood quietly.

Then he let out a small sob. "You guys..a-are the worst..." Reich cried and threw himself to hug everyone, crying in their arms and whining about how much he hates them and that he hates fruit tarts.

But it's all a lie to hide how he's truly touched by their thoughts of him and how he's happy that his work on himself is actually recognized by his dear family.

He let got of the hug and saw Austria-Hungary come over to wipe his tears, her own face a mess of tears herself.

"My baby, don't cry..you made mama cry too.." she sniffled and when Reich hugged her specifically, she cried again and wrapped her arms around him, hugging him tightly.

Reich laughed then after a bit he let go, taking the knife from Austrian Empire and going over to the cake to cut it. He put the first piece on a plate and held it, letting Kingdom Of Hungary take the knife to cut for the rest.

He went over to Germany and handed him the plate.

"H-huh? Vati, it's yours-"

"I know it was your plan.." Reich smiled and his eyes glistened with tears, making him groan and wipe them before he could cry again. "So I wanted to give you the first piece.."

Germany sniffled and stood on the tips of his toes, letting out a whine and crying at his father's loving act. He reached his arms out to Reich who hugged him tightly and laughed pure heartedly when his son immediately turned into a countryball and let Reich hold him.

"Aw..too emotional?" Reich chuckled and took his son with him to

the couch, letting Germany rest on his lap and put the plate next to him. "You'll eat it once you turn back, got it?"

Germany only vibrated in agreement then buried himself deeper in his lap, letting his father pat him then felt Soviet's hand carry him and squish him gently.

"Oh look at that...when was the last time I saw you or my kids as countryballs.." Soviet cooed and saw Prussia walk over with grabby hands.

"Give me! Oh so adorable...you're just like a baby Weimar.."

"Indeed.." Russian Empire hummed and gently poked Germany, smiling when the country vibrated and leaned to his touch.

"Yeah..aw, he's enjoying Russian Empire's affection!" Austrian Empire laughed and gently placed Germany back on Reich's lap watching him shyly squirm and hide under his shirt, making Reich laugh and swat his hand at them.

"Alright back off! Each one of you has a son or a daughter to pamper!"

"My son-"

"No!" Soviet blushed at his father, shocked that he was about to request that while Prussia laughed and so did Austrian Empire.

Austria-Hungary tugged German Empire's sleeve and grinned. "Baby, hold me!"

"Hm- d-dear!" He reached his hands out and quickly managed to hold his wife as she turned to a countryball before she could fall. "Not like that, dear.."

Austria-Hungary only rubbed her face on his thumb and felt him caress her cheek gently.

"You're cute in every way.." he chuckled and sat next to his son, watching as Austria-Hungary and Germany met together and cuddled.

ϑϬ-What if AU: the pact was unbroken-

AU requested by "Suru"
The AU description:
((Third Reich does not break the Non-Aggression Pact, but despite this the Axis lost the war along with their allies, but before the war ended, there was a bombing attack against Reich and the USSR, and one of these bombs were going to hit Soviet himself, but Reich pushed him so he wouldn't get hit, causing it to target him instead. By a miracle he survived, but he went blind and lost his left leg, and when Germany was divided, Reich began to live with the USSR, because he had nowhere to live, but also because Soviet insisted a lot, because one of the reasons is because he felt guilty that Reich lost his sight and his leg saving him.))
Notes about the au:
-Russia Germany Ukraine and Belarus live with Soviet and Reich
-Germany wasn't split, only his land. Which is taken under the Allies while he was left to live with his father

Sorry if my writing isn't great on this one, been feeling unwell recently :(!

It has been a month and Reich still feels like everything happened yesterday. He could swear that the bombs are still exploding, that he still hears them and feels their burn on his eyes and leg. He still thinks and feels his leg is there, but whenever he tries to stand he would be met by the welcoming cold floor.

A cold wind seeped into his room from the window and Reich gasped when he felt his body twitch suddenly, making his leg flare up in pain and he let out a groan. The cold wind made his mind go into high alert.

That day was cold too..the day when he last saw everything with his own eyes before it was all gone.

The day he saw Soviet's face having pure emotions of fear and agony. It still felt fresh.

"Reich?" Soviet was immediately by his door as soon as he heard the slightest noise. "Easy-" his arms reached out to help Reich sit upright and cover his lower body with a blanket, ignoring how Reich whimpered and clung to him tightly. A source of safety and familiarity in his blurred world.

Reich felt Soviet leave him then heard the sound of the window closing, followed by the Russian rummaging through Reich's drawer of pills and taking out some strips. "Painkillers." Soviet carefully opened Reich's hand and put the first pill. "Antibiotic." He said when he placed the second piece and watched as his friend took them then sipped the water.

The painkillers immediately kicked in and Reich began feeling his leg numb. He lifted his head to the direction where he heard Soviet move to and contemplated asking the question or no.

"Germany is with Russian Empire and the kids. They left this morning with him." Soviet answered without hesitation, knowing what Reich was thinking.

Reich could hear Soviet tidy the room around and he relaxed at having a company with him, it made his mind quiet. Before Reich could enjoy himself relaxing, he heard Soviet's footsteps reaching to his door and almost left.

"Ah-" Reich gasped and held his blanket tightly. "N-no— don't leave me!"

Soviet turned behind and saw Reich's hand blindly reaching out to the air. "Soviet? Soviet?" He almost started crying as he began shaking and gasping more.

Soviet stood there with no answer, seeing Reich's face morph into pure panic and pain. "Are you here?"

Soviet closed his eyes tightly and bit his quivering lip. Ever since that day and Reich's mentality changed and got down the drain. He has developed an unhealthy separation anxiety due to losing his sight and leg, feeling helpless to do anything by himself.

And it's true. What scares and pains Soviet the most is that Reich took all the pain just to save him. And he still never dared ask **why** he did that.

Soviet walked over to the bed and held Reich's hand. "Hey, I'm here..I was only going to get you some breakfast.."

"Don't go.." Reich started crying, his grey eyes darting everywhere in the room. "The voices become loud when I'm alone.." he whined, feeling Soviet hug him gently and rub his back.

"I have a plan, okay? You'll like it." Soviet assured and let go. "I'll leave the door open. Call me if you need me, I'll only go to bring you something to eat okay?"

Reich nodded slowly, holding the blanket tightly and waiting for his return. The whispers and voices were becoming more and more heard, making Reich cover his ears and bring his knees to his face.

It's your fault. You deserve the bomb that hit you. Why did you survive. You only brought this all to Soviet and the others who were your allies. It's your fault.

It's your fault alone.

Reich opened his mouth to call for Soviet, but before he could do that he felt a weight dip his bed. "I'm here." Soviet came back.

Reich was helped with eating breakfast, letting Soviet feed him after Reich gave up trying due to making a mess on the blanket.

"Last bite."

"No."

Soviet raised an eyebrow and shoved the spoon in Reich's mouth, hearing him groan with his mouth full. Reich swallowed the bite

and wiped his mouth, the panic being the last thing on his mind when he and Soviet throw banters at each other like the old days.

A knock on the door interrupted their time and Soviet smiled tiredly. "Ah, they came."

"Mein sohn?" Reich asked and let Soviet help him to his wheelchair.

"No." He pushed him out of the room and to the living room, parking him by the couch and making sure the locks were on. "I'll be back. You'll be able to hear me move around." Soviet assured and took a few steps to reach the door, opening it.

"Ojama shimasu.."

"Hello!"

Reich's mouth was left agape when he recognized the familiar voices he heard. The last time he ever saw them was the week before the bombing attack happened. They both went to their countries to work their defense yet ever since then he never saw nor heard from them.

"Hello, Reich-san.." Reich flinched when he felt a hand on his, waking up from his trance and holding it back. "We're sorry we took too long to come for you.."

"Yeah, after the end of the war we..it was bad." Kingdom Of Italy sighed sadly as he looked at Imperial who inspired some injuries and burns, then turned to Reich and put both his hands on his other one. "But Soviet contacted us to come see you! He said that you are still feeling down after the day, so! We're here!"

Reich held their hands back and carelessly got off his wheelchair using one leg, opening his arms and letting the two catch him as he fell into their hold. The three stayed for as long as they needed, hugging each other and letting their tears fall.

Soviet watched sadly from his spot, seeing Reich bury his face and apologize to the two, Imperial having his cat tail around Reich while Italy was sobbing his heart out like the childish man he is.

Italy would always wear his emotions on his sleeves, and the three knew that and accepted it too.

Reich carefully traced his hands on Imperial's face, slowly but gradually 'seeing' his friend. His fingers froze when they felt bandages wrapped around the side of his face and his neck.

"You.." Reich trailed off, his fingers moving away from his face and clutching his shirt tightly where his chest burned and suffocated. He cause this for his friend.

Imperial immediately took Reich's hand and brought it to his own heart. "It's beating." He spoke firmly and held his hand tightly. "I'm alive..and that's all that matters now..Koi and Soviet are alive too. You didn't lose anyone, Reich-kun.."

"But I-" Reich was cut off when he felt Koi headbutt his hand and take a hold of it, putting it on his own cheek.

"I'm here too! Can we not talk about the war anymore? It makes me sad!" Koi whined and kicked his leg. "Soviet! Tell Reich to stop!" He cried out, hugging Reich and Imperial tightly to himself.

"Well.." Soviet walked over to the trio, taking note of how Reich would look up and follow the sound of his footsteps. "We can stop talking about the war if Reich can answer one question."

Imperial frowned in worry, and Koi looked confused and curious about the said question. On the other hand, Reich felt a surge of fear run through him, unconsciously huddling more into the arms of his two friends.

"Why did you save me." The question made Reich go limp, blinking his eyes to try and understand what he just heard. Why save him? Isn't it clear? He should be the one to get hurt and not Soviet. The bombing attack only happened to stop Reich, because if Reich is stopped then the others will not resist. Yet there was another reason that Reich wanted to keep hidden.

"Because..." Reich breathed hoarsely, tugging at Imperial's jacket. "I did it because...I'm the one who should get hurt..."

"What-"

"I'm the center of this all. I'm the one who started the war and dragged you all into it..so the one who should be hurt and killed is me and not any of you..not Soviet, not Imperial, not Koi. Only me.." he mumbled and closed his eyes, his leg started paining him due to sitting uncomfortably on the floor.

"I-I don't understand, we all participated in the war! Why don't think you're the one who should take the whole blame!?" Soviet clinched his hands and started shaking in anger and dissatisfaction.

Reich only turned his head away from his voice and blinked his tearful eyes. "If I didn't make the pacts or start anything...no war would have broken out.." he flinched when Imperial let go of the hug and held his shoulders.

"But it doesn't allow you to blame yourself for everything that happened. Soviet is right..we got involved too." He spoke gently, seeing Reich lower his head and bit his lip. "Reich-"

"Is there supposed to be a reason why I want to save my childhood friend...?"

The conversation was dropped at that.

———

Reich started dozing off on his wheelchair after taking his meds, lifting his head up whenever it got too heavy. It wasn't helpful the fact that Koi was brushing his hair in a soothing manner.

"Soviet.." Imperial whispered to the Russian who was quietly waxing his gun. "Reich is getting tired..should I take him to his room?"

Soviet looked up at the sight of Koi tying Reich's hair in a ponytail, oblivious to the fact that Reich is falling asleep. "No, we can let him lay here."

"Wouldn't it be bothersome?" Imperial said in concern, watching Soviet go over to Reich and carefully lift him up to lay on the empty

couch. Once laid down there, Soviet watched Reich take a last breath before his eyes were closed and his body relaxed.

He walked back to Imperial and Koi, putting his gun and napkin away as he spoke. "He prefers to nap somewhere that has people. It makes him calm."

"Ah.." Koi pouted a little, rubbing his arm. "In kind of understand that.." he looked up at Imperial and Soviet who gave him a confused stare. "Oh! I mean- well you see..at the beginning of the war I was really nervous and scared...so sometimes at night I would walk into Reich working and ask him if I can join in and just watch him do his things...I'd fall asleep there too because I feel assured when someone I trust and is a source of safety is near me.."

Soviet looked at Koi who took a blanket off one of the armrests, draping it over Reich who looked more peaceful than ever as he slept. "I...see.."

Reich, during his nap, would open his eyes every now and then to focus on his surroundings and hearing. Every time he made sure to catch a glimpse of the three conversing, he would calm down and sleep again. The next time he opened his eyes, he felt a hand running through his hair, gently brushing it while being busy chatting.

An hour later, Reich opened his eyes when he heard the sound of Koi and Imperial waking him up carefully. "Hey, easy.." Imperial rubbed his shoulder and spoke gently. "Me and Koi are leaving..it's getting late and your son will be back here with the kids soon.."

"What.." Reich frowned and sat up, clinging to the two and hugging them. "You're leaving..?"

"We will come back again! Soviet said we can come any day to see you! Right Soviet?!" Koi hugged Reich back tightly, his hand brushing his wings while he gave a toothy smile to the Russian who rolled his eyes and smile tiredly.

"Yes." He answered and saw Reich relax a little in their hug, making it linger a bit longer, then he let go.

"Okay...bye.."

"Bye! I'll bring you a cake next time I come!" Koi promised and soon the house got quieter when the two left.

Soviet looked over at Reich, seeing his body stiff with his eyes darting everywhere in the room. He looked unpleased with the quietness their leave brought.

"They will come again.."

"I know.." Reich sighed and laid back on the couch, bringing the blanket around him tighter. He pouted and closed his eyes tightly, wanting sleep to take him again but after the long naps he took, it felt impossible.

Soviet rubbed the back of his neck then remembered what Koi told him and decided to try it. "Reich, I need to fold the laundry. Would you mind if I do it here?"

He noticed Reich's face brightening up at the idea of not having to be alone in the quiet living room anymore, nodding his head. "Sure.." he mumbled with a fatigued smile.

And Soviet stayed with him, the whole evening until the kids came and started talking about their day, filling the house with life.

☆-Emetophobia-

A/N: this chapter is a little one, I didn't give it much effort BUT it covers Russian Empire's phobia. So anyone who gets uncomfortable at the mentions or description of vomiting, please skip the chapter! The next chapter hopefully will be the QnA, so I'll take my time making it x] (YOU GUYS ALMOST HIT 200 COMMENTS OMG—-)

Characters: Russian Empire, Prussia, Austrian Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary , Soviet and Reich

———————

Prussia pulled away his blanket and got into his bed, kneading his pillow before he planted his head there and stretched his wings. "Hey, Big Russia. Night night~ see ya tomorrow."

"Mhm. Night." Russian Empire mumbled while highly focused on the book he's reading, turning his book to the reading light he's using to make the pages clearer.

The calm night carried on smoothly and Russian Empire was about to flip the last page, finishing his book and calling it a night when suddenly his stomach had a stabbing pain.

He reached his hand to clutch his stomach, letting out a shaky breath to try and subside the pain. His heart leaped quickly when he felt the pain raise up to his throat and a wave of nausea hit him.

He sat up straight and in a fast motion opened his nightstand drawer to take the small bottle of his nausea lozenges. As soon as the piece melted in his mouth, he felt the wave slowly leave his body and he let out a sigh, laying back on his bed and reopening his book to finish the last page then fall asleep.

———————-

The next time Russian Empire woke up, he blinked tiredly due to the bright sun hitting his face, add to that the noise caused by Prussia who was chatting with Reich while dressing.

"Oh! You woke up! I hope it wasn't my fault."

"Yes it is." Russian Empire sat on his bed and rubbed his face. "What's the time..?"

"It's eight." Reich whistled, leaning on the door frame. "You look like you've seen a ghost. You're okay?"

"Yeah, now that you mentioned it..I heard some sound at night and saw you take that candy of yours." Prussia pointed at Russian Empire's nightstand then crossed his arms.

"I'm fine. Just a wave of nausea."

"If you say so.." Prussia hummed and eyed his friend a bit longer then got out with Reich, leaving Russian Empire to change and meet them with the others.

Russian Empire got off the bed to open his sore wings, linking his fingers and stretching his arms out with a small groan. He let his hands fall to his sides, feeling uncomfortable with how short and shaky breathings felt. He put his first over his eye, closing it tightly and clearing his throat.

A small panic was slowly creeping in the back of his mind but he chose to ignore it and also ignore how his appetite was below zero.

Kingdom Of Hungary poured her mug of coffee then noticed Russian Empire coming over and she took out his personal mug, but froze when she saw him pass by her and towards the fridge, taking a bottle of water then leaving the kitchen.

"What's the matter, Liebste?" Austrian Empire put his chin on her shoulder, wrapping his arms around her in a back hug.

"Russian Empire...didn't drink coffee." Kingdom Of Hungary

frowned and looked back at her husband. "Any gut feeling, Austry?"

"A little...I'll stay close to him." He pecked her cheek and let go the hug, feeling her give a little squeeze to his hand.

"Yeah..do that.."

Russian Empire didn't budge when he felt two bodies flop next to him on the couch, he simply lifted his head up and saw Austrian Empire and Reich sitting on each of his sides.

"What are you reading?" Reich put his head on his shoulder, trying to peak at the pages. "Is it horror?"

"No. It's literature." Russian Empire answered simply and allowed Reich to keep resting on his shoulder, turning the next page and reading on his pace.

Reich and Austrian Empire both managed to mentally know how long it takes Russian Empire to flip a page, seven minutes. Fourteen pages later, the seven minutes came to a halt and weirdly hit eleven, with Russian Empire still on the same page.

Austrian Empire looked up at Russian Empire and saw his pale face, his eyes closed with his eyebrows knitted in clear discomfort and his lips tightly shut. He looked at Reich in worry then over at the Russian, putting his hand on his shoulder.

"Russ? What's..wrong?"

Reich took the untouched water bottle and opened it for Russian Empire who pushed it away immediately out of panic, getting off the couch and running away with his hand over his mouth.

Soviet backed away from his father by the stairs when he saw him run up to his room, seeing the book fallen on the steps and right on the foot of the stairs he saw Reich and Austrian Empire have a look of worry on their face.

"Soviet-"

"I'll go after him." He ran behind Russian Empire, reaching his and

Prussia's room where to door was slammed shut violently.

"отец? Are you okay?" He heard the sound of a bottle falling on the floor, followed by a groan and a thud. Soviet opened the door as saw his father curled in a ball while sitting on his knees, his hands over his mouth and his good eye glistening with unshed tears.

"о-отец!" Soviet kneeled next to him, trying to reach his hand over his back but h his father flinched away from the physical touch, gagging and dry heaving.

A black blur came to the two while
Holding a trash can near Russian Empire, his other hand rubbing his wings soothingly.

"Easy, breathe." Prussia frowned at seeing Russian Empire shaking and whining, stubbornly trying to hold back his vomit. "You have to let it out-"

"н..нет.." he wheezed and gasped, arching his head back and swallowing the throat burning vomit, all for the sake of not breaking down into a pathetic sick episode.

"He's purposely trying to hold it back."

"I know.." Prussia hissed and transformed his right arm. "I'm sorry, Russ."

"What-" he felt a claw hold his head and lower it down until his chin touched the tip of the trash can causing him to slightly hyperventilate and try to push back the stronger arm.

"Let me go! I don't want-"

"We know you don't want to do it but you have to! Your body is working to let out the bad stuff!" Soviet was holding his father's arms away from trying to free himself or squirm away.

Russian Empire gasped and whined, his tears finally falling as the panic grew dangerously in his mind and heart. He hates this, he doesn't want to throw up, he hates the feeling of it and what's even worse is that Prussia and Soviet are watching him.

He felt the pile rising up in his throat fast and before he could swallow it again, he started heaving and vomiting into the trash can, his body shaking and sweating, growing weaker in their arms as they held him up not to fall.

The process took fifteen minutes until it was only small wheezes and trembles. Soviet gently let his father rest his check on his chest while Prussia let go of his head, turning his hand normal and taking the trash can away.

Reich was quick to replace Prussia, wiping Russian Empire's mouth and handing him a bottle of water, watching as he helped himself to it while being grateful that he gets to keep what's left of his dignity.

The cool sensation of the water washed away the vomit taste and the burning it left, making him empty the bottle in a single chug.

"Feeling better?" Soviet asked and Russian Empire noticed where he was resting, backing away from his son and nodding his head slowly.

"извини." Russian Empire murmured quietly, not daring to lift his head up at the group that surrounded him.

"Yeah, leave that outside this house." Reich got up with a grin, reaching his hand out to help Russian Empire up. "In this place we all share our weak points and strong points."

Russian Empire only frowned, getting up on shaky legs and heavily landing his tired body on his own bed. "I don't like being weak.." he spoked softly, laying his head back on the cold pillows and feeling his eyelids become heavier.

The three only shared a small chuckle, with Soviet covering his father's body while Prussia carefully took off his eyepatch.

"Just sleep, well you?" Prussia put the leather eyepatch on the nightstand and pulled the curtains closed, engulfing the room in darkness.

The last thing Russian Empire saw was the three leaving the room,

with Soviet giving one last glance before closing the door shirt behind him.

"Is he alright?" Kingdom Of Hungary asked her grandson, Austrian Empire next to her with clear panic in his eyes.

"He'll feel better now. He's taking a little nap. Once he's up I'm sure he'll ask for coffee." Reich grinned happily and gave the two a thumbs up, easing their worry immediately.

☆-Sparring-

A/N: there's an author note at the end of the chapter, please read it! It would make me happy!

Characters: Prussia, Austrian Empire, Russian Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary, German Empire , Soviet and Reich.

———————

"Austry! You are being rusty at swinging! Hold the sword tight! Tight! Your arm has to be firm! You hit like a girl!"

"S-sorry! Let's go again, please!"

German Empire and Reich watched from the patio door as Prussia trained Austrian Empire, both keeping it a tradition as well as Russian Empire to sharpen their swordsman skills.

And clearly Austrian Empire was testing Prussia's patience which is zero.

Panicking, Austrian Empire tried to swing his sword but lost his grip on it and fell backwards onto his bum in defeat. "Ouch.." he huffed and looked down at his feet, panting.

Why am I so bad, he thought bitterly.

"Why not use this anger to beat me? At least once." Prussia put his sword over his shoulder while leaning his weight on one of his legs. "If you want to protect them, then you need to do better than this, Austrian Empire."

"I know.." he got up and dusted his pants, taking his sword and breathing in deeply, then exhaled. He lifted his head up with his eyes showing clear determination. "Don't go easy on me, Pruss."

Prussia smirked and held a firm stance, moving the sword in his

hand as he stretched his wrist. "That's what I wanted to hear."

The rematch started, with Prussia yelling out instructions while attacking.

"Don't move your sword too quickly until you've known your enemy's position and direction of swing!"

"I know! It's just that I'm against you!" Austrian Empire groaned as his hit was easily blocked and pushed him off balance.

"They are still fighting?" Reich and German Empire felt a shiver in their spine as they turned around to see Russian Empire standing calmly with his hands clasped behind his back. "Hm?"

"When did you even come.." German Empire muttered while holding his heart while Reich nodded to Russian Empire, answering his question.

"It's quite...*unfair*. If you ask me." Russian Empire tilted his head as he spectated the match. "Prussia is unreadable."

"Is that true?" Reich asked in amazement, looking up at the Russian who had his eye focused on the game before the three. "Then how come you always tie with him?"

"Barely." Russian Empire closed his eyes and recalled his matched with Prussia. They were always rough ones, either ending up with injuries or being stopped by the other housemates, or on rare occasions: they would pass out.

"I don't predict his swings, I could never. I merely block them as soon as I see the attack coming, with only millimeters between me and the sharp blade." He opened his eyes with a troubled smile. "If anything...Prussia only lost a few times, so little that you could count them on your fingers."

The three turned to the sound of Austrian Empire's heavy thud, wincing when they saw that he fell on his back and rolled on the grass from the final blow he took.

"Well..can you beat Prussia..?" Reich looked up at Russian Empire

who was shaking his head at the two men who were boosting each other to have a rematch. "Russian Empire-"

"I don't know.." he finally answered, looking down at Reich with a shrug. The matches he and Prussia would have always ended with a tie, and barely getting there. One false movement from Russian Empire would lead him to defeat.

Fighting Prussia makes all his senses on high alert.

"You guys are still here? Come on, Germany Russia and some other countries' press conference will go live on television in a few minutes." Soviet poked his head from inside.

"Mein sohn will be on tv! How did I forget that!" Reich rushed inside with Soviet.

German Empire and Russian Empire turned towards the two who were panting in their place and grinning at each other.

"I hate that stupid grin they share.." Russian Empire grimaced and backed away. "I have to go-"

"Big Russ~!" Russian Empire closed his eyes tightly with his shoulders jumping up.

"Fight me and Prussia!" Austrian Empire shouted excitedly, making the Russian turn around in disbelief.

"No!"

———————-

"Ooh...this burns in a good way..." Austrian Empire melted to the heating patch that Kingdom Of Hungary gently placed on his bruised back, gently massaging the area that was damaged.

"Good thing we still have them..you always end up bruised after sparring with that crow." Kingdom Of Hungary pinched his side, unable to hold down the giggle when she saw her husband's body flinch.

"Sorry, Liebste." He looked back at her and smiled, putting on his sweatshirt then resting his head in her shoulder. "You know why I do that.."

"I know that, and I want you to know that we are safe..you won't have to protect us alone." Kingdom Of Hungary ran her hand through his messy hair, untangling it and untying the hair tie. "You, me and almost everyone here know that Prussia is not a scale of strength that we can compare ourselves to. He is beyond us." She closed her eyes, remembering how Prussia easily defeated everyone around him when Napoleonic France showed up the last time. "So, please..go easy on yourself, my dear.."

Austrian Empire smiled and pecked her cheek. "I love you, but I can't ever left my guards down when it means to protect my family." He grinned at her blush and let himself lean on her tiredly, staring at the ceiling of their room. "Even if it means I have to train a hundred more years to be strong like Prussia, so be it. All for the sake of my dear people."

"Unbelievable...that's why I love you.."Kingdom Of Hungary sighed and curled herself in his arms, closing her eyes and calling it a night.

———-

Prussia looked down at his shaky hands, clinching them closed then opening them again, repeating that process. He can't shake off the blood he sees on his hands, the idea that he's been using his strength to harm everyone around him is still burning in the back of his mind.

All because of one French man who was supposed to be dead and buried.

"You didn't give it all today, did you?"

Lifting his head up, Prussia saw Russian Empire walked into their room and close the door behind him. "I noticed that, you know."

"Who else?" Prussia snarled, his mood not up for some lessons.

"No one." He sat next to Prussia in the edge of the bed. "Do you wish to tell me why?"

Prussia looked at his hands again, rubbing them against his sweatpants as they became clammy. "What's it to you?"

"Isn't that what friends do?" Prussia looked up in surprise at what Russian Empire said, laughing and wiping his tears. "What..?" Russian Empire tilted his head in confusion, an embarrassed blush on his cheeks.

"Oh Big Russ...emotions are funny on you.." Prussia calmed down, his eyes not having a spark even when he laughed.

"So, answer me."

Taking a deep breath, Prussia answered. "I fear hurting him..for the past few months I...I've been using my strength against you all, because of him..years after and he can still manipulate me like a puppet.." Prussia gritted on his teeth. "Why isn't he charged..why isn't he dead...why.." he put his hands over his eyes, his breathing shallow and fast.

It indicated that he's having a panic attack.

"What if I do it again..what if I hurt you all? What if I make a mistake and you actually **die** from it-" Prussia felt engulfed in Russian Empire's arms, hugging him back and tightly tugged at his shirt. "I almost lost my son in the garage basement...I almost lost you with Napoleonic France's attack that was directed to me..I don't want to be too close to losing someone *again*.." he hiccuped, rubbing his face in Russian Empire's shoulder to stop his glassy eyes that were tearing up and blurring his vision.

"You're not alone, Prussia. You must remember that. You have me, you have Austrian Empire, you have your son too and everyone. We will not let you do anything you don't want to happen." Russian Empire rubbed soothing circles in Prussia's back, brushing his shaking wings to try and calm him from panic and despair. "Even if you lose control of yourself, you better know that we are here to hold you back." He looked down at Prussia and smiled a little.

"Hey, me and everyone else came to live here upon you and Austry's request. So don't you dare try to leave and assume we'll simply let that happen." Russian Empire humored lightly, his smile warming up as he saw Prussia's shoulder shake with a smile cry and a laugh. "Yeah, thought so."

Russian Empire kept his hug as long as Prussia needed it, letting go of him when Prussia said that he feels better now.

"You're feeling well now?"

"Mm..yeah. I'll go grab myself another dinner plate. I couldn't enjoy my food with these thoughts in the back of my mind." He shrugged a shoulder with a tired chuckle.

"Good, I'll come with you then."

"*Oo*, you'll eat another portion?"

"No. I'll make us some chamomile tea that we can drink to help with sleep."

"Ah, typical old man moves I see." Prussia walked out with Russian Empire giving him a smirk and putting his hand under his chin.

"Old man? You know, ***historically***...you're way older than my empire." Russian Empire smirked at the troubled expression from Prussia, turning his head away and whistling sheepishly. "Yeah, try to act young."

"I am young at heart!" Prussia grumbled while Russian Empire laughed quietly, covering his mouth to stifle his laughs.

"You are indeed...a toddler if I do say so." Russian Empire was shaking when he saw Prussia turn to look at him in horror after he put the plate in the microwave.

"**Russian Empire**!" He couldn't help but laugh again, giving Prussia his back and apologizing for being unprofessional.

Russian Empire both hates and enjoys how Prussia knows the way to get the man to laugh.

———————-

A/N: hello everyone who's reading this note! I want to say Thank you for doing so-

So, I want to apologize for taking too long on the QnA chapter (I'm getting some progress in it, I'm trying x]) , I've recently got a job as well as getting my sleeping schedule to be good. Things are still new and nerve-racking, it's a whole new routine with new faces and all—
I wanted to write this chapter because I really miss these silly boys (they make me happy and less anxious tbh-) as well as give this note to you guys.

All I need? Your understanding, patience and kindness. I promise to give the best because this book isn't only for you guys, it's for me too. I enjoy working on it and I don't want to stop insha-allah!

Wow you are here?! Thank you for reading the note!

☆-Charge Head On-

A/N: I don't know what came up to me (yes I know) and I made this short chapter- (it's more like a scene than a whole chapter tbh..) enjoy it! And YES I'm working on the QnA >:) this is only a little chapter to feed you all some angst ~

Edit: I fixed a mistake where I gave Austrian Empire wings when he doesn't have them AISJWKWNDO sorry my bad xD

Characters: Russian Empire, Prussia, Austrian Empire, Reich, Soviet, mentioned Austria-Hungary and German Empire

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The last thing everyone heard before being engulfed in darkness was the thundering boom of the falling building on them.

Smoke and debris filled the place, being followed by cries of help or weak coughs.

"Russ?! Austria!" Russian Empire blinked his eyes tiredly as he heard Prussia shouting for them. "Follow the flash of my phone, everyone!" Russian Empire pulled himself out from under the table he used as a cover, walking with one of his legs motionless due to injury and having to drag it.

Prussia began counting the number of countries who came towards him, stopping at six. "We are missing three. Where are Soviet German Empire and Austria-Hungary?" Russian Empire didn't hear the rest of the talk. Soviet is missing.

His son is missing and even worse, he could be crushed and trapped under one of the fallen pillars or walls. He has to find him.

"I just saw German Empire and Austria-Hungary com-" Austrian Empire was cut off when Russian Empire took the flash from Prussia and started running around the dark place.

"Hey! Get back here!" Prussia screamed at the man who didn't look back once. "We have to make a plan, you can't charge head on! RUSSIA!"

He didn't listen, he only kept running and charging ahead. To charge head on, it was never Russian Empire's style. He was the man to stand back, form a plan and calculate it then preform it.

He wasn't an emotional person who would go ahead with no plan or strategy. No. He wasn't emotional. He wasn't in high adrenaline at the idea that Soviet is in pain and needs to be rescued.

Absolutely not.

"Soviet!" Reich immediately ran after Russian Empire and started looking for his friend once he made sure his parents came to the meeting point. Prussia and Austrian Empire both shared a look and then took off to find the missing Russian.

The longer to took to locate him, the more Russian Empire felt on the tips of a breakdown. He kept calling out for him and covering his mouth from the smoke when some shaky debris came down next to him dangerously. He had to find his son before it's too late.

He froze when he heard a small voice call for help. Cupping his hand next to his ear, he focused on making out where it came from.

"Help...help.." it was weak and almost in a whisper. But he knows that voice belongs to who.

"Soviet...I'm coming!" He shouted and started following the voice without hesitation or care of where he was headed to.

Prussia turned around when he heard Russian Empire's shout and his eyes widened. "That idiot..stop! You're going to the center of the wreckage! Austry, follow me!" Prussia growled and flew to where he lastly saw the moving flash, Austrian Empire right after his tail as he ran on feet.

The center of the wreckage was the dark point and the most dangerous one. Any wrong move and the building will collapse even more.

Soviet winced and let out a cry of pain when he tried to move his body, a burning pain erupting in his chest that made it hard to breathe. He looked up and saw a large shadow that looked liked a giant cylinder illuminated over his whole body, knowing that if he isn't rescued right now then his life is over.

Russian Empire felt the ground shake and looked up to see that a pillar was barely holding on to a few wires and a fallen wall, slowly growing heavier and beginning to fall on Soviet.

"We have to change the pillar's fall direction-" Reich was cut off when he saw a blue run next to him, Prussia's flashing phone long forgotten on the floor and casted the light on who was running.

Russian Empire took off as fast as he could bear, not listening to the others scream at him to get away. Not seeing the looks of horror they had as the wires that held the pillar were cut and it started its fast descent towards the two Russians.

Russian Empire only saw the pain in his son's golden eye and the dry tear marks on his cheeks. It was the last thing he saw before it went dark and quiet.

"No.." Reich fell on his knees, unable to even shed his tears as he stared at where he lastly saw Russian Empire and Soviet. "No...!" He covered his ears and without realizing himself, he was shouting his pain.

Austrian Empire lost his balance while running due to the big crash, falling on his back and groaning in pain as he felt blood soaking the back of his shirt. But Prussia managed to hold his flight and took off to the pillar. His friend is not dead, he can't be. Because if he is alive then he'll make sure he is the one to kill him after that reckless move.

Prussia was about to call out for Russian Empire and Soviet, but his voice was trapped in his throat when he saw the sight before him.

White wings wrapped around two bodies, it had a bit of blood and dust in it and were slightly twisted as the bone looked out of its place.

He landed quietly and walked to the two bodies, preparing himself to see what was hidden there. Pulling the wings away, he was taken back by the sight of the unmoving Russian Empire, his eyes closed and his body bleeding from the sustained injuries, next to him and held in his arms was Soviet who's eye was dull and darkened. Once the younger of the two Russian's lifted his eye up, a little light was coming from them at recognizing the face.

"Prussia..."

"At ease, hey don't talk. Save what's left of your breath.." he looked at Russian Empire and saw Soviet cling more to his bloodied clothes, looking down as he felt his heart get squeezed by guilt.

"Father..*is he*-"

Prussia put his hand on Russian Empire's neck, waiting to feel the pulse. His shoulders relaxed when it was there. "It's weak. But he's alive...now don't give up you two, help will arrive. I also need to chew your father out for how crazy he was." Prussia ran his hand through Russian Empire's hair and brushed away the dust, doing the same to Soviet and then he stood up, shouting at everyone that he found them.

Soviet closed his eyes, knowing well he'll regret what he's about to do but doing it anyway. He moved his head under his father's chin and tucked it there, burying it in his neck and slowly but eventually he felt his heart calm down and his body giving up to the pain he felt, passing on in the safe arms that dragged him away from a certain death.

☆-Unsigned Letters 3.0-

Before you read:
Hello everyone! It's finally done after more almost two weeks, it's here! The first part of the third chapter of the QnA! Yippee!! Working on this chapter took long because I had to take notes of the questions and sort them out, etc-

I tried to answer as much as I could and I'm deeply sorry if your question isn't here or in the second half of this chapter(ಥ □ ಥ)!!

This chapter is about the housemates, the following one will target the rest of the characters that got asked such as UN, The English Household, other countries and the author (me!).

This chapter is 13k words...so if you do see any typos please proceed to ignore it like it's nothing- xD

I want to say: thank you all for the submissions you gave me they made me so happy! Also thank you for the 20k+ reads!!! You guys are super awesome (and will make me cry-) this chapter is your gift as well as mine! Let's enjoy it together!

Last but not least: HAVE FUN!(๑ □ᴗ-)
——————-

The moment Russian Empire opened his eyes, he was in a dark, moon illuminated bedroom. His eyesight was way below the usual, to the point where he saw the little hairs of the carpet he had his head resting on.

Russian Empire blinked rapidly, his mind a fog as to where he is right now. The room was dark and childish, it had a king sized bed with linen canopy, some stuffed toys scattered around the room and a study desk.

Following the bright light of the moon with his eyes, he saw the giant

balcony of the room.

Ah, he knows where he is. He knows when he is.

It was that dreaded day.

Russian Empire wheezed, unable to move a single muscle in his body but his eyes that darted right and left. His heart started racing as the flashback was too real, to the point where his body ached him and his heart was racing too fast it made focusing an impossible task.

He gagged and whined, the awful bitter taste lingering in his throat and the bad odor pierced his nose, making his stomach flip and causing him to dry heave on the floor.

He hates this memory, it can never let go of him. It is the cause of such stupid phobia to cling on his back and never let go.

Russian Empire opened his mouth, calling for his father in his childish voice, pleading, begging anyone to hear him and help him. But that's not how that day went on.

He knows the exact details. He was left to rot in his room with his stomach spilling out its insides, coughing and crying until he was taken to the black and cold void.

Leaving him laying there until the next day when he was finally found by his father and his personal nanny.

Russian Empire opened his eyes with a small gasp, his heart in a tight clutch by his shaking hand. Sitting up, he took weak breaths and ran his hand through his hair, trying to push that memory to the back of his mind.

Ever since that fearful day, and his emetophobia never seemed to not part away from him. How he couldn't move anything but his eyes, how he laid and heard himself crying and gurgling with no help near by. How the only voices that accompanied him were his beating heart and his whines.

He took a deep breath and covered his face, taking his time to regulate himself and push his panic attack further away.

Once sure he felt calm, he looked to his left where Prussia's bed was and saw his friend unbothered and in a deep sleep. He couldn't help an amused huff at how Prussia had the blanket on himself and tucked under his chin, lying straight on his back and snoring quietly.

Looking at the time which pointed to six thirty in the morning, Russian Empire decided to start his day and left to the kitchen after he wore his robe.

Austria-Hungary was second to waking up. She rubbed her eyes tiredly while sitting on the bed, German Empire still soundly asleep. She gently ran her hands over his face and smiled with overflowing affection.

She could swear that she's seeing his face, his relaxed eyebrows and his closed eyes, tracing his scar carefully not to wake him up until she reached his chin and felt the small hairs there.

She gently leaned down and pecked the space between his eyes, whispering a small 'I love you' before getting out of the bed and changing into something more comfortable for the day.

She carefully walked downstairs, surprised to not hear a sound around her nor smell the coffee. She went to the kitchen, assuming that Russian Empire is asleep still and reached her hand to the fridge, opening it.

"Do you ne—" Russian Empire was cut off by Austria-Hungary's squeak that came out of panic, making her take a few steps back and accidentally bumping into the dinner table. "Woah, hey at ease..." Russian Empire was almost sure she would fall by how far she jumped back. "Sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you.."

"You we-were here? I-I didn't smell coffee.." she stammered, faking a sheepish laugh whilst her heart was a hundred miles ahead. How long has he been watching her just like that? Austria-Hungary will always fear how quiet he is. Before she lost her sight and even now with it gone, she can never predict or hear where Russian Empire is.

As if he's a ghost near her.

"I decided to drink some milk.." he murmured softly, looking at the table where his cardboard milk was fallen on its side, a little bit of the content spilled out. "Again, I'm sorry-"

"Austro!" German Empire was immediately in the kitchen, hair disheveled and flying everywhere. His signature mask nowhere to be seen with only his pajama shirt and the shorts that reached his knees. "Austro-"

"I'm fine! Don't worry.." Austria-Hungary gave a little nervous smile, feeling German Empire come over to her and wrap his arm around her shoulder giving it a soothing squeeze.

Feeling out of place, Russian Empire apologized quietly and took his drink, leaving the kitchen and heading to the library.

Guilty yet feeling it wasn't her fault, Austria-Hungary lowered her head with a pout. "I...I hate how he's always quiet..with or without my sight...I still..." she let German Empire bring her closer to his arms and tightly hug her.

"I'm still scared of him, Kaiser...why?"

He understands. He knows, and it hurts him how his wife sounded genuinely confused and hurt, how she's always on high alert when near Russian Empire.

The mental scars he left on her are still bleeding even after they both let go of their past and tried to move on forward and to mend things.

Austrian Empire opened the front door, whistling while using the garden rake as a microphone to sing with. He was going to start his cleaning job but stopped at seeing the sight of a big letters' bag by the mailbox.

Walking towards it and using the rake as a tool to pull the bag open a little, a pile of letters fell out of the bag and he made a small 'eek!' Sound at what he did.

"Liebste? A little help, please?" He yelled over so she could hear him from inside the house.

"Oh what now-" Kingdom Of Hungary huffed and leaned on the broom that she was using to brush to entrance door, freezing at the sight of her husband carrying the envelopes in his arms with the bag behind him still filled to the top. "Oh no.."

"They are back again..." he said nervously and looked down at the envelopes on top of his pile, seeing the sign with Germany's name. "Germany..? Wait do you think we got the letters for everyone?"

"I'm not sure.." she tried to drag the bag, groaning at how heavy it is. "Yeah not today. German Empire!"

Upon being called, German Empire obliged and took care of carrying the letters' bag inside while displaying a look of both worry and annoyance. He put the bag down and saw Prussia hover over him with his hand under his chin.

"They are back again?" He took out some letters and looked at the signs for who they are sent to. "Russian Empire...Russian Empire again...Russia? Huh.." he started sorting the letters into different piles for each person, with Russian Empire, Russia and Germany having a worrying amount of envelopes.

The stacks were as the following, with no order: Russian Empire, Prussia, Austrian Empire, Kingdom Of Hungary , Austria-Hungary, German Empire, Soviet, Reich, Russia and Germany.

"This has to be a joke..." Austrian Empire clutched the three envelopes. "This is a stupid joke! Three letters? Am I someone's least favorite?" He crossed his arms with a huff, next to him Prussia with a little pout.

"I used to be the favorite...but apparently someone is taking our spot, Austry..." Prussia whispered to Austrian Empire, both of them staring at Russian Empire who blinked nervously and looked away.

"Well...if I do recall well, the last two times weren't really that happy. So you two better be glad you aren't taking the burn of it. If

anything I'm just worried about the two kids.." Soviet said and looked at the piles of Russia and Germany.

"May I suggest something?" Austrian Empire turned serious and looked at everyone. "If a letter mentions Napoleonic France..we must discard it before anyone reads it. As soon as the name is mentioned-"

"I'll rip the letter apart." Prussia finished with his eye sharpening and losing its light. "I agree...Germany needs to live with the thought of Napoleonic France being far away from hurting him..."

"Or hurting you." Russian Empire looked at Prussia and then down at his letters. "You deserve to feel a sense of safety that Napoleonic France won't hurt you too.."

Prussia only chuckled with a head shake. He knows that the danger of Napoleonic France won't leave him alone unless either of them is dead.

"I'll call Germany.." Reich changed the subject and Soviet agreed too, both getting up to get their phones and dial their kids to come.

_____-

Russia lazily stabbed his fork to his breakfast, taking a small forced bite while Ukraine worked around him in the kitchen. The girl has already finished her chores but busied herself for the sake of being near Russia who looked paler than usual, and she worried that it was something to do with his mental health.

For the past few months, Russia looked more bright and happy, but to her, she knew that it was one of the few times where he felt pleased of life, she knows that behind that happiness his depression is just waiting to appear again and kick him mercilessly in the guts.

"Come on...you can finish it!" She pushed his plate closer to him, giving a motherly smile. "You need to eat enough for your meds."

"I know.." he murmured tiredly. "But I don't feel like eating more, Raine.." he put his fork down and turned his face away, not daring to look up and see her face showing sadness and heartbreak.

"How about you visit papa? Or I can call for him to come-" before Ukraine could finish her sentence, Belarus' screeching footsteps that rushed towards the kitchen stopped the two of them.

"Raine, Ruski! Letters!! Again!"

"What?" Ukraine gasped and went towards her sister. "Are you serious.."

Russia's eyes had a small spark in them, if there are letters then it means he gets to spend sometime of his day with his father and grandfather.

Scratch that, he gets to spend the whole day with the dead countries and Germany too.

Ukraine turned to Russia and noticed the change in his body language, making her smile softly and pat his hand. "I shall let you visit papa, but you must finish your plate first."

"Raine-"

"And! I want you to stay with us as we open our letters..you can open yours there." she squeezed his hand and that was enough to make Russia give in, holding her hand back and caressing it.

"Fine..you win.."

"Actually..it's only me and Raine...there's nothing for you Russia." Belarus pouted and sat on the empty chair next to her brother. "Did you ask papa?"

"No...I'll check my phone." Russia fished out his phone from his pocket and sent a text to Soviet, only to be answered by him ringing. "Well...seems like it's not enough to be in a text." He chuckled, noticing both Ukraine and Belarus scooting their chairs closer to him and he answered, pressing speaker.

"Morning papa!" Belarus beamed loudly, with Ukraine and Russia greeting him more calmly that their youngest energetic sibling.

"Kids, hey! Good that you're all here, I need to borrow Russia for today.

Your letters were sent to our house along with Germany's."

"Huh..that's new." Russia said with his mouth full. "I'll come to you after my sisters open their letters with me, father."

"Of course, take your time. Also pack your meds with you...with the pile I'm seeing it'll surely take all day to get them answered, especially that it'll be ten people here. I don't want you to mess your meds' time. Austria-Hungary is already convincing Reich to order some coffee while Kingdom Of Hungary is arguing that we have coffee at home.." Soviet huffed humorously while covering his ear.

Russia smiled and nodded his head, realizing that his father can't see him he gave a 'yes' then closed the call to finish his plate and take his antidepressants.

"Well, shall we start with your fan mail~?" Russia gave a tired smile at his sisters who laughed and sprawled out their letters.

Ukraine having five while Belarus was at two.

Ukraine began opening her envelopes, taking out the first letter.

'What do you think about the relationship between your father and grandfather?'

Humming a bit while in thought, she gave a little smile and looked down at her hands. "I think it's healing well. I have high hopes of seeing them both genuinely happy and past that harsh step in their lives. You two agree?"

"Mm! I know papa and дед will be best buddies!" Belarus huffed and smacked her puffed up chest. "I also have high hopes!"

"I hope for the best too.." Russia chuckled at Belarus' bravery.

'What are your hobbies?'

"Hm, I like many things..making flower crowns for myself to wear, shopping with my friends or just meeting up with them, having a walk in a quiet field..sometimes I enjoy babysitting kids too, they are adorable!"

"I could never." Belarus and Russia both spoke together and bursted out in laughter while Ukraine groaned with a blush.

'Who's your favorite sibling?'

"Me! Girls for girls right?" Belarus hugged her right arm while Russia pulled on her left arm sleeve.

"No, it's clearly the eldest.."

"Wha-" Ukraine giggled then smirked. "And what do I get if I say your name, each of you~?"

"I'll take you out to the new mall-"

"Cheater! It's because you know how to drive! Raine, I promise to get you a pet-"

"Bella...Ruski's offer sounds more appealing to me~" she tried not to break her character when she saw Belarus whine and kick her legs. "Fine fine, it's a draw. For now.."

'Are you the middle child?'

"Yes I am, Ruski is older and Belarus is younger. Years back then it was Russia, me, Germany then baby Bella. Back when we were all babies under one roof." She smiled as she reminisced the old memories.

'Want boba?'

"Sure. Now hand it over, sender!" She joked and put away the letter, looking at Belarus. "Your turn."

"Ahem ahem~ let me see.." Belarus squinted her eyes playfully as she opened her letter.

'Who's your favorite sibling?'

"Oh no, Bella please-"

"Now you 'please' me?! Hah! None of you! If I could I would say

East Germany but we're not related so, I'm my favorite sibling!"

"Really, Bella..." Russia shook his head with chuckle. "I admire the self love you have, for sure.."

'What's your favorite animal?'

"Bears! Ruski, do you remember when papa got us a baby bear cub back when we were kids?"

"Yeah...he still comes around right, Bella?"

"Mm! We named him beans, because we always snuck some canned beans for him when it was hard to get food."

"Papa found that out and got mad at us...I remember Germany crying and wanting to take the blame when he didn't do anything." Russia smiled at the nostalgia, his eyes captured both longing and happiness.

"Well, that's for me!"

"Papa said something about packing your meds, correct? Let me help you." Ukraine offered and got off her seat. "Bella can you wash Ruski's plate?"

"Hm? Oh yeah sure! Just say I'm your favorite sibling-"

"Bella!"

———

Reich came with the bags of the ordered goods, putting them on the coffee table. He took out the drinks -mind you, Kingdom Of Hungary is still displeased by the idea but allowed it when Reich promised to get her matcha and a tiramisu- and saw Prussia come over and clear his throat.

"Until the little kiddos come, let's answer our own questions that have the housemates labeled on it~"

"Oo~! Yes yes!" Austrian Empire grinned while the spoon was in his

mouth, a plastic container with a piece of a saffron cake in his lap. "What does it say!"

The others took their drinks and desserts, watching intensely as Prussia ripped the envelop open and read it out loud.

'For all the parents, what was your reaction to being a parent?'

Prussia lifted his head up after reading the letter, seeing that the group around him had a common reaction within themselves, whether it be heartfelt smiles or even looking at the kid they had that made them a parent.

But once his eyes landed on Russian Empire, he couldn't help a little frown. The man looked uncomfortable with the question, avoiding it all together.

"I think it was quite the surprise that I ended up having three kids." German Empire spoke with a straight face, making Reich choke on his drink.

"Vater-! What do you mean?!"

"Well, I kind of get it?" Austria-Hungary said between giggles. "He's mostly a one-man show so for him to turn into a family man is really a big change."

"For me it was a surprise too. I'm not saying German Empire wasn't planned, he was. It's just that I really never thought of having an heir until Brandenburg suggested." Prussia shrugged a shoulder then smiled at his son. "But I never regretted a moment ever since having you."

"Our dear princess was like our light! Me and Liebste were slowly falling in love years after our marriage but couldn't get ourselves to show it out of complicated emotions that we ourselves couldn't understand...so when our little girl came to life I just..never stopped displaying my affection to the two!"

"He's an idiot...he's an idiot..." Kingdom Of Hungary muffled behind her hands, her face already redder than a tomato.

"Aw~ He's your idiot though." Reich gave a toothy grin, accepting defeat after the punch on his side she threw her.

Soviet smiled at remembering the child in his arms, late in a snowy night and alone in the living room, gently rocking him to sleep. Russia was the best gift he's ever got, a gift that mended his broken heart.

As for Reich, or Weimar at that time; Germany was the lightthat kept him from giving up on himself and his people. Germany made him have hope in rebuilding the country again and making it greater than ever.

If it weren't for Germany being near him, Reich doesn't want to imagine how his life would have turned out like.

"Soviet and Reich? What are your answers?"

Both countries looked up at German Empire who asked then answered simultaneously.

"Our **Hope**." They turned to each other with a hard scowl.

"Why copy me, commie.." Reich grunted in disgust.

"I'm older than you, my answer is the original." Soviet towered over him while crossing his arms, smirking down at the german who gave a disbelieving expression.

"This is childish!"

Prussia smiled as he took the chance to open the next envelope, letting Russian Empire be given mercy and not answering it.

Russian Empire looked at Prussia with gratitude in his eyes, giving him a nod.

'Thank you, Prussia' is what his eyes screamed.

Russian Empire doesn't want to remember that day, how he treated his son like a mere possession to use and move around, as if he's a pawn in his hand, tossing it and waiting to use it for his own

benefits and advantages, only for it all to fall on him harshly.

Like he deserves.

'Can you try using an AI chat for five minutes? I want to see how that turns out'

"AI? Wait oh I know that!" Reich took out his phone. "I made an account when it became a trendy thing. It's basically an application that makes you talk with a robot but it can take the characteristics of anyone if you want it to be. Like here, I'll look up UN."

Everyone huddled closer to Reich who felt squeezed but kept tapping quickly and opening a chat, sending a message.

"He already answered! Too fast!" Austrian Empire awed in surprise.

"Yeah, it's a robot that's why. What do you want to ask it?" Reich grinned when German Empire frowned, still unable to grab the basic idea of the AI chat.

"What's the answer of seventy five multiplied by one eighty six?" Kingdom Of Hungary asked with determination to make the robot turn out as a fail. "It's a robot, it can't be that smart-"

"The answer is thirteen thousand, nine fifty! Is there anything I can help you with, Mr. Reich?" The fake voice of UN answered back, making Kingdom Of Hungary and Russian Empire quickly count in their fingers then look at the screen in shock that the answer is correct.

"This could corrupt many governments..." Soviet shook his head, grunting and telling him to turn it off. "It's stupid yet dangerous."

"A two edged weapon, if I do say so.." Austrian Empire mumbled and his daughter nodded her head in agreement.

"Sadly, that's right..some are training these AI's to steal things secretly and develop themselves..." Reich put his phone away and looked at Prussia. "Can we get a more fun question? Why do you open them anyway...let me.."

"Because I'm the owner of this house, legally." Prussia grinned mischievously, only to have Russian Empire and Austrian Empire look at him coldly. "Well..shared." He corrected himself and opened another letter.

'If you like someone, who do you like?'

"Romantically..or familial?" Kingdom Of Hungary asked, ignoring the dramatic gasp from Austrian Empire as to how she asked for 'clearance' of the question.

"You know your answer!" Austrian Empire huffed and puffed his cheeks. "It's me, obviously!"

"I'm debating." She smirked jokingly, letting Austrian Empire wrap his arms and legs around her tightly, yelling at her to say his name.

"For me, I like my wife.." German Empire answered with a blush, feeling Austria-Hungary lean on him and answer with his name.

"I like Russian Empire, he's like the cool uncle." Reich grinned at the older Russian. "Who do you like, big Russ?"

"...no one.." Russian Empire mumbled with a head tilted, his eyebrows furrowed slightly in discomfort. He really doesn't know what to answer this question.

"Oh come on! Answer it!" Kingdom Of Hungary grinned evilly. "I'm sure there's someone here you enjoy being with, as a family!" She said and everyone now focused on him.

"Ah.." Russian Empire's wings fluttered as he got swarmed in too many emotions. Family he likes..? "Well...Prussia and Reich are fun to be around...Austrian Empire too.."

"What about Soviet?" Everyone froze at Austrian Empire's innocent question. Prussia looked at Russian Empire and opened his mouth to discard the question, but saw him looking at Soviet with genuine concern and pleading.

"He's...I like him. I just don't know how to approach h-him.." he looked down, his eyes showing embarrassment and confusion to the

point where it made him angry at himself. What are these emotions? Why is he feeling a stab in his chest? And why did it feel reliving to having said that?

Everyone took a small breath, holding it in as they waited for Soviet's answer to his father's declaration. Will he reject him and leave things hanging in the air unsolved? Or take a forward step and accept the confession?

Soviet looked at his father with a soft golden gaze, giving a weak smile as he rubbed the back of his neck. "We are so bad at expressing ourselves huh, отец?" The name made Russian Empire's heart explode as he lowered his head more, almost having his eyes tearing up. When did Soviet start calling him father?

"I think you two should hang out more." Austrian Empire beamed happily, letting go of his wife and leaning forward to hug Russian Empire and Soviet's arms. "Right?"

Reich looked at Prussia and grinned. "Your baby brother is fixing things without realizing it huh?"

"One, only he calls me brother. Two, he realizes that. He likes to play innocent." Prussia laughed genuinely and took out the other letter. "Oh, it's the last two for all of us."

'You're all cool except of Napoleonic Fra-'

"Discard it!" Everyone said and Prussia ripped it proudly.

"Although I agree. But it has his name so it's gone, poof~" he threw it as confetti then opened the last one.

'To those who have wings, who is the fastest at flying?
The most elegant one?
How long can you fly without landing?
Who has the strongest wings?
Who has the largest wings?
Are wings more delicate than the rest of the body? If yes then how so?'

"Ugh..I'm not in this.." Austrian Empire pouted, reaching his arms to

hug his wife again who patted his hair and cooed playfully to calm him.

"It's for Mr Prussia, Kaiser, Reich and Mr Russian Empire." Austria-Hungary spoke, waiting their answer with anticipation.

"The fastest is Prussia." Russian Empire answered from memory. "We never manage to catch up to his speed, transformed or not he is fast naturally. Reich is after him in speed due to his little size."

"I-...I'm not little." Reich blushed at Russian Empire who smiled with a chuckle.

"Indeed you are.."

"True, mein sohn. Now as for the most elegant, I hate to admit it but it's Russian Empire. His owl wings help make him both quiet and graceful at his flying." German Empire said and Austrian Empire agreed with him as he recalled his own memories with his friend.

"The answer to the how long we can fly without landing: Maximum is five to six hours for all winged countries." Prussia said and then pointed at the question under it. "Strongest wings?"

"You and your son." Russian Empire pointed at Prussia then German Empire. "You have strong wings and with the transformation, it becomes even more stronger and bigger too. It can pass the size of my own wings to become even bigger than it."

"Well, this answered for the largest wings then...it's Russian Empire. But with the monster form it's me and German Empire." Prussia grinned with his eyebrows dancing. "Last one, delicate wings."

"Of course they are." Reich answered this time. "They are lightweight. Any bad turn or a crash can lead them to breaking and having to mend themselves for a while, just like when your arm or leg gets broken. It's even worse because any little twitch can make the broken wing flare up in pain...Germany once had his wing broken, it ached my heart how he barely moved out of his bed."

"I remember that, I visited him with Russia. Bad times.." Soviet

frowned sadly. "So yes, they are very delicate and need to be taken well care of.."

"And that's it for group questions! Now the German family~" Prussia grinned and heard the door bell ringing. "Just in time, little kids.." he smiled and nodded at German Empire to get up and open the door.

"Hello.." Russia greeted quietly and saw Soviet immediately come towards him and hug him tightly. "Papa..? Did Ukraine tell you..?"

"Mhm..let's hope today gets you feeling better.." Soviet squeezed the hug and Russia held him back, looking at Russian Empire and giving him a small hand wave in greeting.

"Vati, opa!" Germany came to the group and hugged his family happily. "I got a pack of my clothes, I hope you don't mind me sleeping for more than a day.."

"Are you kidding? This is even **better** for your dear favorite Urgroßvater~" Prussia hugged Germany tightly and showered his cheek with kisses.

"Favorite~? If I recall, Russian Empire is Germany's favorite.." Russia smirked, seeing the whole German family eyeing him with sharp fiery eyes.

Russian Empire couldn't help the small laugh that escaped his lips, letting Russia sit next to him, with Soviet coming in and making Russia in the middle of the two.

"Good come back." Russian Empire smiled at Russia and rubbed his back soothingly. "Let's make sure you feel at ease here.."

"Thanks.."

Prussia pulled Germany next to him and opened the letter together to read it.

'How would you handle Germany if he was a girl? You're all boys and handling girl problems?'

Germany's face turned into a bright shade of red almost resembling Soviet himself. "Ah- what is this question!" He groaned, covering his face when everyone started laughing at him.

"Mein sohn will be the best girl in the world and the cutest too~" Reich grinned only to see Austria-Hungary cross her arms. "What..."

"You know what we girls have to go through? Ask Austria! Once a month we look like dead corpses from the immense pain we go through!"

"Will be the cutest? Yeah, just handle a fraction of our pain if you can!" Kingdom Of Hungary gloated as she teamed up with her daughter.

"I want none of this." German Empire raised his arms in surrender and Prussia shook his head, opening another letter.

'At what age and how did you learn to fly?'

"At the age of four. Solo." Prussia said with little to no care about how it is too young for him to learn at that age. "Although I taught German Empire to fly when he turned six."

"Mhm." German Empire nodded in agreement.

"I learned it when I was six too, vater was my teacher. Then mein baby! I taught him at eight! I felt it was the right age." Reich pulled Germany's cheek and heard him whine.

"No, you are just too soft and spoil your son too much." Soviet grinned and Prussia nodded teasingly. "See? Even your opa agrees."

"Stop it. You spoil your kids too.." Reich grumbled angrily. "And opa! Either side with me or open another letter! I paid for the drink you're having right now!"

"Fine fine, crybaby.."

'If you could only save one of your family, who would you save and why?'

Silence fell in the room as Kingdom Of Hungary looked at her husband who had a clear frown on his face.

"Don't answer that..I don't like this question." He said.

Germany nodded slowly and tugged his own sleeve. "I can't just choose.."

Prussia folded the letter and looked away.

"I know I have to choose one. But I'm ready to risk my safety to save all of you." German Empire spoke coldly and held Austria-Hungary closer. "I won't choose one."

"But what if we had to? What if a situation happens that puts us in such limited options..?" Reich gritted is teeth and clutched his fist. "I..I would save Germany.."

Prussia looked down at the folded letter that burned in his hand and sighed, muttering softly. "I'd save German Empire."

"I-I would..save my vater.." Germany spoke with guilt lacing his voice, finding interest in staring down at his feet.

"I would save Germany, too.." German Empire spoke and looked at the youngest German. "The future is within him, that's why he must be saved.."

Germany gave a nervous smile, hugging his knees tightly. "Hah...I don't know if I should feel happy or just..bothered by the thought of only one surviving.."

Russia scowled at seeing Germany look bothered by the question and waved his hand. "Just read another one, let's hope it's more gentle."

Prussia opened the letter and immediately ripped it. "Okay! Another one~"

"What-" Russia and Germany both blinked in horror at the sight of the flying paper. "What happened!" Germany tried to collect the papers together only for Reich to stop him.

"We made a rule: no answering questions that have a French name." He said and took the fallen papers and the ones in Germany's hands then threw them away. "No need to worry about it."

"Okay.." Germany mumbled and looked at Russia who shrugged a shoulder, mouthing 'good' to Germany who smiled a little.

'Do you ever think about the day Germany got kidnapped from his own house? I mean, if Napoleonic France wanted to, he could have just killed him there.' Is the dismissed letter.

The attention was shifted towards Prussia who held up the open envelope and took out the paper. "Allow me to start on my stash~"

'Has anyone ever told you you're an emo baby?'

"I'm a what now..?"

"That's a great head-start, if I do say so." Soviet said with a snort.

"Ah, how the mighty have fallen, Prussia. You used to be the top favorite in this session but apparently your great grandson swept you off your podium." Kingdom Of Hungary grinned and quickly managed to avoid the flying pillow that was aimed at her.

"Shut up! All of you!" Prussia groaned and threw the letter away, opening the next one with an embarrassed blush.

'Do you have wings? Since your flag has an eagle on it and I was wondering if you have wings to represent it?'

Prussia blinked and turned the letter behind, thinking he'll find a 'just kidding!' Or a laughing face. "This ought to be a joke...right? This is the third time we gent sent letters how am I forgotten like that?"

"Oh, my poor Mr Prussia! Let me hug you!" Austria-Hungary got up to his voice and hugged him. "There there, you're my favorite, it's okay!" She smiled and bite her lips to muster herself not to laugh at the sound of the group snickering at him. "They are just mean bu-bullies-"

"You are just like them, you know.." Prussia looked at Austria-Hungary and pulled at her cheek. "Kleines böses Mädchen.." he huffed and let go of her cheek, rereading the last part of the letter. "Well, the eagle part is right. My wings are like my flag, almost all the Germans." He said and put the letter aside.

'Hug your son more often, please! You almost never hug each other!'

He looked over at German Empire and grinned. "Hug?"

"Um, sure.." nervously, German Empire got up and so did Prussia, with the latter taking off with his wings to be of his son's height and hugging him tightly. German Empire returned the hug and melted to it without realizing himself, pulling on the hug to last a little longer.

"Aw, mein sohn is missing his vati's hugs~?" Prussia teased playfully and patted his head. "Next time you want one, you're welcome to hug me without asking."

"...Danke vater.." they let go and returned to their places, German Empire trying to hide away the fact that the hug made him in a better mood and almost break into a stupid grin.

'What's one stupid thing you did that you'll never regret?'

"Building this house." He joked and took his last letter, opening it and grinning. "Oh this one is good."

'Did you ever go or attend balls and such?'

"That I did, I held some as well because of how I was a famous kingdom. Some were lame but whenever I see a friend there or have Brandenburg with me they become more fun." He leaned back and took his drink. "Well, I'm done now, who's after me?"

"Let's let Russian Empire start!" Reich grinned mischievously at the older Russian who looked nervous.

"Oh yeah, open them~" Russia teased with Reich, both giving a toothy grin to Russian Empire who gave up and opened his first

letter.

'What is your favorite book? And which genre do you like to read the most?'

"Well..I don't have a certain favorite book in mind. I mostly lean to whatever book that catches me with its cover and summary, but I do in fact lean more to classics and literature. Sometimes I'd read the same book I have but in a different language to train my tongue and mind."

"Wow.." Germany awed and put his hands on his own cheeks, eyes sparkling with admiration. "Do you know German, Herr Russisches Reich?"

"Ja. Oder wie hätte ich sonst mit deinem Urgroßvater befreundet sein können?" Russian Empire smiled softly at the pure gasp of joy that came out of Germany whose arms were up and down in a stim, immediately switching to German and being a fanboy of the Russian before him.

German Empire grumbled and turned his head away, hearing Austria-Hungary huff as well at how Russian Empire managed to 'steal' their grandchild.

"I'm jealous." Soviet glared at his father then looked over at Prussia who was chewing on his straw with his sharp teeth, the fact Germany is sitting next to him and his attention is given to the Russian made the crow more angry.

"Just open the next letter!" Prussia exploded and pulled Germany to himself. "And you?! He's a Russian! Not a German! You gotta love US!"

"Ah- s-sorry!! Sorry!" Germany pouted apologetically, seeing Russian Empire frown at being interrupted but nonetheless, opened the other letter.

'Favorite grandkid?'

"All of them, I can't pick one." He smiled warmly and looked at Russia. "Next time make sure to bring them."

"Yeah..I will." He promised.

'Who do you consider the most irresponsible in the house?'

"Prussia."

"Pfft...wow.." Austrian Empire laughed only to be cut off by Russian Empire speaking.

"You come right after him." Austrian Empire's mouth was left agape while the others bursted out laughing.

"Sometimes I wonder the age difference me and Prussia have...he's older than me." Russian Empire sighed and Kingdom Of Hungary calmed down from laughing, adding on.

"Well, mentally speaking. You're the eldest here with the way you think. Even if Prussia is legally older, you're the one who kept this house from burning down on us." She said and watched Prussia grin happily. "What's up with the smile, now?"

"It means I'm young at heart~"

"Here he goes again.." Russian Empire shook his head with a chuckle.

'Call Soviet your son and smile in front of everyone in the room, or try to see if anyone can make you laugh!'

Russian Empire blinked his eyes and looked up at Soviet who seemed nervous. "You don't..ah-..." Soviet looked at Russia who crossed his arms in disapproval. "What? We can't force him to do anything he doesn't want to-"

I want to do it, Russian Empire thinks. I want to do one thing right, starting with calling Soviet my son.

"It's alright, мой сын.." Russian Empire tried to give out a little smile, feeling even more embarrassed. "Ah..I'm sorry-"

"Say it again." Soviet was not focused on Russian Empire, completely forgetting everyone that was with them.

Looking at Soviet, Russian Empire blinked his eyes in surprise and felt his face become hot. "What..?" He can't believe what Soviet is asking him. He liked it..?

"Say it again, please."

"...мой сын." Russian Empire saw Soviet smiled with a twinkle in his eye, chuckling sadly.

"Ah..it sounds so weird and new. To be called that.." he said sadly and quickly blinked his tears away. "Thank you.."

Russian Empire nodded and looked down at the unopened letter. He should be the one to thank Soviet for allowing to call him that.

'Call Russia bear cub for the whole day and for the next ones. Also learn to love yourself and forgive yourself.'

Russian Empire looked up at Russia who was clueless to the question, having been in deep thoughts after the interaction that happened before him. "What- why are you looking at me, дедушка..?"

"Aw~ bear cub? That's cute!" Austrian Empire awed and ruffled Russia's hair. "That's a nice nickname~"

"Bear cub—?! No! That was back when I was a child! I'm old now!" Russia fought back with a deep flustered face. "Don't call me that-"

"Bear cub.." Russian Empire mumbled softly and put a hand over his mouth. "I miss calling you that..."

"No no..please.." Russia hide his face and could hear Germany laughing too much for his enjoyment at Russia being tormented.

"Oh, we're just going to ignore the second part of the letter now?" German Empire smirked at Russian Empire who glared at him and crumbled the paper.

"Yes. I will." He opened the next letter and grimaced.

'Hey! What's up bro! Don't be sad because if you're sad then I'm

sad. Do you want gallons of boba or coffee? Or 100 pounds of books? I can give you all of them да. Plus I'll donate Prussia, Austrian Empire, Soviet, all your grandkids and Germany.'

Russian Empire blinked then looked away, a bright blush evident on his face as he stammered to answer.

"Someone broke him." Russia chuckled and reached his hand out to rub his back. "It's okay, you're just being loved."

"Yeah! Like you deserve!" Germany got up and ignited Prussia's hand trying to stop him, going over to Russian Empire's other side and sitting there. "See? Even the anonymous sender agrees."

"Just knock it off.." Russian Empire grumbled with a head tilt, his eyebrows furrowed together in confusion and annoyance at the amount of attention he's getting by people he doesn't even know.

'Do you want therapy? How can I help you accept that emotions are fine? Can I give you a hug?'

This letter was a straight up mind reader and Russian Empire just threw it away. Just now as he was struggling with the attention he's getting, he opens this letter? He doesn't like how strangers are reading him like an open book. He feels exposed.

"Can I hug you?" Russia asked and Russian Empire looked down at him in surprise. "You seem bothered so.." Russia hugged Russian Empire tightly and smiled. "I know how it is to be confused by too many emotions.."

"It sucks." Germany added. "Especially when your brain gets too tired and instead of helping you it shuts down and you feel like being alone for the rest of the day." He rubbed Russian Empire's wings in assurance.

Russian Empire feels even more embarrassed how kids like these two can understand more about emotions than he does.

"I think therapy is a good start.." Austrian Empire spoke with a little nervous smile. "Prussia too."

"Why me?" Prussia huffed while playing with his empty bottle, ignoring how everyone silently agreed. "I'm fine."

"You're not, not what that man being back again and scarring you even more than ever." German Empire hissed and Prussia glared at him. "You need to seek therapy for your health. So does he."

Russian Empire looked at Prussia then down at Russia who was still hugging him, speaking in a whisper that only he can hear.

"Did it help you..really..?"

Russia felt a heartbreak at the desperation in his grandfather's tone. "It does..I promise you.." he let go of the hug and Germany handed Russian Empire his other letter to open it.

'What's your favorite place to be?'

"I'm sure it's the library." Austrian Empire joked with Reich laughing evilly and joining in.

"Yeah yeah! Alone too!" He laughed but everyone stopped when Russian Empire looked at the group with a childish innocence in his eye.

"What? Isn't it correct?" Prussia asked with a confused hum.

"I..I like being..in a place where you're all there.." he said quietly, holding the letter in shaking hands as he felt a jab in his heart and something ticklish spread in his stomach. Is he feeling sick? "Why did I feel something in my heart.." he mumbled in confusion and Kingdom Of Hungary was about to answer him only to have German Empire and Austrian Empire cover her mouth.

"You'll learn that soon~" Prussia smirked at Russian Empire whose wings fluttered in discomfort and confusion. Learn what exactly?

'Have you ever went to visit the winter palace or any of the imperial places after you died?'

"Oh yes I do. I sometimes go there alone to take some me time, or take the grandkids with me." He looked at Russia who nodded in

agreement.

"On rare occasions, we would see бабушка there too." The youngest Russian spoke and it made everyone surprised.

"Oh yes, imperial Russia.." Kingdom Of Hungary murmured softly while Austria-Hungary shuffled next to her husband uncomfortably, the last time she encountered the woman was during war.

'How did it feel when you first felt feelings for your son? When you realized nothing was his fault?'

Taking a shaky breath, Russian Empire spoke with disgust about himself, sounding harsh and bitter. "I hated myself." He closed his eyes tightly not to see the reactions of everyone. "I still do..I hate myself more than Soviet ever did." He folded the letter, opening his eyes but not lifting his head up. The feeling that he got hit with, the cold realization that none of anything was Soviet's fault but his own. He formed Soviet to be like this. To hate him. If anyone should take the blame it's himself and only him. "That was my last letter.."

He felt Russia's hand on his, gently caressing it and giving it a comforting squeeze.

"I-I'll start my letters!" Austrian Empire announced happily, in hopes to make the mood lighter.

'How much do you love Kingdom Of Hungary? Do you like how German Empire is with your daughter?'

"I love my wife a lot~ as for German Empire.." he looked up at the said country then turned his head away with a huff, making German Empire let out a groan. "He took my baby princess from me.."

"Honey, we did agree to their marriage.." Kingdom Of Hungary laughed and so did Austria-Hungary.

"But still..!" Austrian Empire kept the pout on his face, opening the other letter.

'Who confessed first, you or Kingdom Of Hungary?'

"Ah..I did..." Austrian Empire immediately softened at the memory of his confession in the rose garden. "I didn't know how it happened, I was confused but I knew I couldn't be away from My Liebste. Right there, as she was watering her personal garden! I confessed my feelings...we were a few years into our marriage too.."

"Aw..married with no feelings, only for you two to start falling in love! This feels like a dream!" Austria-Hungary squealed, clapping her hands.

"That really sounds like a good novel." Germany hummed in thoughts. "Maybe I can make one and sell it.."

"You won't get a single euro out of it." German Empire teased playfully, smirking when he saw Austrian Empire scowl deeply at him.

"Now for my last letter~" Austrian Empire cleared his throat and opened it with ease only to flinch at the words there.

'How did you feel about the First and Second World War?'

"...they were both horrible, I admit. But nothing weights as heavy as the day I got the news of my daughter's state." Austrian Empire's tone was far from how soft and happy it usually sounded, right now it felt sad and shaking.

"Wounded, defeated and with no chance of recovering her sight." Austrian Empire repeated the words that were in that letter from the messenger. "Only to follow it up a few years later with the news that my grandchildren have gone into a Second World War, with one of them losing himself to sanity." He looked at Reich and apologized quietly.

"It was in the past, keep reminding yourself of that fact and look ahead at who you're surrounded with." Kingdom Of Hungary spoke softly and rubbed his shoulder. "We're all here. Alive and safe."

Austrian Empire gave a little smile, nodding his head and thanking her. He put his head on her shoulder and allowed her to start her

own pile.

'What's your favorite flower?'

"Favorite flower...I'll say red roses. They connect me to a great memory.." she looked over at Austrian Empire who blushed deeply, just like that day.

'How much do you love Austrian Empire?'

"He's a part of me that I can't imagine living without.." she held his hand and laughed pure heartedly when Austrian Empire hugged her tightly and kissed her cheeks forcefully. "I love you too, I love you too baby!" She tried to push him away, only for him to cling more.

"Ah, such pure love..." Germany cooed and Russia stuck his tongue out jokingly.

"Glad Raine and Bella aren't here or you three would have made a greater deal out of these two.."

"But it's so pure! Russia admit you want what they have!"

"No."

Kingdom Of Hungary rolled her eyes at the two kids whilst she patted Austrian Empire's head and nodded towards German Empire to start his own letters.

'Why didn't you take Germany away from Third Reich when World War Two started?'

Growling, he crumbled the letter and muttered. "Why are you making it sound like Reich was a danger to Germany now.."

"He wasn't a danger to him, I'll admit it." Soviet said without looking at Reich who had a surprised expression.

"Yeah, he treated me well, kept me safe and as far away as possible from anything about war and politics." Germany smiled sadly. "He really did try his best to give me a normal childhood like any child.."

"See, no threat." German Empire spoke to no one in particular.

'Were you friends with Ottoman Empire? If so, are you still?'

"Oh yes we are, he's a great gentleman. We meet at any given free time or occasion, during the Great War both me and Ottoman Empire were great friends."

"While me and Bulgaria were best friends too, the only two ladies~" Austria-Hungary threw her hair back and put her palm under her chin. "I still keep in touch with her, she's still a ruling country and a strong woman too! Last time we talked was yesterday in a call!"

"That's nice." Prussia smiled at the young woman, enjoying her sparkling spirit that lifted the mood of the session. "You two still hang out?"

"Only when my husband allows me to~"

"Oh ho ho~?" Prussia smirked at his son. "The man in charge I see?"

"Vater stop it." He grimaced with an eye roll then turned to his wife. "Austro..I always allow you.."

"Yeah but you worry too much. Sometimes you ask to meet with ottoman just so it can be the door of us and you get to keep an eye on me."

"Hey now, don't expose me out on the table.." German Empire said in a flustered tone, lowering his head to rest it on hers.

"Sorry~"

'Do you dislike Russian Empire?'

German Empire looked up at Russian Empire then away quickly when he saw his eye on him. "I'll pass this question.."

"Wait, we can actually pass questions-" Soviet was cut off by German Empire opening another letter and reading it.

'Do you remember when you beat Russian Empire 16-0 in a

soccer match?'

"What now?" Both countries looked back at each other again, this time looking confused at the letter's content.

"Sixteen to zero...that's ridiculous.." Prussia and Reich both laughed loudly while Austrian Empire tried not to laugh at Russian Empire's flustered face and tilted head in confusion.

'What's something completely random about you that you find is a great story to tell at parties?'

"Something..?" German Empire hummed to himself in deep thoughts, while Austria-Hungary only smirked widely and answered for him.

"He has tentacles that can carry everyone in this room without breaking a sweat, I find that impressive."

"Baby.." German Empire sighed with a blush, pulling his paper unconsciously while Russia, Reich and Germany came up to his face and begged to German Empire carried only to be denied their wish.

'Why do you wear that piece of paper?'

"My mask? Well...it gives me a sense of comfort I guess."

"He looks like a baby when he hides his face behind it.." Kingdom Of Hungary blurted out with Prussia giving a hum of agreement.

"You guys haven't seen him when he's asleep-"

"Baby, no!" German Empire was now redder than Soviet's red flag.

'Who's actually your mother?'

German Empire looked up at Prussia who looked back at him then gave a shrug. "Hey, it's not my question.." German Empire sighed and looked at the letter again, nearly folding it and putting it down.

"I don't remember her."

'Do you know Reichtangle?'

"Reich-tangle?" Russia and Germany asked together. "Who's that?" The former added on.

"It's it just me?" German Empire rubbed his cheek and put the letter away. "Good this is, I'm done now.."

"My turn!" Austria-Hungary sat upright while taking a big sip of her coffee drink then opened her letter and handed it to German Empire for him to read.

'How was your first meeting with the German Empire?'

"Well, there are two stages: as kids and as adults. We first met when I was a little girl while he was a few years older than me. We were inseparable as kids and would meet as much as we could. Then things happened and we never saw each other until we both became rulers of our own empires.." Austria-Hungary sighed dreamily and held her heart. "Oh to go back in time.."

'How's your short hair going? How did you and German Empire start liking each other?'

"My short hair is going well, thank you! As for our love story we did answer that the last session if I remember.." she tapped her chin and German Empire opened another letter for her.

'What do you like the most about German Empire?'

"Everything! Is that even a question? Next one." She frowned while German Empire pulled the mask over his face to cool off from the heat on his blushing cheeks.

'Favorite flavor of bubble tea. Go!'

"The whole menu?" Austria-Hungary joked and laughed. "But really, I like the classic one."

"Bubble tea? Now what's that.." Russia looked at Germany whose mouth was open in shock.

"You don't know it?!"

"I'll take you there with the girls one day." Soviet ruffled Russia's hair and chuckled at Germany who gave him puppy eyes. "Fine, you'll come too."

'How did the people around you react to your new look after you cut your hair? Did you have any reaction that you weren't expecting?'

"Well..everyone here really loved it and that made me happy! But the reaction I didn't expect was Bulgaria. She immediately took my arm and made us take a selfie together. The girl rarely posts anything on social media but that day she put our photo together. Everyone was surprised that day." Austria-Hungary twirled a hair shyly. "That was the last one yeah?"

"Mhm. Who'll go next?"

"I'll go." Reich waved his letter and opened it.

'How did you and Soviet make up after everything?'

"Well.." Soviet looked at Reich who scowled and rubbed the back on his neck.

"It was awkward at first..especially after being out of that stinking prison and finally moving my limps freely, I was under heavy watch from UN even when I was allowed to move here..it was quite hellos and how are you, we still have some deep talks about the war whenever we are mentally prepared for recalling some memories. But yeah, it's getting better here and there."

'Do you like chocolate?'

"Sure! Who doesn't?"

"Me if it's too sweetened-" Kingdom Of Hungary raised her hand only to be interrupted by Reich.

"Your opinion about sweets is ignored and that's final, Oma."

'Have you ever tried farming simulator games?'

"I tried every game genre that comes in your mind, I immediately became obsessed with gaming as soon as I was freed. I had to try everything around me."

"Had me drying my wallet." Prussia and German Empire snickered as they remembered every time Reich begged them to get him games.

'Do you get jealous when you see Germany with Soviet or Russian Empire? Also what do you think of Russia?'

"Jealous? No he joins me actually." Germany answered with a laugh. "The moment he seems me with Russian Empire he goes right up to us and turn the duo into a trio."

"That I do~ also Russia is...okay-ish. I'll give him a pass because he makes mein sohn happy." Reich beamed with a smile while Russia rolled his eyes, but deep down Reich didn't want to answer the part about Soviet.

He is happy to see Germany enjoy himself around Soviet, really, Reich truly does feel happy for his son and his friend. Yet that nagging pain always keeps annoying him with how Soviet is more of a father to Germany than he ever was kind of keeps him awake some nights.

'Do you prefer to spend time with Russian Empire or Soviet?'

"Whatever my moods calls for, if I'll be honest.."

"Too honest." Russia chuckled.

'Have you tried digital art?'

"Yes I did, I have a tablet that mein mutter got me as a gift, Ich liebe dich, Mutter. Du bist die Beste!"

"Ich liebe dich auch!" Austria-Hungary blew a kiss towards his voice.

'What's your favorite game?'

"It can be any game. But I love online gaming with Imperial and Koi..the night gets really amusing, especially when someone decides he can't sleep and joins in."

"You would be too loud..also the cackling of you three got me hooked so I had to join in." Soviet crossed his arms in embarrassment.

"Imagining you wearing a headset and playing feels...out of this world." Russia confessed with a head tilt and a sweat, laughing when Germany couldn't help and burst out.

'Why did you start a war even though you have a son?'

Reich frowned and looked at his lap. "You think it's easy huh? You don't think I was worried for my son's safety? I did mistakes but I learned from them. So don't go ahead stabbing me with the guilt that I already know about."

'Third Reich, what would you have felt if Germany died in the war? And do you have nightmares where something like that happens?'

Freezing, Reich quickly crumbled the paper and put it on the floor. "I remember being told that Austria's car was attacked and Germany was taken away with her to the Soviet's when I was defeated by Soviet himself...I thought I lost my son there..and I don't want to recall that feeling again because of this letter.." he muttered bitterly and held Germany's hand tightly.

Germany allowed him even though Reich's grip was hurting him.

"I'll start mine.." Soviet started gently, looking at Reich with a worried frown then opened his letter.

'How many kids did you raise?'

"Well..about that...it's complicated? You see, in my house there were four kids: Russia, Ukraine, Belarus and Germany. As for the other Union members they were in their hometown but I would

frequently visit each member to check up on things and scout around the country. Some would live together such as the Baltic girls. It was hard..." he let out a breath.

'What is your biggest regret?'

"...not spending more time with the kids." He looked at Russia who averted his eyes away solemnly, knowing exactly what he means.

"Wasn't Herr Sowjet always with us..?" Germany whispered in confusion, his memory after the reunion a bit foggy.

"If you remember it as that then keep that memory.." Russia looked at Germany sadly and ruffled his hair, dropping the subject right there.

'Do you get jealous seeing Russian Empire and Third Reich bonding?'

Reich lifted his head up when he heard loud laughters around him, his hold on Germany's hand more gentle now. "What happened?" He asked his father who surprisingly was laughing.

"Soviet just got a letter exposing his jealousy of you." German Empire watched as Reich's eyes had a mischievous spark in them, turning to the Russian who was more red than his own flag.

"Aw~? Jeawous of me because Russian Empire has a taste on who's the best country here~?"

"Shut up! You have your own old man, let me have my father for myself once and get things fixed!" Soviet shouted, his arms fisted and up in the air.

Russian Empire blinked his eyes, mouth shut tight and clutching his drink tightly. My father? Soviet just called Russian Empire his.

Prussia looked at Russian Empire, whistling and leaning over to Austrian Empire. "You're seeing it?"

"Crystal Clear."

"Aw the poor thing...he's overwhelmed." Kingdom Of Hungary laughed evilly to herself, watching the confused Russian who had so many question marks over his head while watching Soviet and Reich fight, Russia and Germany only sipping their drinks as it is the norm.

'Do you like writing? The answer is yes or yes.'

"Writing..? No it's not my things really. I wrote enough reports to hate holding a pen." Soviet joked with an eye roll.

'Flex your muscles to prove you're the strongest.'

"No need to ask me twice~" he smirked and took off his sweatshirt, having his black sleeveless turtleneck and flexing his arms. "You like that?"

"Show off.." Reich scoffed with a huff, crossing his arms over his chest while Soviet kept the egotistic smirk on his face.

"Hah! That's what you get when you eat your vegetables." He put his sweatshirt back and winked at the two kids, Germany awing while Russia felt embarrassed.

'How do you feel about being shipped with Third Reich?'

"Shipped? As in a boat?" He asked with everyone being confused, not knowing the meaning. Germany gagged at the idea then spoke loudly what it meant, making everyone in the room either gag like Germany or laugh hysterically at the meaning.

"What?! No thanks. It's already enough pain to share a room with him."

"Blocked." Reich stuck his tongue his out then both he and Soviet broke into a fit of laughter, teasing each other.

"How do they do that I'll never know." Russia leaned to whisper to Germany who chuckled and nodded his head, his eyes glued to both his father and Soviet.

"I like when this happens." He hugged his knees and looked up at

Russia. "When they act like me and you."

"I know you like that, I can read you like an open book." Russia booped Germany's nose and enjoyed seeing him whine and slap his hand away.

'What do you think of Reich? Like are you two friends or what?'

"The word you're searching for is frenemy." Soviet closed the letter, throwing it at Reich who threw the empty coffee shop bag at him.

'How do you feel about Russian Empire hanging out with Germany that one time?'

Soviet was about to answer only to hear the sound of grinding teeth, looking up to see Prussia glaring at Russian Empire who was still confused and shaken up due to the letter Soviet read a bit ago yet managed to smirk at the angry German.

"I was going to say I'm okay with it, Germany is like a son to me...but clearly someone is not fine from that day."

"It was supposed to be me..." Prussia grumbled, chewing his straw more until it was slightly cut on the top.

'Can you steal Germany and have a great time together to make Reich jealous?'

Soviet immediately leaned towards Germany and wrapped his arm around him tightly, making the kid let out a yelp of surprise and have his cheek squished on his chest. "Of course~ I don't think anyone will mind, right малыш?"

Germany, drawn to the physical contact he is always longing for as a touch starved country, hugged Soviet back and vibrated excitedly. "Yes yes! We can hang out together you me and Russia!"

"Yeah, that's what I'm thinking-" Soviet was cut off by Germany being dragged away from him into the arms of three fuming Germans.

"Get your filthy hands away from him!" Reich said while hugging Germany's neck.

"You have three kids, off you go." German Empire said with his wing around the confused Germany.

"You too! I see you staring at my great grandkid! Go have fun with the three you own!" Prussia waved his hand in the air dismissively then turned to Germany. "And you! Enough sitting with those influencing Russian and sit here! If we were a minute late you would have been stolen!"

Playfully, Germany whine and huffed. "Lame..Soviet's hug was better." He smirked at the faces that broke into shock and betrayal.

"What have you done to my kid!" Reich threw himself at Soviet who gasped when he lost his balance and fell backwards, reaching his hand out to grab whoever was near him in hopes not to fall.

Russia was the victim of the hold and yelled, holding the sleeve of Russian Empire who was too late to recover himself, falling back with the three and a this echoed.

"Oh my god." Kingdom Of Hungary covered her mouth not to laugh.

"Mein sohn? Have you avenged us?" German Empire called out in a humorous tone then lowered his head. "He's been eaten by the wolves there."

"Ugh...I'm not even down yet.." Soviet groaned with his head spinning.

"I wonder who's the child here.." Russia mumbled while pushing Reich off of him.

'Soviet should turn into a countryball and Russian Empire should take him in his hands. If Russian Empire hesitates then can Prussia lift Soviet in his hands?'

"No one is turning into a countryball!" Soviet blushed and crumbled the paper after he sat upright as well as the other three.

Russian Empire frowned and looked away with a scowl, eyebrows furrowed.

"Aw, spoiled king didn't get his wish~" Prussia and Austrian Empire teased, watching Russian Empire look at them then stammer, shocked that his emotions were too clear and he couldn't hide them.

"Ah- no..stop it you two!" Russian Empire only grumbled when they laughed more at his denial.

Soviet saw a few letters and held them when he saw his name and America. "I'll see if I can visit him tomorrow to answer them.." he put them away and saw Russian Empire turn to him and hold a letter. "You too, I see? Fine then, we'll go." He nodded his head and Russian Empire thanked him quietly.

"Oh! My turn!" Germany came out from the wrap of German Empire's wings and held a letter up. "Can I? I want to finish them since they are a lot."

"Sure." Russia smiled with a shrug. "I'm sure half of them will be ripped to shreds by your family if they have someone's name."

"Yeah...whoever sends these likes to bring him up with my letters.." Germany sighed and opened a letter.

'Is it hard dealing with autism? Also how did you find out you had it?'

"First question, yes..it's a bit hard being different than how people normally deal with their daily life...as for the second one: I knew I had it because mentally, I wasn't feeling well. If your stomach hurts you see a the doctor specialized in that area, right? And deep down my heart and mind were hurt emotionally..so I saw a psychiatrist." Germany smiled softly and opened the next letter gently.

'Germany you're my favorite!'

"A-ah..danke!" Germany stammered shyly.

'Why do you get so nervous around Russian Empire so much? Also how's that hoodie going for you?'

"Mm- h-hoodie good...ah...mm.." he looked up at Russian Empire who gave a chuckle at seeing the kid unable to form words from how nervous he got. Germany put the paper up and covered his face, apologizing a lot to Russian Empire who waved his hand and told him everything is alright.

"I fear I will mess up around him and embarrass myself.." Germany finally answered with a pout.

'Who's your favorite member of the Russian family?'

"Mm..I think it's Russia!" He pointed at his fiend happily and grinned.

"Thanks~" Russia said with a grin, looking up at Soviet and Russian Empire who kept a neutral face -they are sad they didn't get picked-

'Do you compare yourself to your family members a lot?'

"...yeah...I remember Oma Hungary told me that comparison kills joy! It's just that..they're so good and I'm...the soft underbelly-" Germany let out a gasp when he felt the big arms of German Empire hugging him, Reich and Prussia both looking sad at the fact that Germany still to this day feels like he's a disappointment to them.

"No, never and not in a million years." German Empire looked down at him and smiled fatherly. "You were never that.."

"But I-"

"You're as strong as us, Germany." Prussia patted his head and grinned. "I'm proud to have you as my great grandchild."

Germany blinked his eyes in surprise and looked at Reich who nodded with pride, smiling as he saw Germany bury himself deeper into German Empire's hug and tug at his shirt.

"Danke..." Germany mumbled shyly to his family then opened a letter while staying next to his grandfather, in the warm embrace of his arms.

'What are your favorite games and who do you play them

with?'

"I like story mode games! They relax me when I'm in a bad place mentally..and I like playing with Vati or Russia!"

'What is your favorite memory with everyone?'

"Everyone will be hard..so I'll just say the favorite memories I have on the top of my brain! Like the one time Russian Empire and I went shooing-"

"It was supposed to be me!" Prussia slammed the floor with his fist and pulled at his hair. "Why why! Why did I do that stupid prank!"

Russian Empire only looked away with his shoulders laughing as he stifled his laughs. "I-I'll go drink water.." he excused himself before anyone could hear him laughing.

"And..I like the memory of playing in the snow as a kid with Russia and his sisters! Also the one time Italy took me to show me around his country..many memories!" Germany grinned happily.

'Who do you like more, Russian Empire or Prussia?'

"Both, I can't choose!" Germany huffed with a pout.

'Are you friends with the other axis' children? Italy, japan, etc'

"Mm, I'm very close to Italy and Japan! We hang out sometimes at each other's houses! We look like a copy version of our parents' group.." Germany laughed and so did Reich.

"Nice one." Russian Empire said as he returned to his spot, this time more calm.

'How do you find the nickname doll?'

"Don't answer." Prussia took the litter and ripped it easily. "Move to the next one." He said coldly with his wings shaking in a sign of anger.

'In the last letter send to Napoleonic France, he said if he was

in a room alone with you he-'

German Empire took the letter and scanned it then turned his hand into a claw and shredded it. "You don't need to know the rest." He muttered and looked away.

He wanted to show UN the letter but he knows that the child will be unhelpful to stop that French man. So he ripped it.

'In UN's building: do you sometimes see Napoleonic France-'

"Again?" Austrian Empire this time is the one who took the letter and crumbled it. "This is ridiculous!"

"Do you see him?" Russian Empire spoke to Germany firmly and everyone looked at the youngest of the group. "Tell us.."

"Ah..not really..I see him far away but most of the time either NATO or UN are with him to track his movement and keep him under their heavy watch.." Germany said while unconsciously pulling the skin of his nails, feeling Austria-Hungary run her hand through his hair and German Empire carefully stop him and hold his hand soothingly.

"You're safe with us.."

"Why can't you be there with me too.." Germany frowned sadly with a long sigh, opening another letter with his mood turning worse due to his panic.

'How does Germany act when he's sick? Does he show it or tries to hide it?'

Germany was about to answer only for Russia to cover his mouth. "He's the worst at hiding his sickness."

"Number one bad actor." Reich added with Soviet nodding his head.

"Ah- stop it!" Germany blushed deeply while everyone gave a nod of agreement. "Ugh...I try okay?!"

"You try yes..but your red face, droopy eyes and slacking shoulders

tell a lot. Also you get more touchy and cry easily." Reich chuckled when Germany covered his face and screamed. "You are so adorable~" he teased more only for Germany to crawl behind German Empire and kick the rest of his letters at his grandfather who opened them.

After ripping four letters angrily and opened the fifth, reading a part of it out loud then ripping it as he didn't continue the rest.

"It says something about hugging Prussia." German Empire smiled and dragged Germany from behind him by his leg and carried him. "Catch him, vater." He easily threw the screeching country into the arms of Prussia who hugged him tightly and kissed his cheeks nonstop.

The letters he ripped were:

-hug Prussia and spend quality time with him. If you don't you're as bad as Napoleonic France.
-how much did you experience from the war?
-Germany why do you love your father that much? He started World War Two and got you split up.
-does Germany feel uncomfortable around his family? Because two of them have a scary form and two of them started world wars.

Germany's mental health didn't need that.

"Last two." German Empire announced with Germany trapped in Prussia's arms.

'Did Germany get treated differently after he got out of the hospital?'
'When will German Empire and Prussia train you?'

"Well..after the events that day I had a big meltdown...so I was treated more gently like how you treat a toddler.." he answered with disdain, feeling embarrassed about his health state. "I..can't help it when it happens..so I'm happy my family still handles me even when I'm a little unwell.." he felt Prussia squeeze him tighter and kiss his hair lovingly.

"You're still my favorite great grandchild. Love me more than Russian Empire please-" Prussia smiled when Germany laughed and hugged him back.

"As for the training..I tried it once but passed out, so now they're trying to do it for me once every mouth of able." Germany smiled and sighed in relief that he was done. "Finally done. You can go Russia!"

"Sure..I'll star with the letters that have both our names."

"We have that?!" Germany squealed happily and listened with intense focus.

'Do you guys ever feel weird on the fact that you're like, best friends yet your family has so much bad history with each other? Like Russian Empire and German Empire or Reich and Soviet?'

"We know but we keep their issues away from our friendship." Russia answered and looked down at the letter then closed it. "Also, things are now different from back then: but in short we never let it ruin our relationship together and we still kept our friendship to this day."

"Mm! Exactly what Russia said."

'Can Russia and Germany take a potion from WHO to make USSR a child?' **

"What now..?"

"This sounds like a fictional story." Germany laughed and looked up at Soviet. "Awe, how did you look like when you were a baby?"

"Prettier than your father." Soviet smirked at Reich who glared at him.

'Have you two ever done a Russian dance?'

"I tried to learn it one day, ended up being bedridden with my thigh muscles screaming in pain.." Germany rubbed his cheek feeling

embarrassed about the memory while Russia laughed at him.

'Can Russian coddle Germany because of their brother relationship? I love their relationship.'

"Of course I do protect him, as I said before he's like a young brother for me." He closed the last letter for the two of them then started his own.

'Your favorite sister?'

"Both. But Ukraine is the one who kind of takes care of our health mentally...so she's like me and Bella's favorite sister I'm sure." He said with a soft sigh, remembering how caring she was this morning when he gave signs of feeling unwell.

He's glad he got invited to stay here or else his mental health might have worsened.

'What is your relationship like with America?'

"Eh...it's like father and Reich but more heated with arguments and physical fights if it gets bad..but he is a great friend in dire situations..I won't deny that.."

'What's your favorite drink?'

"Water. Try it, i recommend it." Russia made a thumbs up while everyone laughed, Austrian Empire encouraging him with the healthy habit.

'Do you like Soviet or Russian Empire more?'

"Both. They are my family you know.." he blushed and looked up at the two who gave him warm parental smiles.

'How is your relationship with India?'

"We are on good terms and work together in BRICS, along with other members."

'Have you ever had a bad hockey injury?'

"I once broke my arm in hockey, don't recommend THAT! It was awful being unable to do anything with your dominant hand and having to rely on my left arm for eating and writing. Ukraine had to rewrite all my paper work for me that time..." Russia looked at his arm and held it gently. "It was years ago."

'What's your favorite thing to do?'

"I like hanging out with Germany or my sisters...or have some walks alone anytime I feel like it.." Russia thought with a little smile. "Any activity with the people I care about is a favorite thing to me. Even if it's just sitting under the rain or the stars.."

"Aw.." Austrian Empire awed and put his hands under his chin. "That's a beautiful mindset, Russia! I'm proud of the way you're thinking!" He praised the kid fatherly while Russia folded on himself and blushed deeply, letting out a shaky thanks.

'Have you ever slept on your father's shoulder? Also you are very cute!'

"Thanks...also ah.." Russia groaned and heard Soviet laugh softly and pat his back.

"Yeah it happened a few times..and each time it would happen I'd feel happy.." Soviet smiled and rubbed his back fatherly while Russian Empire watched with a sad smile, hoping to learn from his son how to be a better father.

"Last one for this session guys."

"Ugh finally." Kingdom Of Hungary joked with her head resting on Austrian Empire's shoulder. "Hit us with it."

'Arm wrestle your dad!'

"Awesome!" Austrian Empire jumped up and Kingdom Of Hungary grumbled as her head was pushed away from her husband's excitement. "Oh- my love! I'm sorry-!"

"Well.." Russia looked up at Soviet who smirked and put his arm on the table. "I got my answer I guess.." Russia rolled his jacket sleeve

and put his arm out too, Germany counting for them as the match started.

Russia huffed as his cheeks flustered from doing his best with Soviet unmoving. Watching his son grumble and almost use his other hand to try and pull Soviet down, the older gave up to let his son win and slowly weakened his grip.

Russia smirked as the weighs were moving for his direction and slammed Soviet's hand on the table, looking at Germany and both cheered happily at his win.

"Softie.." Reich whispered and Soviet smacked his shoulder.

"You'd do the same and you know that.." he smirked as Reich watched his son hug Russia tightly while Prussia tried to pry him away.

"Yeah..I would do that.."

———-

"Do you have to go, Ruski?" Germany pouted and kicked his leg, watching Russia wear his shoes by the door while he had his pajamas on and hugging a pillow. "You can stay over tonight! I'm sure your sisters will understand!"

"I wish I could, really..but another day. I have to go back to them.." Russia smiled and patted Germany's hair.

"Is everything alright? You do look more tired than usual." He pointed out with a worried frown. "Stay here! I know it's better for you-"

"I know..it's just that I've been having some depressive episodes lately and if it weren't for Ukraine being the best support, I wouldn't have been taking my meds." He smiled sadly and put his hands in his jacket pockets. "Hanging out here made me feel more better...that's why I need to go back to them."

Germany smiled in understanding and nodded his head. "So that they know you're really fine.."

"Exactly." Russia smiled and then turned it into a smirk. "Hey, how about I come here first thing in the morning tomorrow? Maybe even I'll catch up to father and дедушка before they leave."

"I'd love to! I'll wait for you then!" Germany grinned while standing on his toes. "Bye bye! Careful as you drive!" He waved his hand at Russia who walked out the house after waving back.

_____-

**** it was a filler chapter therefore it's not really connected to canon! That's why they sounded confused !**

☆-Unsigned Letters 3.5-

[image] [image]

The second and last half of the third part!! I hope you guys enjoy it! This chapter focuses on:

-The English Family
- UN, NATO and WHO
-Napoleonic France
-Author directed questions!

We are at 27k reads...I shall go scream and cry because of you guys... there's a surprise at the VERY end of the chapter!!● ~ * **———————**

Germany was so invested in his dream until he heard a sound in the background:

Tap..tap...tap...creak

Small whispers then it stopped, only to return again.

The young German let out a groan as his sleep was disturbed, rubbing his eyes and lazily opening them. He saw Soviet walk around the room, well dressed and talking to someone on his phone quietly.

"Herr Sowjet..? Are you going now..?" Germany asked dazed by sleep. "You can't go now..Russland wants to see you before you leave.." he murmured, yawning tiredly and burying his face in his pillow. He doesn't even know what's the time.

Soviet stopped the talk and promised to call later, closing the line and walking towards Germany with a little smile. "I know, I won't leave yet." He chuckled and reached his hand out to the kid's hair, gently brushing it. "How about you wake up hm? There's breakfast

downstairs and I still didn't have mine. Want to join me?"

Germany reopened his eyes, leaning to Soviet's touch and looking up from where he laid down on the sleeping mattress that is placed for him on the floor between the two beds in the room, staring at the edge of his father's bed. "Is Vati awake?"

"Not yet. We can wake him up together." Agreeing to the offer, Germany sat up and gave his wings a little stretch, letting out a grunt of satisfaction when he felt them popping.

Germany crawled to him bag and put his sensory hoodie over his pajama shirt, matching the black hoodie with his stripped pants. He walked over to Soviet who was waking up Reich to get up and eat.

"Reich, wake up it's already eight."

"Mm, sure.."

"If you're not waking up then Germany will join me alone in eat-" Soviet didn't get to finish the sentence as Reich immediately sat up and looked around the room for his son.

"Can we go eat? I'm starving.." Germany yawned, putting his hairbrush back in his bag after he was done using it.

Germany was greeted by German Empire who saved him a spot right next to him, pushing the plate of food to the young German who awed at the sight of the decorated plate.

There were two fluffy pancakes with strawberries and blackberries, topped off with honey and cream.

"Two flour pancakes, no blueberries. No oatmeal. How you like it." German Empire smiled down at the kid who almost drooled from hunger.

"Thanks opa! I hope it wasn't too much.." he pouted, noticing that there were plates that had a different type of cooked pancake other than flour.

"Don't over think it!" Austrian Empire flipped the pan swiftly. "I

already had to make oatmeal pancakes for Liebste and Russ! Flour pancakes are for the rest of us and the berries were all washed, so it wasn't hard to make yours and pick out your favorite fruits." He came next to Germany and put a glass of steaming milk. "As for the milk Soviet heated an extra cup because he knows you like to have it for breakfast while he wanted to make a coffee for the go."

Germany only nodded slowly, still shy at the idea of how he was included and cared for about the way he likes his food or what he doesn't like to have due to texture or taste.

Russian Empire closed the newspaper and handed it over to Prussia who opened the black marker and started playing the crosswords with the help of Austria-Hungary and Austrian Empire whilst he cooked.

Germany was digging in his food and didn't hear the doorbell ringing or see Russian Empire going to open it. He only lifted his head up quickly when he heard the new voice that greeted everyone.

"Ah..доброе утро.."

"Russland-" he shoved the bite of pancake down his throat and looked at his friend who was dressed in his fur neck jacket and black jeans. He pushed his chair out from the table and blushed in embarrassment. "Oh- you don't mind right..?" He asked sheepishly as Russia snickered and sat next to him, declining breakfast when Russian Empire offered him to eat saying he already ate before coming.

"You're good. We saw each other in worse." Russia joked and lifted his head up when a hand ruffled his ushanka.

"If you were a minute later I would have missed seeing you." Soviet smiled and put the letters in his coat after he finished eating. "We won't take long hopefully, if I'm early enough we can go to the town if you kids want that."

"Sure."

"I'd love to, herr Sowjet!"

"Alright then, take care everyone." Soviet waved his hand as he got out the house, Russian Empire right behind him after taking his car keys.

As the car drove, Soviet redialed the number. "Hey, Америка. We're headed there now."

"Alright, commie! You'll manage to find me easily by my dashing looks-" Soviet immediately hung up.

————-

Walking up to the receptionist of the cafe, Russian Empire took the lead to talk to her about meeting America only for the said country to call for them.

"Commie! Mr. Russian Empire, you two don't know how pleased I am at seeing the two of you!" America offered his hand only for Russian Empire to shake it while Soviet ignored it.

"The pleasure is all mine, Америка. I hope we didn't disturb your day with the call." Russian Empire said politely.

"Don't be polite to him, отец..let's just get it over with." Soviet grumbled but America only smirked like a maniac.

"I may not know a lot of Russian but I know how a kid would call someone their father~ it appears some updates really happened just like Russia told me~"

Russian Empire felt his heart racing, raising his hands up in a frantic panic while Soviet's eye widened in horror. His son updates America?!

"He-" Soviet groaned and shoved America to walk in front of him. "Just take us to the table!"

Sitting down, the three took out their letters and put it down in the middle of the table after the waitress left them some glasses of water.

"So, you guys opened the other letters?" America asked and took off his shades.

"Yes. Yesterday we did that all together. Do you have more letters?" Russian Empire asked curiously.

"Mhm, I'll be meeting my whole family back at England's house. And I mean all of them." He toyed with his envelope and spun it. "It'll be a long day, I'll say." He laughed and nodded to Russian Empire. "You should start."

Russian Empire delicately opened his letter and read it out for the three.

'To America and Russian Empire, what happened to Alaska?'

"Well..the land was my territory then before he bought it from me. I claimed the land and found the young child there but didn't do anything for him. He was in my castle for a few years since it looked like I adopted him.." Russian Empire spoke in discomfort to the memory. "I..treated him more like a possession than a child.." he lowered his head as he felt his heart ache him in hatred. What was the child's fault? "I hope the child has found a fatherly love from you.."

America scowled and looked away, taken back at the great change that is slowly showing in the ex-empire. "The kid is fine..you should meet him one day if you'd like to."

"Only if he wishes to see me..I'd hate to pressure him for it."

Soviet carefully opened his letter that was sent for him and America.

'Soviet and USA: how was it to raise East and West Germany? Were they stubborn? How was it like when they needed to go to the doctor? Was one of them mischievous or stuff like that?'

"Raising him was...an adventure for sure." America hummed and looked at Soviet who looked down at the letter as he crinkled the paper in his hand gently while he was deep in thought. "I raised West in my house, but he would go to my parents sometimes

because he was under the care of us three."

"I had East..he can be a little mischievous sometimes and a reckless kid due to his lack of emotion control..but the also made him have a bigger heart with fast falling tears." Soviet chuckled sadly, the guilt of splitting the kid still buried in his heart.

"They were split into two countries, and each one had a certain part of the brain. East was the creative and emotional one." Soviet continued, hearing America put his glass of water down and snap his fingers.

"Yes! I had West, the logical thinker. It's funny how West matches your personality while East matches mine and yet look what we each took." America smiled in nostalgia. "I'm glad the kid grew up well.."

"As well as it can be. You know of his mental state, I assume?" Russian Empire stared silently at America who averted his eyes away.

"Always had a feeling the kid wasn't normal in his childhood..but I put it aside and thought it's just the split doing things." It was clear that Germany doesn't think like them, his brain works differently and processes emotions and thoughts in its own way. As much as Germany tried to keep his condition under the rug, it came clear to everyone due to his inability to control himself at times: especially when a meltdown happens or he becomes overwhelmed with anxiety.

"We have the last one." America was interrupted from his thoughts when Soviet spoke up and pointed at the letter by America. "Open it."

"Yeah, this is sent to the allies..." America mumbled and turned the envelope. "I'll call my parents and let them know to answer with us." He took out his phone and called his father.

"America, what is it?" Britain sounded busy as he answered. *"Where are you? You know we have a family gathering by my parent's house for the letters!"*

"Hello, Britain." Soviet smirked and chuckled when he heard his friend start stammering. "We had to borrow him for a bit, had some shared letters."

"Soviet! Ah- yes of course..did you need anything?" He asked and America spoke about the letter, letting Britain know and get France with him to get it answered.

"The letter states-"

"What about Republic of China?" Soviet cut America off. "He was an ally.."

"He's alive?" France's voice came from the phone as she asked surprisingly. *"I..I don't know really."* Britain's voice sounded troubled and the question was dropped, letting America continue reading the letter.

'For the allies: what do you think of Third Reich?'

Silence lingered in the air as everyone stared at each other waiting someone to talk.

"I hate him." France spoke softly with pain laced in her tone. *"Changed or not..I still hate him so much, I despise the sight of him.."*

"He caused you pain and your hate is understandable-"

"Changed or no?...that's unprofessional, France." Soviet scowled deeply.

"I hate him and his father. And you have to respect my feelings, Soviet Union." The pain in her voice was gone and replaced with anger. *"I understand that he's your friend now and you're defending him. But I'll never forgive him for what he made me go through, my split scar is still there and I still have nightmares of it."*

"...." Soviet only clicked his tongue and rested his cheek on his hand. "I forgive him...I know he has changed and improved, therefore I'm moving forward just as he is."

"...I don't like him really..but as long as Germany is happy and no

one is hurt then I can try and tolerate him sometimes." America said. "Father, you?"

"I can see change in him, I hope I can trust that he'll keep the good process."

"Well!" America smiled widely and stood up, taking the phone. "That's it for today then, thank you for coming and answering!" He said and closed the line. "Until next time, Russians-"

"Do you see his change, Америка?" Soviet stood up as well, staring at the capitalist who put on his shades calmly and the smile was gone.

"I do not trust Reich, if that's what you want to hear." He said coldly and looked at the stiff body of Soviet while Russian Empire stayed quiet throughout the whole time. "I'm sorry that it angers you. But what me and my mother feel must be understood and respected. Later."

Soviet clinched his fists and let out a scream of anger as soon as the country left, slamming the table only to freeze when he noticed Russian Empire flinch and hold the glass of water that almost fell to the floor.

"отец-"

"Let's go home, сын." He looked up at Soviet and held his shoulder tightly. "As long as we recognize his change, then that's enough.."

"But.."

"They'll see it through their eyes one day. For now, they need their own time to heal."

———————-

Kingdom of France was in the living room, looking at Scotland who worked herself too much in preparing the house for the guests. Her eyes fell over to the coffee table that had the stacked letters there.

"Are ye done, England?!"

"Yes, dear." He walked to the kitchen and put down the just cleaned tea set carefully. "Easy, calm your breaths. It'll be a family reunion! Why do you think so bad of it-"

"Ireland is coming with Wales."

England stared at his wife in silence, almost forgetting to breathe. **"Pardon?"** He finally spoke but was interrupted by the door opening to reveal Britain and his family.

"Good afternoon." Britain greeted calmly while Aussie and Kiwi took off to greet Kingdom of France who looked at them in surprise and a spark of delight appeared in her eyes when they both sat on the floor in front of her and started speaking energetically.

"What's wrong?" France asked when she noticed England and Scotland staring at each other silently in the kitchen.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?" England hissed dangerously, his eyes filled with anger.

"Because I know you'll react like this! I got a call from Wales today that Ireland got a letter and that she's bringing him over here to open it with us." Scotland answered and saw Britain rub his face in displeasure.

"Mother, you know how me and father feel about him-"

"He's Wales' father and she's my daughter. I'm not kicking him out because you two don't like him! The girl wants to share a moment with her divorced parents so what? It's just a few hours then he's leaving!" Scotland crossed her arms, her accent heavy as she spoke with anger.

"My darling-" England bit his tongue not to lose his temper. "I hate how he acts around you, please can we not have him today? I already hate the fact that he visits us here to sit with Wales and you-"

"England, that's possessive of you." The English country froze at what he heard his wife say.

"I'm not being-"

"Just drop it, please. I don't want to be in a bad mood in front of the kids." She deadpanned and turned away from him, going over to Canada and America with a bright smile on her face.

"England, you made her sad." France spoke quietly to her father in law. "Until Wales and Ireland come, I need to talk with you. Alone." She turned over at Britain who let out a sigh, letting the two go and have their talk alone.

Once in the balcony, England looked out at the scenery with his back facing France.

"England, you didn't need to say what you said there..you caused that because you made her feel like she can't trust you with this subject due to your anger."

"Then how do you want me to react?! If your husband brings his Ex-wife to a family gathering without telling you ahead of time, how would you feel?!" England looked back at France, pinching the bridge of his nose. "Especially an Ex that's trying to get back to her...we already have one day each month for Wales to bring Ireland here and sit with Scotland. The girl can see her mother any day she wishes to, and I love Wales. But her father is the problem and I don't like him stepping a foot in my house."

"Do you not trust that Scotland loves you over him?" France frowned sadly and put her hand on his shoulder, feeling him go rigid under her touch and avoid looking at her. "You need to think about what you did. Scotland loves you, but you can be a little too obsessive of the things you fear to lose."

England was about to argue back that he didn't do anything wrong, that he's only being protective of his wife, only to be called out to gather in the living room.

"Alright everyone is here now?" Canada stood up as he looked over at his family, with Ireland and Wales just arriving minutes ago and taking their seat next to Australia. "Good, I think we should let England and Scotland start!"

"I wanted to start with mine." America faked a whine. "Fine fine, they own the house anyway so, let us hear from them." He sat up straight and listened.

'What's it like being together? Also how is it having Kingdom of France with you two?'

"Being together is just the same as any married couple! We love each other, we have disagreements sometimes over lil topics, but we always solve them together." Scotland swept their fight behind her back and smiled happily at everyone is the room, with England only giving a curt nod and feeling glad that she took the role of answering because he couldn't speak right now.

"As for Kofi, she's family to me. I'm happy to have her live here and help her with anything she needs." Scotland held Kingdom of France's hand and patted it gently, feeling the woman give her hand a squeeze as a sign of gratitude.

"The next one is send for you only." England handed the letter to his wife who took it and opened it.

'(Scotland) I'm your biggest fan! Please accept my virtual hug.'

"Aw, I never thought I'd have fans..thank you anonymous sender! These letters sure are fun to have." She laughed and saw Britain, France and America wince with a head shake.

"You only got the sane letters, grandma." America said and looked at Kingdom of France. "Would you like someone to open your letters..?" He asked carefully and saw her hand the letters over towards him. "Oh- okay then." He smiled and put them on his lap, opening the first one.

'How are you?'

Kingdom of France gave a nod of her head, clasping her hands together.

"Ca va bien.." she whispered quietly, her voice barely over a whisper.

'How did you feel when you were almost beheaded by Napoleonic France? Also in general, how do you feel about the French Revolution?'

Canada opened his mouth to stop his brother from reading the letter when he saw the look of pain and discomfort on Kingdom of France's face.

"You don't need to answer it, mama." France put her hand over Kingdom of France's and intertwined their fingers. "You have nothing to fear, you're safe now." She comforted and looked at America who discarded the letters and threw them away.

"My turn now~" America grinned and opened his envelop. "Ahem, so.."

'What do you think about USSR? You guys still hate each other?'

"Of course they do! They are mortal enemies!" New Zealand said and looked up at his brother. "Right, Ame?"

America blasted a smile and laughed. "The fire is calmer now, little brother! He's no longer a threat anyway, and we talk here and there sometimes. I can't just forget that he was a great ally in the war." He faked a genuine smile and folded the letter.

For mere seconds, Canada and America's eyes met and parted ways. Canada knows he's not giving a full answer, but he won't interfere if America didn't want to say anything.

'I killed him..I killed him I didn't mean it- I-i can't celebrate it! Nada what do I do?!' He remembers hearing his brother hyperventilating and crying in his arms, 1991.

He never saw Soviet as an enemy even if he despised him.

'How do you feel about Germany because you raised half of him?'

"I used to be his caretaker back then that's true, but once he got reunified and back in one piece, I told him to drop the formal

address he gave to me and see me as a friend of his. He's still my friend now and I hang out with him and Russia from time to time." America answered and opened his last letter.

'What's your favorite moment with each family member?'

"Oh okay, this is fun." America sat cross legged on the couch and pointed at his father. "My rebellion against him-"

"Of course it's that.." Britain muttered and hated how loud Ireland was cackling while Kingdom of France had her hand over her mouth, smiling.

"Every day with mom is a best memory~"

"Oh, mon bébé.."

"As for Aussi, non. You always terrify me with your spider family!"

"They are cute.." Australia whined playfully.

"Nada, his independence. Kiwi, surfing together during summer breaks or playing rugby with Wales." America kept pointing at each family member and spoke of his favorite memories until he reached the last one, his finger pointing to Kingdom of France.

"You, my Queen. You were a legend to defend me against my father!" He grinned mischievously and brightened up more when he heard Kingdom of France laugh weakly and shake her head.

"Tu es trop.." she smiled at her grandchild and blew a kiss to him.

Scotland and France felt their hearts flying at seeing Kingdom of France be much more brighter around the only people who know her existence.

"Okay! Canada now~" America grinned at his shy and calm brother who opened his letter and read it.

'Why do I feel like you'd be the sort of man to carry around a gun filled solely with maple syrup.'

The room erupted into laughter while Canada crumbled the paper and groaned, telling them to stop laughing.

"I would never!"

"Y-you do have a weird obsession [OBJ]with maple syrup! You always add them to your plate!" Australia laughed only to get kicked in the side Ron the flustered Canada.

"I enjoy the sugary taste! Next time I will make you eat dry pancakes.." he stuck his tongue out jokingly and opened the last letter he has.

'Are you engaged?'

"N-no.." he murmured shyly with his shoulders up to his ears.

"Any girl in mind~?" Scotland asked only to see Canada turn brighter red and shake his head furiously. With a reaction such as that, Scotland wanted to press on but Australia was too loud as he announced he wants to read his own letters.

'Most scary animal experience?'

"...emus..I never want to go through that again.."

'Favorite crocodile story?'

"Me? I think Florida has better ones, no Ame~?"

"Shut up...you're not so different from him.." Austrian went into a fit of chuckles and nodded at New Zealand to open his letter.

'Are you friends with the other oceanic countries or not really?'

"I try to keep a good relationship with everyone! I love being friendly." He grinned and put his letter away. "Mama, your turn!"

"Alright then, kiwi." She smiled and turned to her letters, scooting closer to Britain and opening them.

'Qui qui baguette!'

"No please...are we really starting off like that..?" She groaned loudly. "I'm not pleased with whoever sent this.."

'What was it like in World War Two for you? You don't have to answer it if you don't want to.'

"...I'll take the second option, thank you." France said with her eyes darkening a little. She suffered a lot during the war, not only the invasion but also had to be split into two parts for Reich's benefit. She had to endure it for years and still has the scars of the operation.

Britain doesn't want to remember the pain of only seeing one half of his wife, confused and in pain due to feeling something missing within her.

"I'll open mine now.." Britain offered.

'Can you tell me your love story with your wife?'

"Oo~" America and Australia awed and made heart shaped with their hands together. "Tell us, lover boy~" America added with a wide smirk.

"Stop it...we loved each other and got married. Simple-"

"Get into details~" Scotland grinned and put her hands under her chin. "I'm listening~"

"Mother, you already know!" Britain groaned at not getting an answer while France blushed and looked away. Britain cleared his throat and spoke. "Well..our parents were nemesis..had wars for so many decades..sometimes they would make a peace pacts and other times they would fight..while we kids had no choice but to fight with our parents."

"One fight I spared France..because I couldn't kill a woman as pretty as her..I fell in love that moment but I couldn't do anything nor ask her hand because she was an enemy." Britain's blush was darker. "Give it a few years and suddenly our parents were in a happy good partnership and put us two in an arranged marriage...I never said yes as fast as I did that day.."

"I also fell in love with the man who spared me but I never knew it was him because he was wearing a mask..when he confessed that it was him I became even more and more in love with him.." France held her burning cheeks and smiled dreamily.

"Awe my baby boy..." Scotland squealed and looked at Kingdom of France. "Did you know about Britain's feelings?!" She saw her shake her head and only squealed more. "The boy kept crying to me about the woman of his dreams-"

"Mother—"

"Oh he never found sleep ever since seeing your face, France!"

"Really?! He never told me that.."

"M-mother, France! Please stop!" Britain pulled his hat over his face, using his cane to gently push his mother's shoulder to make her stop.

"Father, why not open yours? My letter only says Hi." Once the room was calm, Wales turned to Ireland who smiled at her and nodded his head.

"Alright then, little one." He opened the letter and read it out loud.

'If I glue a leaf onto a three leaf clover, does it become four leaf clover?'

England was laughing hard at Ireland's horrid face, wiping his eyes as he enjoyed the pain that was clear there.

"What is that..? Are you serious?!" Ireland threw his arms in the air. "Yeah! Just like if ya glue a horn to a horse it becomes a unicorn?! Right, mate?!" He looked at everyone in the room who were too busy trying to calm down or hold their sides from laughing too much. "Scott! Say something?! Your husband is laughing a little too much!"

"I-I can't-" Scotland covered her face and got off the couch. "I need a minute to recover-"

"Mother!" Wales laughed shook her head at her family, smiling happily at the warmth that seeped into her dragon heart.

———

"Take a break, Mr. UN."

"I will I will...let me just finish these few files in a jiffy." UN smiled at NATO who just walked into the office and put a bottle of water on his desk.

"You have received unsigned letters, sir." NATO spoke carefully and held the small bag of letters. "Some address you, one for WHO, one for me and a few for Napoleonic France..want me to discard them?"

UN looked up at NATO and shook his head, giving a little smile. "No need to, I'll get WHO and it can be our little break." He pressed an intercom piece on his desk that was connected to many other offices, but he chose his sister's office. "WHO, come to my office please."

Her voice broke through the device with confirmation.

"What of Napoleonic France's letters?"

UN looked at NATO holding the five envelopes that were signed for Napoleonic France. "Sent it to his chamber, he can answer them by himself." UN scowled and turned his head away. He doesn't want to see Napoleonic France nor hear his sick answers, he already feels uncomfortable having to watch the ex-empire.

"Understood, sir. I'll be right back." NATO got up and almost bumped into WHO, apologizing profusely and leaving the room to hand deliver the letters then come back.

"So, big brother. What's the matter?" She sat down and smiled happily. "Also drink your water. I sent NATO to give it for you."

"I will!" UN pouted and took the water bottle. "I called you for this." He handed her the letter after he took a sip of water. "Open it."

Delicate and careful, WHO took off her glove and opened the

envelope with her nail, taking out the paper.

'Do you help everyone? Also why were Germany and Russia getting blood tests? I'm just curious.'

"Of course I do, I'm like the official doctor for all the countries..as for the blood test? I last did that months ago...every country has to go through regular check ups for safety measures!" She smiled and turned to the door when NATO walked in and greeted them professionally.

"NATO, your letter!" UN handed it to the stoic organization who took it and opened it.

'I'm behind you!'

"What-?!" NATO looked behind him and put his hand on his belt where his gun is. "This isn't a funny joke.." he muttered with a tiny blush while the two siblings were laughing.

"Okay, my turn.." UN sat upright and opened his letter.

'Why so scared of Napoleonic France? He's a really old fragile man with only one hand'

"Have you seen what he's capable of..? He's just..too dangerous and sick in a twisted way.." UN sighed tiredly and opened the next one. "I never wish for anyone to go through harm because of him. The dead countries already suffered enough from him.." he remembered Prussia with a shiver.

'How do you feel having to take care of so many countries? What's it like dealing with all of them?'

"It's like taking care of a nursery..." he rubbed his face with a groan. "You don't want to try it, trust me."

'Does it get tiring being an organization?'

"Well...it can be tiring. But that's my job, and I'm willing to care for everyone and bring peace to the world.." he smiled and clapped his hands happily. "Alright! Break is done, back to work-"

"Sir, it hasn't been thirty minutes."

"You need at least an hour break." WHO got up and hugged his arm. "Let's go to the cafeteria! NATO too!"

"Of course I'll come. I have to protect you two.." NATO frowned and got up to open the door for WHO that dragged her protesting brother.

_____

Napoleonic France looked down at the letters, taking the one on top of the pile and opening it.

'Try and hug Germany! Then go and-..'

"A volcano again.." he muttered and threw the letter in the trash coldly.

'I hate you so much! You're so mean to them don't you ever come near them or I will find you.'

"Aw, who's this~?" He smirked sickly. "I hate you too, so so much~" he smiled and hung the letter on the wall of his study desk. "Such a beautiful decor.."

'If you hate Germany because he's Prussia's descendant, does that mean you hate Russia because he's Russian Empire's descendant?'

"Oh no no, you got it all wrong my little one." Napoleonic France spoke to no one but himself as he answered. "I don't hate Russian Empire, I never hated him. He always impressed me with his way of thinking...how he's with no emotions, it makes him more stronger and capable of doing plans with no remorse. Like how he burned down Moscow...that was the first time I've ever felt true fear as I looked at him.." he smirked evilly and laughed.

"I never hated the Russians, historically the French were always on good terms with the Russians~" he shrugged his shoulders.

'Bro why did you try to invade ze motherland during ze

winter? Russian Empire was not pleased with your stupidity.'

"I'm not pleased with your letter.." he muttered and crumbled the letter, letting it burn as he held it over a candle he had lit.

'**Pick one! Boba tea or boba coffee!**'

"How about the corpse of Prussia?" He smirked and laughed to himself. "That would be lovely, yes, anonymous sender~?"

———-

Imperial looked at Koi and Palau with a deep frown, his cat tail swishing in anger. "So you're telling me..you two got anonymous letters like the ones Reich-kun gets..? And I got none...?"

"Yes yes! Now can I open mine?!" Koi was about to start jumping while he stood on the tips of his toes.

"Yes, Nippon Teikoku-sensei!" Palau gave his best puppy dog eyes and watched as Imperial gave up and let them answer.

'To koi: do you like bubble tea from a specific brand or? I swear if you say you don't like bubble tea—!!'

"I love EVERY bubble tea ever ever!" Koi grinned happily. "I love every brand as long as they made the drink good~!"

"My turn!" Palau ripped the envelope excitedly and read the letter.

'**How are you doing? Also what's your favorite spot?**'

"I'm good! I live with Nippon Teikoku-sensei and his kids! They are like my family since I don't have anyone and he found me." The little child grinned and answered the second part of the question. "As for my favorite spot, it's the shores! I like running there of just storing and watched the big blue sea!"

Imperial nodded with a grunt. "I don't like how I didn't get any.."

"Aw, Imperial! You'll have your letters one day~" Koi giggled and patted his head while Imperial's cat ears were flat on his head,

displaying his bad mood.

———

It was at night, Scotland's house much quieter as the loud events were over and everyone headed to their homes and their rooms.

Kingdom of France was asleep and she last saw England go to the bathroom to shower, so she started washing the dishes and putting them away.

Scotland jumped when she felt a pair of arms hug her from behind, the smell of lavender hitting her nose as England's head rested on her shoulder and buried his face there, his hair a little wet from the shower.

"I'm sorry, Scott.." he mumbled in her shoulder, tightening the hug on his wife.

Scotland turned off the water and held the towel as she dried her hands. "Sorry about what exactly.." she muttered and turned her head away from him.

He lifted his head and saw her face turned away opposite of his direction. "I..I'm sorry for getting angry at you..and making it harder on you to talk to me about Ireland.." he mumbled and buried his face in her neck, clinging to her. "I love you.." his tone was sad and needy.

Scotland closed her eyes and turned in his arms, hugging his chest and resting her cheek there. "I love you too..I choose you over Ireland but you still make me feel that I'll let him take me..he won't.." she looked up at him and saw his eyes having pain in them. "He won't take me..I'm all for you, England.."

"I..I just.." he hugged her closely and pecked her hair. "I get protective when I feel like something dear to me might get taken away.."

"A little too protective.." Scotland added with a pout, rubbing his back. "I just hate when you become angry and hard to convince..it makes me feel sad and annoyed."

"I'm sorry..I'll try to be better, I promise." He cubbed her cheeks and gently lifted her head up. "Do you forgive this man?"

Scotland smiled and kissed his cheek. "I forgive you if you help me with the rest of the dishes."

"I'll do it all right now, you go rest.." he smiled down at her. "We can talk more about it on the morning of you wish to."

"That sounds great, love." She let go of the hug and held his hand. "Thank you.."

"Anything for you.."

_____

AND THATS ALL FOR THE QUESTIONS! Now to the author questions + important notes~!

About the English Family: I recently made their relationship/ ties but I didn't add northern Ireland to the asks because at first I didn't have a place for him. But now I do! I'll answer it below! <3

1- I need some clearance for UK and France family.
-I'll do my best!
French family:
-Kingdom of France and Napoleonic France are brothers and sister
-France is the daughter of Kingdom of France.

English family:
-England and Scotland got married and had uk
-they got divorced and she and Ireland got married and had wales
-Ireland and Scotland got divorced and she returned to England, then they had Northern Ireland.
France and Britain's family is hopefully clear haha!

2- select a random country and show them our discord server, we are making someone have a trauma-
-how about Austria-Hungary- she won't see anything and we'll

be safe-

3- do you intend to continue the Mute Prussia AU or start a new story?
-hopefully one day! As long as I'm in the mood to continue the AU then sure x]

4- I love your story, I actually wanted to write something similar but it's just not good.
-thank you!! Your words encourage me more! And don't give up! It's hard to take the first step but once you do, it'll be easier! (ง □ᵕ̀-)

5- how do I get you to accept that your writing is amazing? You want boba?
-I want boba and a hug from you for your sweet words (you always make me feel like crying because of your words omg stop ill cry rn-)

6- when is the boba chapter? (No pressure!! I'm sorry I'm just curious so I can force my friend to read it!) when countries turn to CB form they just roll around to travel or they have legs of they bounce-
-the boba chapter was actually 'the glass heart of Austria-Hungary' when at the last part they go to a boba store! Also countryballs just roll around and make cute bounces! They don't talk and they don't have a mouth! Just cute balls!

7- want some boba? Also new chapter pls
-I WANT BOBA PLS!! Also here's a new chapter now Nyeheheheh- sorry xD

8- what fandoms are you currently in? What country do you live in? Do you ship countries?
-I'm in the CountryHumans fandom! As for where I live I prefer to not say, sorry! :(and for ships, I answered it before. I make my ships halal (under the rules of Islam) if I want to put them in my book, therefore this book doesn't support the idea of pre-marriage dates and such!

And that's it! Thank you all again for the 20k reads, we're

already almost at 30k but I'm not very sure if I have the power to make another QnA chapter since it takes a long time to make them now since I'm employed (`• ◻ •́;) but I'll do my best to show you all my gratitude!! Thank you AGAIN!!

Now for the surprise..~
Look what my friend drew! UGH I LOVE HOW MY DEAIGNS ARE DRAWN BY HER!!! Her IG is @ Kitten.Obi ! Make sure you give her a follow (and boba!) enjoy her beautiful and adorable art! (๑ > ◡ < ๑)

Russian Empire and Germany!

Russian Empire, Prussia and Austrian Empire!

☆-Silly Housemates-

[image] [image] [image] [image] [image]
[image]

A/N: no it's not a chapter cause I'm taking a break xD but I made these! Have fun with them haha

Last image I found it like the in the internet and had to put it because my username is froggy in wattpad x]

☆-Cat Cafe-

[image] [image] [image]

Characters: Austrian Empire, German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Kingdom of Hungary, Prussia and Russian Empire. (Mentioned Soviet and Reich).

_____

The morning was quieter than every day's, but it wasn't unusual. The reason for the quietness is the absence of both Reich and Soviet, who decided to visit their kids for the weekend and spend it there.

So for the upcoming three days, the house is more calm.

Kingdom of Hungary took her plate of food and went to the living room, dragging a reading chair and sitting by the patio to watch the cloudy weather while she ate.

It was a grayish morning, cold and accompanied by the breeze that was becoming more and more cooler. Autumn was slowly leaving and winter would approach eventually, but these past few days were a roller coaster of either sunny hot days or cold rainy ones.

Kingdom of Hungary isn't complaining.

"Liebste? Why are you sitting alone?" Austrian Empire's voice was quiet in a hushed whisper. "Do you feel unwell..?"

"No, it's not that." Kingdom of Hungary looked back and giggled at her husband's troubled face. "I'm just watching the weather."

Austrian Empire's shoulders relaxed and he sat on the floor with his own plate. "Ah, beautiful weather hmm?" He looked up at her and smiled teasingly. "I would say it's perfect for a date mm~?"

Kingdom of Hungary tried to act unbothered, but the stars in her eyes and the blush on her cheeks spoke too loud. "Is that so?" She couldn't compose the squeak in her voice, blushing even more when Austrian Empire laughed softly.

"Get ready to go out at three, it's a double date with German Empire and Austria-Hungary." He looked up at his wife and smiled lovingly at her pure surprised expression.

"Oh my...I can almost feel my heart exploding.." Kingdom of Hungary murmured and covered her face with her free hand.

German Empire noticed Austrian Empire and Kingdom of Hungary sitting in the living room chatting with their breakfast then turned to the kitchen where he saw Austria-Hungary happily talking to Prussia, clueless to the date she'll have today.

Russian Empire nowhere in sight, and German Empire assumed that he's in the library reading with his coffee.

Prussia looked up at German Empire and raised an eyebrow as to why he still didn't join them. He opened his mouth to speak only for German Empire to shake his head and wave his hands in 'no'.

German Empire pointed at himself then at Austria-Hungary and with two fingers in a circular motion, it meant he wants to talk to his wife alone.

Giving a knowing smirk, Prussia got up and made a little excuse to leaving Austria-Hungary alone who was still oblivious to what's happening around her.

"Austro, good morning.." German Empire started and sat next to her, taking her hand. "How are you feeling today?"

"I'm good, was just having a nice chat with Mr Prussia!" She stabbed her fork to her French toast and offered it to German Empire who took a bite.

"Austro, I want to..mm.." he stammered in embarrassment, tapping the table and turning his head away.

"My Kaiser, how long have we been married for? You can ask me anything.." Austria-Hungary put her fork down and turned her head to where his voice was. "I'm listening-"

"I'm taking you out on a date this evening..a double date exactly.." he cut her off and waited for her reaction.

"D-double..date..?"

"Me and your father made a plan together and.. you can guess the rest." He rested his cheek on his hand, melting unconsciously at seeing Austria-Hungary become flustered to the point where she stopped eating.

"You mean the four of us...together..?"

"That, I do.." he reached his hand out and brushed a hair behind her reddish ear from blushing. "What do you say?"

"Of course I'll go!" She puffed her cheeks in fake anger at how he dared ask if she would go or no.

Austria-Hungary moved her head away from him and lowered it, tapping her fork on the plate while lost in thought. She'll have time do her make up alone? Her mother would always be the one to help her wear it for occasions but now she's going to be busy as well. She can ask German Empire to help her to it-

She smiled as a thought came to her mind on who'll help her.

"I have to go shower and get ready then, love you." Austria-Hungary excused herself and pecked his cheek, running upstairs and heading to their shared room.

———-

Russian Empire got out of the library a few hours later, noticing that the living room was empty except for Prussia and Austrian Empire sitting there, with the rest nowhere in sight.

"The introvert decided to socialize." Prussia snickered at Russian Empire huffing. "What brings you out of your castle I wonder?"

"Wanted to refill my coffee..house is quiet so I decided to check out what's happening.." Russian Empire answered and sat next to Austrian Empire who laughed sheepishly.

"Oh! Ah- it should be to your liking no?"

Russian Empire squinted his eye at Austrian Empire, crossing his arms over his chest. "Speak."

"I'll speak!-" Prussia was cut off by Russian Empire smacking his wing over his face.

"No, Austry will." Russian Empire looked over at his friend who scoffed and looked away, pulling a hair strand and playing with it.

"Me, Liebste.. German Empire and Austria-Hungary will have a double date..it's a cat cafe that recently opened but we didn't tell them yet, it's a surprise!" He whisper yelled at Russian Empire who had a glint of interest in his eye.

"I know right? So cute~" Prussia peaked from behind the Russian's wings with a smirk. "Anywho~ I have to go help one of the dates get ready~" he got off the couch, his smirk widening when the two looked up at him in confusion.

"I'm helping my daughter-in-law~"

"What-?! I'm her father! Why didn't she ask from me?!" Austrian Empire stood up shocked, Russian Empire only shaking his head and rolling his eye.

"You're a date too, go shower you stink." Russian Empire joked with a small chuckle, seeing both Prussia and Austrian Empire go upstairs to get their things done.

Leaving Russian Empire alone in the living room. He didn't liked the quietness their leave brought, strangely.

———

Prussia sat cross legged on the floor of German Empire and Austria-Hungary's room, looking down at the color palette then at the

woman's face. "So...first I'll put the lighter color then blend it with a darker shade?"

"Mhm! My German Empire said to go simple so, we're doing something light and natural." Austria-Hungary put the hair band to move away any strand from her face. "Come on, gently."

Prussia nodded his head and carefully caressed the brush on the color, blowing on it then as gentle as he could, started applying it to her closed eyelid.

After intense focus, applying and rubbing the excess make up that got out, reapplying and blending: Prussia felt accomplished and done.

"There we go! It was hard but we finished! Eh, Liebling?"

"Done?" Austria-Hungary giggled and took her make up bag, her hand tracing the braille and grabbing a few things. "I need to put a highlight, mascara and a lipgloss! But I can put the last on my own, you'll help me with the other things!"

Prussia groaned and took the mascara. "You girls do that every occasion?"

"Yes we do, we have to look our best~"

"Must be time consuming.. We men just wash our faces and call it a day." He smiled at hearing her laugh. "Alright don't move, I need to perfect the mascara so you can pull my son's heart strings with your long and pretty lashes~! One wink and he's a goner!"

"M-Mr Prussia?!" Austria-Hungary covered her mouth and laughed even more. "You're so funny." She calmed down and saw the blur of the mascara come near her eyes, indicating that Prussia was focused now and working on applying it.

Austrian Empire and German Empire were by the door, dressed and waiting for their dates to finish getting ready and come downstairs so they can all leave together.

Austrian Empire was wearing button up shirt, beige jeans and a

jacket draped over his shoulder. German Empire was wearing a dark grey sweater, a long coat and khaki jeans.

"We're ready!" Kingdom of Hungary's voice came from upstairs followed by two set of steps. Miss Hungary was wearing an oversized off white sweatshirt and a black long skirt. As for Austria-Hungary, she was wearing a baby blue shirt with three buttons on top, and a white waist up pants.

German Empire worked his mouth to speak, only to let out a breath and close it. "When did you buy that..?" He managed to stutter, reaching his hand out to hold his wife's.

"Me and mutter got them a while back, you like it?" She held his hand back and felt him brush her cheek.

"I love it.."

"I tried to go simple for today, I hope I didn't overdo myself." Kingdom of Hungary smiled at Austrian Empire who blinked his eyes and patted his cheeks to wake up from his trance.

"My.." he walked closer and took her hand, bringing it to his lips and kissing it. "You look stunning, my love.."

"Oh stop it.." Kingdom of Hungary laughed shyly and intertwined their hands together. "Shall we all go?"

"Please." Austrian Empire opened the door and held it for the ladies to go out, then he and German Empire left and rode Russian Empire's car who he lent to them.

Prussia looked out the window then went to Russian Empire who was in the library and opened the door slowly.

"You're quiet." Russian Empire commented while flipping a page. "A guy like you would be jumping on the walls happily now that the house is yours." He hear a flopping sound and stared at Prussia who threw himself on the bean bag chair, face down and buried there.

"I know! But suddenly as soon as everyone left I began feeling down." Prussia lifted his head up with a huff. "Russ, tell me what

can I do?"

Sighing, Russian Empire closed his book after marking it knowing very well it would be useless to read while Prussia was in a down mood. "Want to accompany me to buy some groceries?"

"Okay!" Prussia was suddenly up and bright.

———-

"Here we are." Austrian Empire parked the car and looked back at the two girls, Kingdom of Hungary awing excitedly while Austria-Hungary was confused as to where they arrived.

"It's a cat cafe! Come on!" Kingdom of Hungary got out the car and dragged her daughter who giggled and followed her happily.

"A cat cafe? That's adorable! Thank you, Kaiser!" Austria-Hungary held her heart and stood on her toes. "I always wanted to go visit one.."

"Ahem, it was **our** idea.." Austrian Empire pouted at his daughter who only giggled more, then he walked to the receptionist and asked to get a table for four.

Austria-Hungary jumped when she felt something soft brush against her leg and meow. "Aw, it's already burring!" She kneeled down and scratched the cat's cheek, feeling it press its face more in acceptance to the petting.

"We can sit in our table and they can come over to you, come." German Empire smiled softly at her innocence and lead her to their table.

Instead of the normal sitting of having chairs around the table, they took a floor sitting, with pillows and back rests to make it comfortable.

As soon as the four sat down and held their menus -German Empire reading his menu loud enough for his blind wife- the same cat came to them and sat on Austria-Hungary's lap, kneading it and laying there comfortably while burring loudly.

"What do we want to order?" The waitress came with a bright smile as she greeted the guests.

Once their orders were taken, the waitress took their menus and put a basket of cat toys and treats. "We hope you enjoy your stay." And she left.

"So fluffy.." Austria-Hungary cooed to the cat in her lap, feeling another fur ball brush her arm and gently reach its paw to tap it. "Another one? Wait I have an idea-" she sat cross legged and felt two weights on her lap extra to the cat that's already there. "Wait, do I have three cats on my lap?" She asked in shock and Kingdom of Hungary took out her phone.

"Yes, don't move I'm taking a picture." She laughed and captured the phonon of her daughter with the cats lying in her lap, chuckling at the troubled face Austria-Hungary made as to who she should pet.

German Empire held a cat toy and shook it a little, making a ringing noise. He looked to his right and saw a small kitten stare up at the toy with its eyes wide and black, focused on the bell that rung from the toy.

Softening, German Empire moved the toy right and left, watching the kitten shake its back and jump up to the toy, its paws stretched all the way up making it look longer.

The kitten fell down and German Empire chuckled quietly yet he didn't stop playing with the energetic kitten.

Austrian Empire looked at Kingdom of Hungary who held the treat to the small orange cat who was weary of her yet wanted to enjoy the tasty food.

"Aw, don't be scared come on.." Kingdom of Hungary moved the treat closer to herself and watched as the cat moved forward too, eventually it rested on her lap and kept licked the treat until it was dry.

"There you go! See, I'm a good woman." Kingdom of Hungary itched the cat's ear and laughed when it arched its head back in

satisfaction. Kingdom of Hungary looked up and saw that Austrian Empire was mainly focused on her and she got shy. "What..?"

"Nothing, just the fact that you make me fall for you even more each passing day." Austrian Empire winked and felt her teasingly push his cheek away from her.

"Oh shut it.."

Once the plates arrived, Kingdom of Hungary was head over heels at the fact that they made the cakes and coffees have cat shapes in them. The cheesecake was the face of a cat, the coffee had chocolate powder that looked like a cat paw and even many more little cute details.

"Nobody touches their plate! I want to take a memorial picture of this adorable food.."

"Your mother is a teenager at heart?" German Empire kicked to his wife who giggled and delicately traced the coffee coaster.

"Oh my...mutter, is everything a kitten shape?!" Austria-Hungary asked in delight and held her cheeks. "I need these cat coasters.."

"Don't worry, I saw a merchandise store in the cafe and we can buy some stuff~" Austrian Empire told his daughter and smiled as everyone started eating, with a cat joining German Empire into his cheeks cake while he tried to shoo it away but to no avail.

The day passed on successfully to the two men who set the surprise, with their wives having the best of their time chatting, playing with the cats and watching/listening to the calm rain that started a few hours into their date.

Soon they were about to leave after Austrian Empire and German Empire paid the stuff, letting the two women go to the small store section to buy what they wanted.

"Cat coasters...cat coasters.." Kingdom of Hungary was holding her daughter's hand and looking through the stiff until she found one, helping her daughter choose from which she wanted.

Austria-Hungary, with her big heart, insisted on getting eight coasters for everyone in the house. Kingdom of Hungary got some aprons and a gift for Austrian Empire that was a silly cat patterned sweatpants, asking the cashier to wrap it specifically.

"Will you get your Kaiser a gift too~?" Kingdom of Hungary smirked and saw her daughter blush madly and touch the items before her until she felt one and blinked her eyes in surprise. They sell that?

"Oo~ I like that~" she smirked and made thumbs up. "Buy it! You have to get it for him, it'll be so adorable on your stoic husband~"

"You think I should? O-Okay.." Austria-Hungary bought the gift and after getting wrapped and paid, they headed home.

———

Kingdom of Hungary gave her gift to Austrian Empire first, watching with a blush and a laugh as he wore the sweatpants proudly and showed it off to Russian Empire and Prussia, even taking a picture by the long mirror and sending it to Reich and Soviet who both encouraged him on his wife's taste.

But Austria-Hungary hide her gift until they all headed to their rooms to call it a night. She stood by their bed and had her arms behind her back to hide the gift while she waited for German Empire to leave the bathroom.

Once she heard the click of the door opening, she began feeling nervous and rubbing her feet on the ground shyly.

"My love?" German Empire asked softly and frowned. "Is something wrong? Did I make you sad-"

"Close your eyes!" She blurted out and lowered her head. "I-I got you a gift!"

Surprised, German Empire blushed furiously and closed his eyes, announcing that he did so.

"I..I didn't know what to get you and mutter said this gift is

good..and I think it'll be cute on you!"

Cute? What is it, he wondered.

He felt something in his hair and then heard the sound of a little bell. "Open your eyes, my big cat!" Austria-Hungary was giggling happily and holding a cat toy to his nose.

He looked at the mirror and his face exploded in a deep blush. His wife got him cat ears- no. His mother-in-law encouraged that!

"A-Austro.." German Empire couldn't get angry, because right before him was the happiest he's ever seen his wife, shaking the cat toy happily as she held it with both her hands. "I think..it'll look much prettier on you.." he took them off and put it on her hair, seeing her pout and huff.

"No, it's yours!" She put her hands on her hips and German Empire almost fainted from her adorable angry face combined with the cat ears in her fluffy hair. His heart was already beating too fast.

"But-" he couldn't argue back and sadden her, so he gave up to her putting the cat ears back on his head and hug his chest tightly.

"This is only between you and me..got it?" He grumbled playfully and lifted her up in his arms.

"I promise, big cat." She kissed his cheek and buried her face in his neck happily, kicking her legs in the air while sitting in his arms like a queen.

His queen.

German Empire may have fought a lot of battles, and yet in the battle against his wife:

He's always losing to her innocent loving smile and those bright eyes.

———————-

A/N: time to give you all a dose of my friend's art!!

I have a message from my friend she says:

"Russian Empire is mine"

I have no hand in this, you all fight together I'll just watch-(ΦωΦ)
Reminder that her account is:

I.g. @ kitten.obi !!

Make sure to check out her art● ~ *

Edit: I'll add my drawing cause I forgot and my friend got mad at me xD

✦-Baby Russian Empire-

[image] [image] [image][image][image] [image]
[image]

Characters: Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, Prussia, Kingdom of Hungary, Austria-Hungary, German Empire, Reich and Soviet.
Reminder: it's a filler chapter! Aka = not canon
(more like a fun story to write/read x))
——————-

Prussia laid on his bed and contemplated about getting up to start his day early or just go back to another few hours of sleep.

He blinked his eyes lazily whilst staring at the ceiling and waiting the familiar coffee smell to drag him out of bed, but once it took longer than he had the patience for did he groan childishly and kick the blanket off his bed, dangling his legs on the edge of the bed.

He looked at the other bed of the room, surprised to see that Russian Empire was still under his blankets.

"Please tell me Austrian Empire made the coffee.." Prussia murmured to himself and took his shirt from the floor to put it on then wore his eyepatch. "Come on, Russ. Wake up!" He shouted as he got out of the room, joining whoever was awake downstairs: only to be alone.

A few minutes later, Austrian Empire walked into the kitchen and saw Prussia by the coffee machine with a clear frown, pouring his drink and looking back at Austrian Empire with a sharpened eye.

"So what if we woke up late, it's not the first time you make us coffee." Austrian Empire joked while taking out the pan to make breakfast.

"I wasn't in the mood to make one..yet I had to because oh wow you all decided to sleep in." Prussia snarled then plopped down on his

seat.

"Hey Prussia, why don't you check on the rest while we make your breakfast hm?" Kingdom of Hungary suggested with a forced smile. "Get them to wake up and maybe you all will have some fun or plans." She watched as Prussia left to wake up the rest, letting out a sigh and going to assist her husband.

"It's too early for him to be grumpy." Kingdom of Hungary shook her head while Austrian Empire laughed and agreed.

Prussia got German Empire and Austria-Hungary to wake up then went to the upper floor where his room was as well as Reich and Soviet's. He was about to walk into the two but once he heard them chatting he left them be then went to his room and, still to his surprise, Russian Empire was asleep.

And it amused him. "Hoh~? What is going on to make you sleep that much? Had a night walk without me?" Prussia snickered and reached his hand out to shake him awake. "Come on, up up." He watched as the body tossed a little under the blankets then slowly but eventually got up, sitting on the bed lazily and rubbing his eyes.

Prussia stood shocked at the sight before him, in Russian Empire's bed was no other than the owner himself.

But decades and centuries younger.

"R-Russ..?"

The little child looked up at Prussia, both eyes existent and healthy. He looked so small, not older than four. His wings were still fuzzy and too tiny to carry his weight.

"...Папа?"

Prussia immediately got close to Russian Empire's face and started pulling at his cheeks. "What is this prank?! How did you shrink yourself?!" He screamed and lifted the child up in his arms without paying an eye to how the only thing that clung to his body is the now oversized pajama shirt, turning him around and touching his wings.

Russian Empire let out a scared yelp at his wings getting touched, being highly sensitive due to still growing.

"Prussia..it's too early to be yelling in the morning.." Soviet opened the door and froze there at seeing what was in Prussia's arms. "Prussia...where's my father?"

"I-I...don't know? I found this on the bed.." he held the child version of Russian Empire in his arms worriedly. "Did I break it?" He asked is if he's holding up a doll.

Soviet walked over to the child, seeing him display discomfort yet not struggling away from Prussia's arms: as if he's forced to endure it and that any attempt to escape is unacceptable. He gently took the child and wrapped him in his arms, making sure the pajama shirt was cozy around him.

Russian Empire looked up at Soviet with surprise at being so gentle, slowly fidgeting his hands and speaking again. "Мм..Папа?"

It dawned on Soviet that what he's seeing right now is real and not a dream, he brought the child closer and shook his head.

"Нет."

Russian Empire didn't complain, he only nodded his head and rested it on Soviet's shoulder.

What pained Prussia and Soviet was the fact that he's too emotionally mature for his age.

———-

"This is something...else.." German Empire murmured to himself while watching the scene with everyone in the kitchen.

Russian Empire was in Soviet's lap eating a banana, the pajama shirt still wrapped around his body and the situation still nerve wracking.

"So, does anyone here know how to shop for a baby?" Prussia asked with his arms crossed and eyebrows furrowed in worry.

"I know." Soviet answered while helping Russian Empire peel the banana more to eat. "I can go get him some things to help, hopefully he'll turn back again after another sleep maybe..."

"Mm, maybe that'll do it?" Reich shrugged and tapped on Russian Empire's cheek. "I can go with you to help you."

"Fine by me." Soviet saw Russian Empire looking up at him with sadness in his eyes. "What's wrong?" Russian Empire only looked down and shook his head, nibbling on the banana silently.

"I'll take him." Austrian Empire offered and carried the child in his arms, affectionately running his hand through his hair and brushing it back. "Until you two come back we can take a shower and get him cleaned up, yes?"

The child only stared up at Austrian Empire, holding his shirt while he's carried. "Ты папа?" He whispered lowly and Austrian Empire almost broke done into tears, hugging him tightly.

"Alright you two, go get the stuff before my husband does it himself and buys the whole store." Kingdom of Hungary chuckled and waved them off, watching as Austrian Empire left with Russian Empire in his arms.

Austria-Hungary shuffled nervously in her feet and rubbed her arm. "Is it wrong that I'm uncomfortable around him even when he's a child?" She asked nervously and felt German Empire put his arm on her shoulder.

"Well, I can't tell you to like someone or hate someone. You and Russian Empire have it rough but at least be kind to him since he's a kid right now." Prussia suggested with a smile and saw Austria-Hungary nod profusely.

"O-of course! I'll help with everything I can."

"That's my girl." Prussia ruffled her hair and handed her a mug of coffee.

Over at the Austrian's bathroom, the adult was making sure the water was warm enough for Russian Empire who was sitting in the

closed lid of the toilet, kicking his legs childishly.

"Alright, come touch it." Austrian Empire helped Russian Empire up to his feet not to fall on his face from the pajama shirt. "Is it warm enough?" He watched as the child dipped his hand in the water and nodded.

"Good.."

"Is it good good, or cold?"

"Mm.." Russian Empire fidgeted with his hands nervously. "M-make..warm..." he stuttered and looked down at his feet, fearing the adult might just ignore his request.

"Of course, I'll warm it up for you!" Austrian Empire laughed softly and patted his head. "I felt it was cold too, I agree with you." The kid looked up at Austrian Empire with stars in his eyes, new to the fatherly affection he's getting.

Once the water became warm the boy was stripped down from his clothes and put inside the tub, with Austrian Empire taking Russian Empire's wing brush from his bathroom and bringing it here to use it on his small wings.

"If I hurt you tell me, okay?" He started cleaning them, noticing how they twitched with every brush he made but Russian Empire's face didn't show any pain. "Does it hurt?"

"No, papa...tickles.."

Austrian Empire almost bawled his eyes out at the new nickname he officially got.

———-

"We are back~" Reich announced happily while kicking the door open. "Come on now Russian Empire, new stuff for you!"

"Get me the clothes!" Kingdom of Hungary grabbed one of the bags. "The kid is in a towel for a half an hour waiting for you two to come back!" She scolded and went upstairs to where her husband is.

"A thank you would be nice.." Reich let go of the bags on the floor.

"What did you get?" Prussia walked over to the two men, he behind him to help carry the bags.

"We got a pair or two of clothes hoping it won't take long..some fresh fruits for him-"

"And Dino nuggets!" Reich grinned. "He'll enjoy them-"

"You got them for yourself, didn't you?" German Empire smirked while lifting the bags.

"No! I really thought of him!" Reich blushed and put his hands on his hips. "If it was for me I'd have gotten the shark nuggets~"

"What's the difference." Soviet joined German Empire's team and laughed when Reich was kicking his arms and legs in a tantrum.

"Guys look!" Austrian Empire walked over to them and held Russian Empire up in his arms. "He's adorable!"

Russian Empire was in his new clothes while barely opening his eyes, rubbing them with his tiny fists. Prussia took him from Austrian Empire and let him rest in his arms, seeing him yawn and his little wings twitching.

Russian Empire let out a small squeak from yawning, burying his face in Prussia's chest and eventually closing his eyes to nap.

Everyone stood still and looked up at Prussia who sniffled and hugged Russian Empire to himself. "I've only had him for a second but I'm ready to fight the world for him.."

"I understand you." Austrian Empire agreed and came over to Prussia, looking at the sleeping child. "I just wish he would express more emotions for his age..he acts too..mature.." he looked up at Soviet. "Do you know why?"

"...not really, I don't know his childhood.." he sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. "Prussia-"

"I don't know all of it. And even if I know a bit of it I won't talk about something that he didn't address it himself." He looked at the four adults and patted the kid's back. "I'll go put him in the library, I'll stay there so he wouldn't panic about waking up alone."

Reich looked up at Soviet and Austrian Empire who were quiet after Prussia's words then glanced at his father who looked understanding of Prussia's reasons. "Sure, I'll join you as well if it's okay." He said and saw his grandfather nod his head before disappearing away.

"You really don't know?" Austrian Empire asked Soviet who clinched his hands and looked away.

"No, I don't know his past..."

"He's a man of his secrets, we all know that." German Empire said and saw Soviet look at him with fiery eyes.

"Don't you think I deserve to know...?" Soviet closed his eyes then looked up and saw German Empire's eyes softening for him. "Sorry..I'm sorry just forget it." He left before Reich could grab his arm.

_____-

The next time Russian Empire woke up, he was laying down the bean bag in the library, with Reich sorting some colorful cards and Prussia reading a book.

The smallest move from him was enough to make the two turn to look, Prussia closing the book and smiling. "Awe, had a good nap?"

Russian Empire was lifted up in his arms. "Come on, Soviet made you something to eat and Kingdom of Hungary took out some old puzzle games for you!"

"Sowiet?"

"Oh my god." Reich dropped his cards and got up to Russian Empire. "Say my name. It's Reich."

"...ray.." the kid murmured shyly and saw Reich smack his own cheeks forcefully.

"I'm okay.." Reich grinned stupidly. "From now on only this child gets to name me ray." He pulled at Russian Empire's cheek and watched the child flinch at first but accept it.

Prussia noticed that and looked at Russian Empire. "He doesn't mean to hurt you, he's only playing with your little baby cheeks." He assured the kid who looked taken back.

"Play? Cheeks?"

"Mhm, watch me." Prussia pulled at Reich's cheek and the younger German started laughing and pulling at Prussia's cheek too.

Russian Empire looked at both of them and wearily, he reached his hand out to Prussia's free cheek and pulled it so little the eldest almost didn't feel his hand there.

"Stronger!" Reich grinned and Russian Empire pulled it a little more, hearing Prussia laugh and let go of Reich's cheek to pull at his, careful not to hurt the little child.

Russian Empire blinked his eyes and stopped playing, wishing to laugh but doesn't know how.

"A..ha..aha.." the child tried to make the sound of laughter the two made, only to sound more awkward.

"Don't worry, you'll get there." Prussia assured him and left Reich in the library to do his thing.

"There he is!" Austrian Empire greeted the kid happily and Prussia was surprised to see Russian Empire let go of him and reach his arms out to the Austrian, a small childish call escaping his lips.

"Ah, papa.." Russian Empire was taken into his arms and he hugged his neck tightly.

"I'm here, come on I'll take you to have Soviet feed you then you can play with my wife." Walking into the kitchen, Soviet saw the

two and took out the bowl from the turned off microwave.

He sat down and flicked when Austrian Empire put the child in his lap. "Y-you could hold him.." Soviet looked up at him while carefully holding Russian Empire not to fall.

"I know, but I want you to hold him as you feed him~ after all you know why~"

"No I don't!" Soviet grumbled and looked down at Russian Empire who had a small pout.

"I'm trouble..?" He asked softly only to have Soviet hold the spoon near his mouth.

"No, Austry is the one troublemaker here." He chuckled and noticed that Russian Empire had a frown while eating. "I'm just joking, I like Austry."

"Joke.." Russian Empire tilted his head. "What is joke?"

"Ah..it's like, when you play! You play with your friends or tease them but you know you don't mean any harm, you just want to have fun!" Russian Empire couldn't understand it really, but he nodded his head and opened his mouth to eat the spoonful that came.

Soviet wasn't satisfied at how little Russian Empire ate, only finishing half the small bowl and then saying that he's full. He let go of the kid and watched him walk to the living room where Austrian Empire, Kingdom of Hungary, Austria-Hungary and German Empire were there Prussia and Reich nowhere in sight.

"Little Russia! Come here!" Kingdom of Hungary called happily and patted the spot next to her on the floor. "Let's play puzzle! It's a hundred piece, the easiest we have in this house.." she chuckled nervously and watched as Russian Empire politely excused himself and sat next to her, holding one of the edge pieces and putting it on the table.

"You want to start with the edges? That's smart, little one." A bit too smart for a child but everyone just watched silently.

Ten minutes later and the puzzle was done, with Russian Empire looking up at Kingdom of Hungary for a word of affirmation.

Maybe a little "good." Or "very well" would be nice..

"Wow!" Russian Empire blinked in surprise when he heard Austrian Empire and Kingdom of Hungary say together. "You did that yourself?!" Austrian Empire asked this time and Kingdom of Hungary was patting Russian Empire's hair and smiling.

"Not alone, I helped him a bit! Right little Russ?" Russian Empire was too busy leaning to her touch and blushing. "What's wrong..?" He looked down at him and saw him shaking his head.

"Again.." he pointed at the puzzle. "May I?" If making a puzzle will get him more affection and head pats, then he'll do it.

But everyone was clueless to why he wanted to build it again from zero, assuming he was having fun.

And he did it again, alone this time and it only took him twelve minutes.

Once he finished, he looked up at Kingdom of Hungary who was busy talking to Austrian Empire and German Empire. He was about to tug her sleeve but stopped, not wanting to disturb the busy adult with his puzzle.

German Empire noticed the hand getting lower and looked at Kingdom of Hungary, nodding his head towards the kid and she looked behind her.

"Wow, you did it all by yourself?" Russian Empire looked at Kingdom of Hungary and blushed a little, shyly tugging at his own shirt and nodding.

"Amazing, you did so well Russia!" She patted his hair again, running her hand through it and smiling at him.

The child's eye brightened and when the affection stopped, he felt low but didn't ask to play again. Instead he put the puzzle back and closed the box.

The day went on calmly, with everyone suggesting that Russian Empire sleeps on his own bed in hopes that the next day things will turn back normal.

Prussia laid on his bed and tapped on his phone while the little Russian was staring it him, eyes wide and unable to close.

Prussia thought that he'll soon pass out to sleep but when it took a bit longer, Prussia turned off his phone and looked at Russian Empire.

"What's wrong little owl? Do you feel tired?"

Russian Empire looked at Prussia and shook his head. "No..mm.." he hugged his blanket. "Um, where's...papa?"

"Papa? Oh you mean Austry.." Prussia sat up on his bed and rubbed the back of his neck. "He's now sleeping with his wife in their room..do you feel scared?"

"What's scared?" At that, Prussia just laughed and shook his head.

"Never mind...I know who to get for you."

Less than a minute later, Soviet was pushed inside the room and the door was shut behind him: leaving him alone with Russian Empire.

The kid looked up at Soviet and blinked in surprise. "Sowiet."

"Hey..Prussia told me you couldn't sleep, is that true?" A small nod. "Alright..come on, make a place for me." Russian Empire scooted a little and watched as Soviet laid down next to him and put the blanket over the two of them. The small Russian felt Soviet's hand brush his hair away from his face, then move to caress his right eye with so much care.

Russian Empire closed his eye when Soviet's thumb ran over it gently, confused why he seemed to have an expression of sadness.

"You want an eye..?" Russian Empire asked quietly, making Soviet laugh and take off his eyepatch. "Y-you..have one!"

"Yes. But it's damaged and very sick. That's why I cover it." He pointed at his scarred eye. "But when I sleep I take off the eyepatch."

Russian Empire touched his eye and flinched when the eyelid twitched under his touch. He slowly ran his little fingers on his scars then noticed how his eyes showed sadness. "Does it hurt..?"

"Sometimes..but right now your hand is making the pain less.." the sadness was still there even when Soviet gave a little smile.

Russian Empire tilted his head and looked at his own hand, then put it on Soviet's other eye.

"What are you doing?" Soviet asked softly.

"Your eyes...look different."

"Yes. It's because one is healthy and one is not."

"No, they look...without spark."

Soviet blinked his eyes and chuckled softly, hugging Russian Empire to himself and smiling at the small yelp that escaped him. He looked out the window who caressing Russian Empire's wings until the kid's breathing became slow.

Could it be that he realized Soviet was feeling sad?

———

The morning sun hit Soviet's face directly, making him groan and turn around. He opened his eyes wide when he heard a small pained noise coming from under him when he moved.

Sitting up quickly, he saw that Russian Empire was almost crushed under his chest. "I-I'm sorry! Did I hurt you?!" He sat the kid upright and checked him for any injures.

"No..'m okay." Russian Empire yawned and rubbed his eyes sleepily, his stomach making a small growl and it was enough to make the young child look both embarrassed and tired.

"Alright..let's get you to have some filling breakfast.." he carried him up, licking his hand and trying to fix Russian Empire's hair: only to mess it up more. "Uh..well brush it when you're done eating." Soviet chuckled and got out of the room, seeing Reich and Prussia right before him at the end of the corridor where he and Reich's room was.

"Oh-" Prussia looked at the kid in Soviet's arms and took him. "Did work.."

"We should give it a day or two, if it's unchanged then we need to get in touch with UN or WHO, secretly." Reich suggested with his tongue stuck out. "As much as I don't like that kid but..he's the helpful one in this situation."

Breakfast was served with everyone in the kitchen, Austrian Empire having Russian Empire in his lap and feeding him -even when Russian Empire insisted he can do it himself- but Austrian Empire kept refusing.

Russian Empire was changed and put in the living room to doodle and color on papers, with Reich walking towards him and standing before him with a wide smirk, one arm behind his back. "Since no one is here..I have a surprise for you~"

Russian Empire blinked his eyes rapidly, his head on the side in confusion.

"Little Russia, hey I was going for a walk, want to join me-" Austrian Empire froze by the foyer when Russian Empire looked behind him at the adult, but this time something new was with him.

A pacifier.

"Who- when did we have that?! Aren't you too old to have one..? But oh look at you..." Austrian Empire melted at the sight of Russian Empire sitting on the floor with his legs spread open and the paper between it, his hand holding a coloring pencil weirdly since he isn't grown enough to hold one properly.

"Baby, why are you yelling?" Kingdom of Hungary came next to him

and saw the pacifier. "Oh no! No no, you're too old for one, hun." She pulled the pacifier out and saw Russian Empire flinch away, holding the pencil tightly in his hands.

"S-sorry...won't do it again.."

Kingdom of Hungary sighed with a sad frown, only to freeze when two shadows loomed over her. Looking behind, she saw Austrian Empire and Reich have their arms crossed over their chest.

"Give it to him."

"Now."

"But-" Kingdom of Hungary groaned and rolled her eyes. "Fine. But only two hours a day! It can ruin him to have it at such age." She offered the pacifier back to Russian Empire who looked scared of it but slowly moved forward and let Kingdom of Hungary put it in his mouth.

"Now come on, let's have a walk!" Austrian Empire held his hand out and saw Russian Empire reach for it with no hesitation, getting up and following him.

The walk was nice and calm, the sun shone brightly on them and Austrian Empire waved his hand to cool himself. "Ugh...it's supposed to be winter.." he looked down at Russian Empire who quietly walked with him, his pacifier left at home to go out.

Austrian Empire looked around him and saw an ice cream shop, grinning. "I have an idea!" He dragged the child to the ice cream shop and lifted him up. "Come on, let's choose what we want and buy it."

Russian Empire was brought to the display window and he awed, touching the cold glass and looking at the many flavors. He saw one that was black and white, and he immediately remembered Prussia.

"Papa..Pruss.." he pointed at the ice cream with a little smile. "I want."

"You want that? Very well!" Austrian Empire got the ice cream for a

kid and asked for it to be put in a plastic cup to go back home and put it in the freezer.

"It's only a few hours until lunch time, so let's go home and put it in the fridge so you can eat it at evening!" He booped his cheek and watched as the kid hugged the paper bag happily.

"Okay.."

It was a ten minute walk back home, Austrian Empire took the ice cream and put it in the freezer leaving the kitchen with Russian Empire and going to see the other housemates.

Russian Empire stopped when he saw the puzzle box and pointed at it.

"Mm?" German Empire looked at the kid and nodded his head. "Of course, go play.."

"Thank you." The child took the box and flipped it to make all its contents fall out.

—

During lunch time, Russian Empire was the first to get off the table, going to the living room and waiting for the rest to finish so he can go and have his ice cream that he bought.

He looked at his feet and moved them right and left, a small smile on his lips as he felt his heart racing. He here to have ice cream! And he will show it to Prussia and everyone else! They will like it, right?

Russian Empire saw everyone gathered around him and looked up at Austrian Empire with pleading eyes.

Getting the memo, the Austria nodded his head and watched Russian Empire run to the kitchen happily.

"He's happy? Wow, what did you do?" Prussia smiled at the kid who left.

"I got him an ice cream in a little plastic cup, ever since he saw the color of the flavor and he wanted it." He chuckled but stopped when he saw Russian Empire run towards him and hug his leg tightly, burying his face there.

Worried, Austrian Empire lifted the kid in his arms and frowned, looking up and seeing Reich standing by the foyer apologetically.

"I'm so sorry- I thought it was mine.." he rubbed the back of his neck in embarrassment. "I ate the ice cream.."

Everyone winced and looked at Austrian Empire who was holding Russian Empire in his arm and looking at his face to see if he's crying.

He isn't. And it worried everyone

(Continuation in comic~)

Text:
Austrian Empire: Russian Empire...are you sad?
Russian Empire: I donno..

Russian Empire: hurt

Austrian Empire: your heart hurts?
Russian Empire: -nodding-
Russian Empire: -pointing at abdomen-
Austrian Empire: here too?

Austrian Empire: it means you're sad, Russian Empire...and that's okay..
Austrian Empire: you're sad that Reich accidentally ate your ice cream and it's okay to feel that, you can cry if you want...it's how you express emotions in a healthy way.
Russian Empire: sad..? What's sad..? I don't understand...

_____-

Two hours later, Russian Empire's eyes fluttered as he woke up from the accidental nap he took. Lifting his head up, he saw that he was

laid on the couch with a lightweight blanket on top of him.

He saw someone come over to him and when he realized it was Reich, he went under the blanket again and felt his eyes swelling up with tears.

"Russland? Can you listen to me?"

Russian Empire peaked from under the blanket, seeing Reich smiling a little at him. "Come out, I have something for you.." crawling, Russian Empire let Reich lift him up in his arms and take him to the kitchen.

"I'm sorry that I ate your ice cream, I didn't mean to..I saw my favorite flavor and I was blinded by it heh!" Reich put Russian Empire down on a chair and brought a colorful bag before him. "So I got you something and I hope you forgive me.."

Looking at the bag, Russian Empire brought it slowly to himself and took out the cold item. His eyes sparkled and he gasped, holding the plastic cup that was a few sizes bigger than the one he lost, the same ice cream flavor but topped with many sweet and colorful toppings.

"Ah...!! F-for me..?" He asked with stars glowing around his face.

"Yes, for you. All of it." He opened the cover and handed Russian Empire the spoon. "Dig in!"

And Russian Empire dug in, happily eating his ice cream and making a mess on his cheeks. He lifted his head up and saw Austrian Empire and German Empire walk inside the kitchen, the former laughing in delight.

"You have your new ice cream!" Austrian Empire sat next to him and ruffled his hair. "Can I have a bite?" He was surprised to see the kid fill up his spoon and offer it to Austrian Empire who ate it.

That night, Russian Empire was too full of ice cream that he couldn't eat his dinner. He ended up sleeping with Soviet again but this time in his and Reich's room.

———————-

"Hey Russia, come on we will play a little game with you." The next day, Russian Empire was greeted with Austrian Empire, Reich, Prussia and German Empire. He was sitting in the living room with the adults surrounding him and in front of him were the colorful cards that Reich had been sorting yesterday.

"These are communication cards, they help you express things or ask requests when you feel you can't. They were my son's but these are old ones so he allowed me to borrow them." Reich put out the set of cards and showed Russian Empire a few ones that had clear drawings.

One had a smiling child with the word "*happy*".
One was the drawing of a crying child with the word "*sad*".
One with a frowning child and steam coming from his ears, with the word "*angry*". And so on.

"You can pick a card and tell us what you feel right now, try it." German Empire spoke gently to the kid who reached his hand out to a card that showed a child playing.

"I want to play".

"We are now playing this game, all of us with you!" Prussia grinned and pointed at the happy card. "I'm happy to play with you."

Russian Empire blinked and pointed at the card too. "Me too.." he smiled sheepishly and looked at the other cards. He took one and held it then took another one.

Combining the two cards, he handed it to Austrian Empire slowly.

"*Father*."
"*No*."

"Ah..you knew I wasn't your father?" Austrian Empire spoke sadly and looked at Russian Empire who nodded his head. "Since when?"

"Mm..yesterday..I saw dream.."

"Can you tell us who's your father?" German Empire asked and got hit in the shoulder by Prussia but he kept staring at the kid.

"Tsar.."

"That's correct." Prussia sighed and rubbed the kid's back.

Russian Empire looked at the cards and took two.

"*Alone*."
"*Sad*".

"You're alone when with your father?" Reich asked and looked at the cards.

"I feel alone...I don't see papa a lot." He pushed the cards away and went to Austrian Empire's arms. "No more, please..can I play puzzle?"

"O-of course.." Austrian Empire hugged the kid and nodded for Reich to take away the cards. "Do you still want to use the cards?"

"Not now..." Russian Empire muffled while burying his face in his chest.

"Very well..not now.." he smiled sadly and took the puzzle box, joining him in playing and Prussia did as well, making the game a bit more entertaining with his loud character.

———-

"He hasn't turned normal?" Austria-Hungary asked her husband and frowned. "Shouldn't you get in touch with UN? What if he stays forever like that?" She asked with worry.

"Don't worry, if nothing happens by tomorrow then we're getting in touch." He smiled at her and ran his hand around her back in soothing circles.

"I may not like him but still, Prussia and Austrian Empire deserve to have their friends back...and Soviet deserves to have his father too.."

"You are right..let's hope for the best." German Empire sighed and looked outside at the garden, seeing Russian Empire help Soviet water the plants and talk with him politely.

Russian Empire laughed happily when a butterfly touched his cheek and flew away.

"Aw, seems like it thought you were a flower too~" Reich walked out into the garden, cackling when he saw the kid blush and put his hands over his face.

"Mm..." he huffed and his wings flittered in a display of shyness. "I'm not flower.."

"I'm just messing with you!" Reich screamed when Soviet splashed him with the hose, both adults starting a war and Russian Empire looking at them in shock and surprise, hiding behind the patch of flowers and watching them while laughing quietly.

He's happy, he thinks.

———-

"Alrighty now, bedtime." Prussia threw Russian Empire up in the air then laid him down on the bed. "Sleep."

"Sowiet come?"

"Yes he's coming, he's getting into his pajama and then he'll sleep with you." Prussia ruffled his hair and covered him with a blanket.

Eventually, Soviet came into the room and lid next to the kid, hugging the sleeping boy and brushing his hair until he himself fell asleep.

———

Russian Empire let out a groan, his body burning painfully as he held his head. "Ugh..this is the worse sleep.." he sat up on his bed, blinking his eyes and feeling an arm over his chest fall as he sat.

He looked down on his bed and saw Soviet asleep there, his hair

messy and flying everywhere.

He blinked in surprise but couldn't help the smile that was on his face, gently putting his hand in Soviet's head and brushing his hair.

Soviet opened his eyes tiredly and stared up at his father, his eyes widening. Before the older Russian could speak, Soviet got up and hugged him tightly in his arms, planting his face in his neck and clinging to him.

"You're back.."

"I'm back..from where?" He asked and closed his eyes. "Why do I have this awful headache?" He hugged Soviet back and let himself relax in his arms.

Soviet only chuckled and noticed Prussia getting woken up by the two, having the same pure shocked expression on his face as Soviet's.

"It's a long story, you don't need to worry.." Soviet rubbed his back and saw his father check on the clock of his phone, going rigid when he saw the date.

"Soviet. It was Saturday when I went to sleep...how is my phone saying today is Wednesday..?"

"L-long story.." Soviet became nervous as he chuckled wearily, seeing Prussia escape the room to announce the news.

_____

A/N: wow...5.8k words AND a comic? Yall are being spoiled by me and my dear friend @/kitten.obi (๐ ω ๐ *)
I hope you enjoyed the chapter!! Also an extra drawing by her because she deserves recognition <3

She inspired the opening scene of this chapter!

☆-Child Neglect-

Characters: Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, Prussia, Soviet, Reich, Austria-Hungary, German Empire, Kingdom of Hungary and Tsardom of Russia

———————

Soviet, Reich and Austrian Empire decided to start off their morning with a walk since the weather look cool and cloudy, with no sun in sight.

"See? It's half the price when ordered for their website." Reich blew a bubble gum while helping Soviet browse a shopping website.

"That's a strange policy. Shouldn't it be half the price at the store itself? So that they can attract customers?" He asked while unlocking his ushanka to make the fur fall on his ears from the winds that picked up.

"Nowadays people order from online more. Your son got a hoodie for mein sohn via online, Vati orders the label sticker for the braille printer online. One hundred pieces! For less than ten euros!"

Austrian Empire took Soviet's phone and awed. "Hey can I add some items? I'll pay you back!"

"Mm? Sure yeah." He shrugged and put his hands inside his hoodie. "Weather's nice.."

"It's cold!" Reich yelled. "I hate cold!"

"It's barely under 20 Celsius. It's summer for me." Soviet stuck his tongue out at Reich who kept grumbling. "Noon will be hot anyway so cheer up-"

"Not today I think, clouds are too thick." Austrian Empire handed

the phone back to Soviet. "We should head back before it rains." At that, a distant booming thunder was heard. "Yeah we should definitely turn around."

The rain started halfway through their walk home, with Soviet texting Prussia that they might be a little late to breakfast and would need some towels to dry themselves.

"Great, the only one here with wings can't even shield himself." Austrian Empire looked at Reich with a teasing smirk, seeing the country blush and cross his arms over his chest.

"I can cover myself I leave you two alone."

"You wouldn't." Soviet closed his phone and grinned.

The three watched the rain silently in comfort but the silence was interrupted when a new figure came to the shades, hiding there and dusting his clothes from the little bits of water that hit it.

The three looked at the new comer and their eyes widened at recognizing the flag.

"T-Tsardom...of Russia..?" Austrian Empire asked softly and the man looked up at the three surprised.

"Austrian Empire..?" He stood straight and smiled. "Ah, I heard about you. I'm pleased to meet you." He nodded to him and looked at the red Russian, tilting his head to the side. "And you are..-"

"Дедушка?" Soviet breathed out. "Y-you're alive?" He walked between Reich and Austrian Empire, standing before the man that seemed as tall as Russian Empire himself.

Tsardom of Russia gave a warm smile and patted Soviet's shoulder. "How beautiful it is, the rain made us meet." Something twisted in Austrian Empire's stomach and he looked at Reich for help.

But the German was hypnotized by the man before him.

"Tsardom of Russia?! Why didn't Russian Empire say anything about you?!" Reich was shaking excitedly and Soviet looked at him then at

the older man.

"Come on you two-" ae was cut off by Soviet speaking.

"D-do you have somewhere to stay at until the rain stops? You can join us."

The pain grew even more in Austrian Empire's gut at the question, looking up at Tsardom of Russia who was still focused on the two.

"If it won't be such a bother, please." He smiled in amusement at the two men who lead him to their house, trying to walk in a fast pace to reach it without becoming too wet.

———-

Russian Empire poured three mugs of coffee for the three that would surely come feeling cold due to the winds and rain.

Upon hearing the door open, he put the cups in a tray and carried it out of the kitchen to greet them with it.

As he walked, Russian Empire saw German Empire run to the laundry room and come back with another towel. Kingdom of Hungary looking surprised and Prussia seemed..

Unreadable.

"I made some coffee—" the words stopped in Russian Empire's throat as he saw what exactly got the reaction of both Kingdom of Hungary and Prussia.

His grip tightened on the tray as his eye met with the guest's.

"Russian Empire, we found your father!"

Prussia looked over at Russian Empire and saw a shadow over his face.

"...I'll prepare a fourth mug." He unconsciously gave to tray to whoever was near him and walked back to the kitchen, footsteps slow and dazed.

"Come please." Austria-Hungary offered politely and moved her arms to the living room. "May I get you a blanket or a dry sweatshirt, mister?"

"No need to, dear. Please get comfortable yourself." He smiled at her and walked to sit next to Soviet and Reich. He put his hand on Soviet's shoulder. "Please, tell me about you. I'm happy to have met my внук."

Ecstatic, Soviet rubbed the back of his neck and began chatting with Tsardom of Russia easily, highly surprised at how easy and welcoming he was.

Prussia's eye could burn a holed in the back of Tsardom of Russia, he couldn't stay another second here. So he left and went to the kitchen where he saw Russian Empire holding on to the counter end his head low.

"Russ, we can kick him out as soon as the rain stops-" he gritted his teeth when he heard the sound of Tsardom of Russia's laugher mixed with Reich and Soviet's. "That son of a..." he bit his tongue back and looked at Russian Empire who stood upright and poured the coffee.

"It's fine."

"What do you mean it's fine?! Russ, he's your abuser-"

"Me having a bad childhood with him doesn't grant me the right to make Soviet hate him. He doesn't know anything that I went through. It was between me and Tsardom of Russia and it'll stay between us."

"Russ, do you hear yourself?!" Prussia whisper yelled. "You're allowed to kick a guest if you don't want them in! This is our house!"

"And I want him to stay-"

"You're..." Prussia took a deep breath before he could lose his temper. "I'm kicking him myself as the rain stops, you won't stop me." He hissed and walked out of the kitchen, bumping his shoulder

harshly into Austrian Empire's without even an apology.

Austrian Empire held his shoulder in pain as he stood in the corridor that's between the foyer of the living room and the kitchen entrance, watching the back of Prussia and how his wings were twitching with anger and his tail already out and swishing, then peaking his head to look at Russian Empire who was staring at the steaming mug with lowered shoulders and a gaze that held no life in it.

The mere existence of Tsardom of Russia in this house is already making a heavy burden to these two. And Austrian Empire is clueless as to why.

Russian Empire is a man of his secrets, even to Austrian Empire he doesn't talk much. If anyone knows something even if it's a little, then it's Prussia.

———-

Four hours later and it was still raining even more. German Empire and Kingdom of Hungary prepared the guest room for Tsardom of Russia to use if he needed to rest since it didn't seem like the rain was stopping anytime soon.

The whole time Russian Empire and Prussia were sitting in the living room with everyone else, with the former seeming more stiff and quieter than usual. Yes he can be quiet: but if there's a book in his hands.

This time, he holds nothing, his hands resting in his lap and his head lowered to look at his feet. Prussia was sitting back on the arm chair, legs up and face clearly showing pure anger at the guest who didn't pat him an eye.

Soviet, Reich and Tsardom of Russia were having the best of their time, talking and laughing together.

It made Russian Empire sick in the stomach, and his heart felt like it was getting a stab every time it was beating.

Why..

Why is he laughing? Why is he smiling and giving physical affection to Soviet? Head pats, back rubs as they chat, their thighs touching with the eldest rubbing Soviet's knees and both sharing bits and pieces with their life.

Soviet was happy, so very happy to talk with his grandfather that he never met but is already feeling like he has known him for years.

Russian Empire slowly got up from his seat and excused himself to go for the bathroom. Everyone let him go but Prussia looked towards Austrian Empire who was pale and looked like he wanted to stop Russian Empire from going.

Prussia immediately got up as soon as he and Austrian Empire shared eye contact. He ran towards where Russian Empire had gone to, picking up his pace when he saw him leave the house with nothing to cover him from the rain.

"You idiot-!" Prussia growled and ran to the laundry room to grab a rain coat for himself, putting it on and running after Russian Empire.

He saw German Empire come to him confused, freezing when he saw his father point at him by the door. "Stay here. Act normal, I'll fix this."

"Vater-" he stared at the back of his father as the door closed behind him. "I hate this.." he muttered and turned behind him to head back to the living room.

"Russia!" Prussia was running in the stress to the direction where he last saw Russian Empire, shouting loud but his voice couldn't travel so far due to the heavy rain. "Russia get back here, you reckless owl!"

Yet Russian Empire kept running away, going in a random direction. Just anywhere far from that chocking place. His only safe space was now a prison of his memories and pain, right before his eye.

"You'll make me do something that I'll regret!" Prussia threatened

but Russian Empire didn't look behind.

Something heavy pushed Russian Empire down on the sidewalk forcefully, stopping his aimless running.

Prussia wheezed while holding Russian Empire down on the ground with his claw out. He turned Russian Empire to make him lay on his back and wasn't prepared for what he saw.

Looking up at him with a scrapped cheek and quivering lips, his eye gurgling with unshed tears that burned him and broke Prussia's heart to pieces.

In all his life, this might be the second or third time the Russian Empire ever cried.

Once with Soviet, once after his fall and his son 'killing' him and now this.

"Russ..tell me what you're feeling.."

Russian Empire bite his lips and raised his hands over his eyes, shaking under Prussia's knees that pinned him on the sidewalk. "I don't know...." He hitched a breath.

"Tell me everything, I'll listen..I won't judge you.."

Russian Empire took off his hands from his eyes and stared at the raining clouds. "I don't know.." he clutched his heart and tried to mute his broken sobs. "Why does my heart hurt...why am I crying? M-my chest feels tight and my stomach pains me.." he looked at Prussia who was crying without a care of whoever would see him.

"Tell me more.." Prussia whispered and Russian Empire closed his eyes tightly, a small cry escaping his lips.

"Why is he touching him affectionately? A-and not me..? Why is he laughing with Soviet...like a normal being?" He was fully sobbing now, the rain pouring hard on the two and making their clothes wet and heavy. "I'm his son..and yet he never looked at me with those eyes..."

Prussia's hold on Russian Empire weakened as his hand turned normal, his head hung low and his eyes becoming red from crying for his friend and brother.

"You're hurting...and you're grieving yourself.." Prussia spoke gently. "And that's valid.."

"I hate him.." Russian Empire tried to calm down but each time he remembered the smiles Tsardom of Russia gave everyone but him, his tears flowed more. "I hate him..why is he alive.."

"You have the right to hate him, and it's okay.." Prussia looked at Russian Empire with pain. "It's okay..I want you to hate him. I want you to express an emotion even if it's hatred. I want you to feel."

Russian Empire let Prussia help him sit up, crashing into his arms and crying his heart out in Prussia's arms.

"It's okay..cry if you need to. I'll be here when you're done like you've been here for me, little owl.." Prussia smiled sadly as he held the big crying country in his arms, using his wings as an umbrella for the two of them.

After calming down and getting up from the ground, Prussia having the rain coat over his wet hair and Russian Empire stood next to him with his wings as shields.

"Let's go home?" Prussia asked carefully and saw Russian Empire flinch and shake his head no. "It's okay..we won't go. Let us fine a motel and pay for a night."

After taking a warm shower, Russian Empire was fast asleep as soon as his head hit the pillows on the motel room. Prussia sat on his bed and dried his hair, grateful that he was quick enough to grab a raincoat.

He texted Austrian Empire about not being home for the night, telling him to send any update about Tsardom of Russia and his whereabouts.

Once he got a reply that he's still there, he tossed his phone to his bed and turned towards Russian Empire when he heard his

worrisome cough that shook his body.

Carefully, Prussia put his hand over Russian Empire's head and felt it warm. "I'll turn in the heater and get a wet towel for your head." He knew that Russian Empire wasn't listening but said so anyway.

To Russian Empire, everything was a blur after venting his pain under the rain and the shower in the motel. He doesn't remember the next morning or when German Empire came to carry him out of his bed and to Prussia's car that he took to pick up the two.

_____

He was a child, only four years of age...

Walking into his room weakly with muddied shoes and sore muscles, the wooden practice sword falling out of his hands and he looked at the stack of old toys that has been there forever.

He felt bored of them a while ago and asked his father to bring newer ones for him but was only answered with "you are too old for toys"

But today, they suddenly looked so new and bright.

He sat by the Russian doll and started opening it, his hands hurting and shaking but playing anyway.

"Один...два...три..." he kept counting the doll with a shaking small figure due to fatigue and sadness.

He kept playing with his doll until he couldn't open his eyes no more, collapsing tiredly and falling asleep on the carpeted floor.

_____-

Russian Empire opened his eyes weakly, his head throbbing with pain even when there's rarely any light in his room, thanks to whoever pulled the curtains down.

"Don't move.." it was Soviet, but he sounded unusual.

Russian Empire let his son help him with taking a medicine then lay

back down, his cheek burning him as he ran his finger over it.

"Why didn't you tell me..?" Soviet asked with a scoff. "If I had known that he is as bad as to trigger toy to run out of the house under the rain then I wouldn't have invited him over.."

"He likes you." Russian Empire said hoarsely and saw Soviet shaking with anger. "What..?"

"Do you think that this is enough reason to shut me up?" Soviet almost blew up on his father but a hand stopped him.

"Not now." Austrian Empire spoke lowly and looked at Russian Empire. "Russ..we want you to know that whoever causes your harm is not welcome here. Even if that's your father."

Embarrassed and unable to fully understand what he's feeling now, German Empire turned his head away to not look at them. "Did Prussia tell you two..?"

"You think we were okay with the fact that you two slept out, one of you got so sick and unresponsive due to the fever heat getting the best of him and his coughs making him shake like a leaf?" Soviet fisted his hands.

"You two, don't pressure him more than he's already been through." Prussia looked at the two sharply. "He'll speak if he's comfortable with it."

"But-" Soviet closed his mouth and looked away.

"I'm sorry.." Russian Empire spoke tiredly and felt his eyes closing. "But I'm not comfortable talking about my past.." he opened his eyes again and looked at Austrian Empire and Soviet who now had a look of guilt and shame mixed with slight displeasure. "*Forgive me..*"

"Alright you two, go be useful and make him some soup or anything warm to help his throat." Prussia shooed the two out of the room and before Soviet could complain about being kicked out, the door was slammed shut.

"But I wanted to stay with Отец.." Soviet frowned and felt Austrian

Empire pat his shoulder.

"Let's go make him something, I'll try to get you to stay with him after we're done. But right now...Russian Empire needs his space.."

"But why does Prussia get to stay with him?"

"If anyone here understands your father's pain and past, it's Prussia."

"Not even you..?" Soviet looked up at Austrian Empire whose eyes glistened with tears in pain for his friends.

"No...not even me. I just hope things will get better soon.."

☆-Incorrect Quotes + Headcanons-

Austrian Empire: hey I heard a thud. Did something fall?

Reich: yeah, my shirt.

Austrian Empire: sounded a lot heavier than that.

Reich: yeah I was still in it

———————

Austrian Empire : Hewwo.

Austria-Hungary: Hihiiiiii!

Soviet : Greetings, Humans.

Kingdom Of Hungary: Three kinds of people.

Reich : I want pudding.

German Empire: Four kinds of people.

Prussia: WHAT'S UP ANNOYING PEOPLE?

Russian Empire: Five kinds of people.

———————-

Austrian Empire : Austria-Hungary isn't answering her phone

Prussia: I'll call

Austrian Empire : German Empire and I have both tried six times each, what makes you thi-

Austria-Hungary : *Hello?*

———————-

German Empire : Austria-Hungary,
I'm sad.

Austria-Hungary : *Holds out arms for a hug* It's going to be okay.

Prussia: Russian Empire, I'm sad.

Russian Empire, nodding: mood.

———————-

Austrian Empire : I've done a lot of dumb stuff.

Russian Empire : I witnessed the dumb stuff.

German Empire : I recorded the dumb stuff.
Prussia: I joined in on the dumb stuff.

Kingdom Of Hungary : I TRIED TO STOP YOU FROM DOING THE DUMB STUFF!!!

———————-

German Empire : Bye Austria-
Hungary ! Bye Russian Empire ! Bye Austrian Empire ! Bye Kingdom Of Hungary ! Bye Austria-Hungary !

Russian Empire: You said 'bye
Austria-Hungary ' twice.

German Empire : I like Austria-
Hungary .

———————-

German Empire : Looking left cause you don't treat me right

Soviet : Looking right because you left

Reich: Looking up cause you let me down

Austrian Empire : Looking down cause you messed up

Russian Empire : What is wrong with you guys

———————-

Russian Empire: I wanna be nice but everyone annoys me

———————-

Austrian Empire: what's on your mind?

Prussia: I wonder if I've ever bought milk from the same cow twice

———————-

Russian Empire: I live for two reasons, one: I was born. Two: I didn't die yet

———————-

Soviet: how lazy are you?

Reich: I rewash clean clothes I'm not ready to fold yet

———————-

Kingdom of Hungary: what feels illegal, but isn't?

Austria-Hungary: walking out of a store without buying anything

———————-

Soviet: delete the "I will do it tomorrow" attitude out of your life

Prussia: imma delete it tomorrow

_____

♥ Headcanons:

Prussia:

-he has a scar over his heart that has the letters "N.F."

-he tried to harm himself with a knife to remove it and erase it but Russian Empire and Austrian Empire stopped him before he could accidentally stab his heart

-his right eye is completely blind

Russian Empire:

-his right eye is nonexistent, Soviet took it out with his sickle during the revolution

-Russian Empire still has the bullet scar marked on his chest from Soviet

-in terms of trust: he can only trust Prussia

German Empire:

-in his transformation, his eyes become black and his pupils brighter red

-his tentacles can be regenerated easily and fast but it costs him to drain his powers

-he and Prussia are Germany's teachers for transforming

Reich:

-smallest German wings

-does not have a transformation form

Soviet:

-he has golden eyes but one of them is damaged due to Reich in wwii

-is actually a good caretaker but Austrian Empire takes the crown at the best father figure

-still has a sour spot about his past yet the apology from his father mends a little of his pain

(That's all I have for now! x] I'll try to make more of these as little breaks! Also I'm sick :( )

☆-Beach Day!-

Characters: Russian Empire, Austrian Empire, Prussia, German Empire, Austria-Hungary, Kingdom of Hungary, Reich, Soviet, Russia and Germany.

Warning: this chapter mentions self-harm but doesn't glorify it. It speaks of the experience and healing process, never ever go down that route and if you know someone who is going through it, be there and assist them to seek help. Thank you for reading the warning note.

"Pruss! Wake up! You too Russ!"

Prussia grumbled and pulled the blanket over his head in protest, and on the other bed sat Russian Empire by the help of Austrian Empire who was pushing him to sit upright, his eye barely open and his head nodding from sleep.

"Come on you slugs, look!" Austrian Empire grinned while pulling the curtains open, making both Prussia and Russian Empire yelp in anguish as the sun hit their faces. "Guys it's the sun! When did we last see it?! Let's go to the beach!"

"Austry, I need a minute to wake up, please.." Russian Empire murmured softly to the youngest of the trio like he's talking to a child. "Just come to us after you make breakfast, how about that-"

"It's already been made! Liebste and German Empire went to buy a new cooler since the old one is busted, I also told them to get some sunscreen, soft drinks, snacks.." Austrian Empire kept counting on his fingers excitedly while Prussia looked at him with disapproval.

"So you mean it's already set and done?" He grumbled, yawning

loudly.

"Mhm! So come down to eat then get your things ready!" Austrian Empire fluttered his eyes innocently and snorted when Russian Empire rolled his eye.

"Oooh, one last thing I forgot to say!" Austrian Empire peeked from the door. "Russia and Germany are meeting us there. Reich and Soviet invited them." He brightened up when he saw that the two looked a bit more energized at that news.

———————-

Soviet looked at the items in the trunk, taking a mental note to see if there's something missing, which he does feel like it.

"Did you put the picnic cloth?" Reich asked to which Soviet nodded to. "Lock the cooler?" A nod. "Chairs and umbrellas?"

"Prussia's car. I feel like I'm forgetting something..." Soviet said and reached his hand over to the trunk door to slam it shut but stopped when he saw Austria-Hungary rush to the two with something in her hand. "We forgot that." Soviet took the beach bag from Austria-Hungary's hand and loaded it inside. "Miss Austria-Hungary, I almost forgot that you asked me to load your bag in my father's car."

"What about opa's car?" Reich asked his mother who held her white cane while panting.

"Oh, that. Not enough space due to the folding chairs." She answered after catching hear breath. "Phew, I made it in time.."

"You didn't have to run.." Soviet mumbled with a chuckle while Reich cackled, agreeing that she could have sent German Empire or just called out to one of the two of them to come take the bag from her.

She only blushed deeply and waved her cane at the two playfully, getting them to scramble away.

Russian Empire helped Prussia push the items around to make his

trunk fit then both slammed the door shut.

"We should have rented an SUV." Prussia wiped his forehead from the sweat. "But I won't complain, who'll be in my car?" He looked at his friend who had a worried frown. "What? I can drive-"

"I doubt it. Let's hope you and your group make it to the beach in one piece, but I'll let you know I'm taking my son. Go see who'll go with you." Russian Empire walked back to his car and got inside after making sure that Soviet is with him.

Prussia had German Empire, Austria-Hungary, and Kingdom of Hungary with him. While the other car with Russian Empire had Soviet, Reich and Austrian Empire.

And the drive to the beach began.

As the two cars took off, Russian Empire was hoping it would be a nice quiet drive to their destination, but with Austrian Empire and Reich onboard in his car, it was very much the opposite.

Prussia blinked his eye and rubbed his ear when he heard muffled voices, pulling down his window and laughing when he realized where the voices came from.

Windows down, Austrian Empire and Reich were having a concert with no music, only their voices as Russian Empire passed by Prussia's car.

"I need hearing aids." Soviet leaned away when Reich came closer to him while hitting a high note. "Stop! I need my ears you know?!" But it only made Reich raise his voice in singing.

Russian Empire doesn't know if he should be impressed by the harmonizing duo or embarrassed.

———————-

"Close your eyes." German Empire instructed gently to his wife, applying the sunscreen on her face first then her arms.

"Isn't her straw hat enough coverage?" Reich came over to his

parents and put the hat with the bow on his mother's head, fixing her summer dress.

"No, Reich." Austria-Hungary smiled and tugged his hand to sit next to her. "With or without a hat, you need to be protected. Did you put some?"

"No, opa says it's for kids."

"Then watch vater get a sunburn and Russian Empire enjoying it." German Empire joked while handing Reich the bottle of cream to apply it on himself, the three turning to the voices of Prussia and Austrian Empire.

"Get it away!" Prussia hissed at the sunscreen from where he stood under the umbrella shades. "I don't need it!"

"Yes you do or you'll end up like a burnt toast! Russ, hold him down!"

"As a matter of fact I'm enjoying the show...keep going." Russian Empire fixed his sunglasses and put a leg over the other as he rested on the folding chair.

The fight was over before it started as German Empire and Austrian Empire worked together to trap Prussia and have him put the sunscreen on.

Kingdom of Hungary looked at the crashing waves and the empty shore, saying something to her son-in-law then started walking away.

"Liebste? Where are you going?" She smiled softly to herself, hearing the small gasp from Austrian Empire as he breathed, indicating that he was running to catch up to her. "And why are you alone? Is something the matter?"

"No. Nothing's the matter, love. Why do you think that?" She looked back at him as she walked, Austrian Empire right next to her and fidgeting his hands.

"Well..you tend to go silent and calm when something's bothering

you.." he murmured sadly, blushing when he heard her laugh pure heartedly. "Liebste..Mmf.."

"I'm fine, really! I just needed to walk on the beach alone for a little bit, is all.." she looked up at his face and held his hand. "I promise I'm okay.."

He squeezed her hand back tightly and pecked it. "I trust you, don't worry.." he smiled and let go of her hand. "Go have some time for yourself, Liebste.."

"Thank you." She looked at him and debated to herself if she should do it or not, but the little smile on his face and his genuine care for her made her do it. She stood on her toes and kissed his cheek, turning around and walking away while her husband froze in his spot.

Kingdom of Hungary doesn't always display her affection to him publicly.

"Marry her." A voice whispered behind Austrian Empire with a snort.

"Yeah..wait- she IS my wife! Were you watching us?!" He looked behind him and saw Prussia with Reich grinning widely, both taking off using their wings while Austrian Empire screamed at them.

Soviet walked over to Russian Empire, German Empire and his wife, chuckling as he sat down on the empty spot under the umbrella shades. "To think that you really are the middle one when it comes to age is very comedic." Soviet looked at his father who huffed and opened his book.

Austria-Hungary listened to Russian Empire and Soviet talk together, feeling uneasy while her fingers traced her beach bag. She's only waiting the right moment yet she can't wait any longer to give him it.

She tugged his sleeve gently, making him look at her. Upon seeing her pout, German Empire laughed softly and leaned down to her.

"What's the matter?" He whispered.

"I..can we have a walk?" She asked, her pout still there.

"Of course, my dear." German Empire was surprised when he got pulled up by her, seeing her take the lead blindly while her beach bag was on her shoulder.

"My dear- take a small left.." he instructed and still kept her lead him away. Once further from the rest of the members, she turned around and reached her hand up to German Empire's mask. "Wait-"

She easily took it off and put it behind her back, her grayish blue eyes having a sparkle of troublemaking. "Nope! it's old~" she put it in her bag and took out a small box, moving it forward for German Empire to open it and see the content for himself.

"Another cat ears..?" He huffed with a blush, falling in love even more as he heard her laugh.

"No, I promise it's not! Just open it!"

Taking the box, German Empire opened it and his eyes widened at what he saw. It was his flag, sewed and made with sturdy materials and had what seemed like an invisible string for him to wear it on his head.

"There was an option to make it hair clips as you wear the flag..but I felt a headband would be better. I made sure to ask them to make it feel transparent so that it won't be seen in your hair! I hope you like it..it's better than having a paper-" she was engulfed in a hug, her straw hat falling back from the tight embrace at being in his arms. His hugs were strong yet filled with so much love, making her feel tucked and safe.

"I love you.."

Austria-Hungary smiled lovingly and hugged his back, her hands brushing his wings. "I love you too.."

The two were back to the group, this time everyone was sitting under the shades except for Soviet and Reich who left to the

parking lot to meet up with their kids.

"Ohoho~? Is that a new mask~?" Prussia whistled and Austrian Empire gasped in delight.

"Hey that's right! Look how bright it is!" He said and got up to check it out, not noticing that German Empire got shy and how his eyes averted from everyone, his body leaned back furthered from the inspecting country.

"Opa! Oma! Everyone!"

"Mein liebes Urenkel!" Prussia opened his arms wide yet the blur ran past him, he looked back and grumbled when he saw that Germany went to German Empire to hug him.

"Tough luck next time..maybe you should hang out with him instead of throwing him on my дедушка." Russia smirked at the German who blew up in an angry protest.

"Shut up! Shut up, you sassy young boy! Russian Empire! Does everyone in your family inherit your snarky comments?!" Prussia planted his feet on the ground angrily, watching Russian Empire smirk proudly at his grandson.

Kingdom of Hungary chuckled softly to herself then looked over at Germany, noticing his scar that peeked from under his sort sleeved summer jacket. It looked horrendous and painful, tracing from his shoulder all the way across his chest.

"Germany." She called for him and waved her hand. "I have a sunscreen if you need it. You too Russia."

"Oh, thanks!" Both went to apply it on themselves, with Russia giving it back to Kingdom of Hungary and noticed Germany running over to his grandfather.

Russia shook his head with a chuckle and looked around him. He saw Soviet and Russian Empire talking together and well, almost everyone was busy except for Prussia. That's when he saw them. The scars from over the years. He, Austrian Empire, Russian Empire and German Empire had a lot of scars. Much more than his own

father and Reich. But there was one scar that felt different.

On his chest right over where his heart is..the scar hide something underneath it. He didn't want to trespass his privacy yet he couldn't stop himself. It felt like it called to him. A feeling he knows very well.

That scar was self inflected. He can already tell by just a simple glance.

"Mr Prussia?"

"Hm?" He looked behind him and tilted his head in curiosity when he saw that it was Russia who called for him. "Yes, Bärenjunges?"

Russia hesitated for a second then spoke. "Those scars...did you inflect them upon yourself?"

Prussia's body tensed a little. "What? Kid, they're from many battles-"

"Those.." Russia's finger pointed straight at Prussia's heart where the scars were clear over his heart, showed off to the world like prized medals to those who looked at the dead country. But to Prussia, this exact one is his own curse.

Those deep and dark scars that looked shaky and painful, their mark forever left to stay there in a failed attempt to cover the burn wound underneath them.

"Why would you think that?" Prussia looked at the young Russian who had an unreadable look in his eyes for a split second before they showed pain.

"Well..I know a thing or two about that.."

Prussia was confused at first, but his confusion morphed into horror and he averted his eyes towards Russia's bandaged arms. "Rus-"

"Don't worry." The young country chuckled bitterly and rubbed his arm uncomfortably. "They know.. отец, дед, Германия, Америка...and now you too. I tried to keep it away from my sisters

but..you can guess how'd that go." He tightly gripped his burning arm and looked back at Germany who was on top of German Empire's shoulders happily, oblivious to the conversation that's going on at this moment. "I guess Reich knows too. I hate his smartness sometimes." Russia tried to joke and lighten the mood but the rare look of pain that Prussia had broke the attempt.

"Kid.."

"Don't tell anyone else, please.."

"I won't..I promise.." Prussia walked forward and put his hand over Russia's.
"How long have you been clean for?" He asked softly and carefully, watching the kid shrink under his gaze and lower his head.

"Three months...I'm..trying to.." he felt a firm squeeze on his hand and looked up at Prussia who had a twinkle in his eye.

"Hey, that's great...you're doing wonderful. Keep it up." He let go of his hand. "I found those who helped me stop that habit, and I'm sure you have those people too." Prussia assured and gave the kid's hair a ruffle.

Russia let out a wet chuckle, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. "Yeah...I do see therapy and I also have the best people who got my back." He rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. "Thank you.."

"You're welcome. Thanks for trusting me with this."

"Russland!" The two were interrupted by the shout. "Let's have a fight!" Germany hollered from where he was, cracking his knuckles and German Empire looked at Prussia with a mischievous smile.

"Oh~?" Prussia leaned towards Russia. "Want to make a truce between us Germans and Russians, and join me in a fight of honor?"

"With pleasure." Russia grinned back at Prussia and got on his shoulders, arms steady and prepared to fight.

Needless to say, Russia beat Germany and Prussia took down his son easily.

An hour later, Kingdom of Hungary and Austrian Empire started handing out sandwiches for everyone to have their lunch. Germany opened his sandwich and took out the cucumber, handing it towards his father who shoved it into his own sandwich and ate it.

"Oh- I'm sorry. I forgot you don't like it." Kingdom of Hungary laughed at Germany who gave a fake glare. "Oh stop it, you baby." She pulled at his cheek and he laughed back with her.

"It's okay, Oma! Vater can eat it so it's alright."

"Hey, want to build a sand castle after we're done?" Russia suggested to Germany, but apparently Reich and Soviet seemed to be intrigued with the suggestion.

"Yes!" The three answered simultaneously, making Russia and Russian Empire look at each other and share a small chuckle.

Everyone finished their food while Germany just started with his second half of the sandwich, Russia chilling next to him and sipping his juice while watching the crashing waves. Reich and Soviet already went to start making their own castles but Russia decided to wait for his slow-eating friend.

"I'm done!" Germany was about to get up only to be dragged back by Russia. "Mmf-"

"Finish it."

"Thank you! I hate when he doesn't finish his portion of food...especially since he needs to grow some muscles!" Prussia threw his hands in the air in exasperation.

Germany whined and sat back down, forcing himself to finish the rest of his sandwich, taking small bites and slow chews. German Empire looked over at the kid and handed him some water to help him wash it down.

Germany ran over to his father the moment he swallowed his last bite, Russia right after his tail while Russian Empire yelled at them to not move too much after eating.

Russia stopped when he saw a shell by the shore, kneeling down to pick it up. A small smile appeared on his lips when remembering Ukraine would say that the seashells would make waves sounds if you put them on your ear.

"You can hear it, right?!" Germany was standing before Russia's face. "The shell! You can hear it right?"

"Hear it?" Soviet stopped his work after pushing Reich away, who was prepared to kick his castle. "Hear what, ребенок?"

"The shell! You can hear the sound of the waves!" Germany said and pointed at Russia's hand. "Put it and you'll hear it!"

"It's a children story..of course you won't hear the waves inside it.." Russia chuckled and watched as Germany took the shell and walked towards the umbrella. "Where are you going-"

"Herr Russisches Reich!"

"Oh no he went *there*.." Reich snorted as he saw Soviet and Russia pale a little. They know that Russian Empire would never say no to Germany.

"Yes, маленький мальчик?" Russian Empire turned to the kid, stopping his talk with Austrian Empire and German Empire. "What's wrong?"

"Vater and the others don't believe that you can hear the waves when you put the shell over your ear. You believe me right? Try it." Germany handed the shell over to Russian Empire who put it over one ear and listened, while covering the other.

The shell didn't make a sound, in reality, but the sound of the crashing waves travels inside the shell and felt like it was echoing from within it, which made it feel like the shell itself was making the sound.

Russian Empire smiled softly Andover the shell away. "It sounds relaxing, I heard it." He handed the shell to Germany who was flapping his arms and looking back at the others with an evil grin blasting his face.

"Fine, whatever!" Russia crossed his arms. "I can't argue then." He smiled but flinched when he saw Soviet drag a screaming Reich to the water.

Looking down he saw his father's castle destroyed to nothingness while Reich's stood perfectly.

"Apologies." Soviet flared at Reich who smirked shakily. "Fine. Get someone who can rescue you." He tossed the aquaphobic country into the slightly shallow shores, watching him fall inside the water.

Before he could celebrate his victory, a shadow loomed behind him and the next moment, a tentacle threw Soviet into the waters that were a bit deeper.

"What a punch of kids, eh?" Prussia sat between Austrian Empire and Russian Empire, the three laughing together.

Austrian Empire looked at the two and his heart almost exploded from the joy he's feeling at seeing them be themselves and relaxed. *It felt nice.*

———————

A/N: howdy howdy! Thank you all for waiting patiently for the new update! I'd like to remind you that I now prefer to receive your requests/suggestions on my Straw.page link -in the bio-

I'll try to mix some requests and work on what I can! I'll accept requests that I feel I'm able to deliver well and feel comfortable with writing. Some requests are very beautiful yet I find myself unable to make an idea for it to be in a chapter which makes me SAD UGH-!

Also remember that working on writing requests takes time! Also I sometimes have ideas of my own, so sometimes I'll write this and other times that (๐ ω ๐ *)!

☆-The Crow, The Owl and The Yellow Canary-

Characters: Prussia, Austrian Empire, and Russian Empire. Small appearance of Soviet and a mention of Austria.

*>>**The request:***
Maybe sick Prussia episode? Maybe something similar when Soviet was sick with the fever :3

The box is in my straw.page! You can send in suggestions or ideas but I'll try to make what I can ٩(๑ ˘̀ ๑)۶

———————-

Prussia hates being weak. Throw him in a battle, watch as he endures the worst injuries ever and call them a scratch then move on to the next fight. He will always push his physical and emotional pain in the back of his mind, he will always be strong.

He has to be strong for everyone, because if he shows weakness even for a little bit, then everyone around him will feel hopeless.

Russian Empire included.

As much as Russian Empire tries to deny it, he sees Prussia as an older brother figure at hard times. One day the two were talking about going to therapy and Russian Empire confessed something that made Prussia realize just how young the man truly is compared to himself.

"I won't go unless you go, Prussia."

It hit Prussia like a brick. Russian Empire relies on him. Russian Empire is younger than him really. And he wants someone older

and understanding of life to go so he can go with. Prussia is the only hope and spark for everyone in the house, and he has to be strong.

Not feverish and bedridden like this.

Prussia could barely open his eyes. They felt heavy and his mind was groggy, his fever making both reality and hallucinations mix together. He saw a red figure walk by his bed and he almost jumped out of his bed, being held back by Austrian Empire and Russian Empire.

"You need to rest, Prussia!" Russian Empire spoke firmly while trying to hold down the country that brought out what remained of his strength.

Austrian Empire felt Prussia's hand clawing at his back while the same red figure was leaving the room and it clicked. "Soviet. Come over here." He ordered.

"Huh?" The addressed country looked back at the trio, seeing Prussia looking at him desperately. "I..okay.." he came back and could see Prussia pushing Russian Empire and Austrian Empire away more.

And once Prussia managed to break away from the two, he threw himself on Soviet and clung to him tightly. "Brandenburg? wo warst du..?" He slurred and closed his eyes while sinking in the hug, passing out due to his overheating body.

———

The next time Prussia woke up, he heard a soft humming near his bed. It felt familiar, too familiar. He looked over to the source of the sound and saw that Austrian Empire was sitting by the window as it rained heavily, his head resting on the window and his humming resembled that of their father. Or more accurately, Prussia's.

Austrian Empire isn't biologically his brother, but his father took him under his wing and ever since that day and Prussia had that

jealous rivalry with him. He never treated Austrian Empire like a brother back then and even when they were rulers of their own kingdoms. If anything, he treated him harshly with so much hate and hostility.

While Austrian Empire only wanted to be his brother.

"Austry.." he called out hoarsely, pulling at his blanket tightly. "'M sorry.."

Russian Empire looked up from his book from his bed, staring at Austrian Empire who halted his humming and his eyes showed confusion and pain. "Pruss..? What's wrong? Why are you sorry?"

Russian Empire felt that he's exposing their privacy, but when he tried to leave Austrian Empire stopped him by shaking his head.

"Ich war der schlimmste Bruder." Austrian Empire almost broke down sobbing at that. Prussia apologized years ago. He apologized when the three were building this house. He apologized and is proving himself to be better.

Yet here he is, confessing the fact that he still holds the pain in his heart. "Pruss, du bist der beste Bruder, den ich habe.. die Vergangenheit hinter uns lassen.." Austrian Empire spoke shakily, his eyes glossy with unshed tears.

Prussia coughed roughly, to the point where he had to curl on himself and gasp uncontrollably from the pain that burnt his throat and chest.

Russian Empire immediately helped Prussia sit up to breathe better, rubbing his chest soothingly to help him ease the pain, not backing away from how Prussia was a dead weight on his shoulder.

"Careful, at ease, big brother.." Austrian Empire was trying to sooth talk him while he opened the coughing syrup. "Open your mouth." Prussia obliged tiredly, groaning from the taste of the medicine. "I know it's too much, but it'll help your coughing."

"My chest hurt.." Prussia spoke barely above a whisper. "Hey...can you keep singing?" Prussia asked weakly and felt his eyes closing

while he listened to Austrian Empire sing.

Prussia's smile fell as he let the fever drag him back to the black void again but not before he heard Austrian Empire's voice breaking and feeling him wrap his arms around him in a tight hug.

The last thing Prussia managed to hear was the deep soothing and rare voice of Russian Empire singing an old lullaby to the two empires.

The calmness that came only lasted for an hour, after that Prussia woke up again with a sharp pain in his chest and his coughing fit that didn't seem to want to stop.

Prussia took a gasp and whined, feeling arms holding him upright and a voice speaking in worry somewhere in the room.

"Yes please come, Austria. Hurry!" It was Austrian Empire.

Prussia finally stopped coughing, resorting to small gasps and wheezes while clutching whoever held him.

"Feeling better?" Russian Empire spoke next to him, his arms strongly holding him not to collapse.

"Burns..too much.." Prussia gasped tiredly, his head feeling light. "Dizzy.."

"Hey- stay awake." Russian Empire sounded on the verge of a panic. "Austry just called his granddaughter and she'll come- Prussia?!"

He passed out in his arms.

———

The next time Prussia woke up, he was shaking and something felt stabbing in his arm.

He moved his hand from under the pile of blankets and noticed an IV. Seems like Austria came with her toys because even with the IV and the pole that had the bag attached to it, Prussia was still in his and Russian Empire's room.

"You passed out on us, in case your forgot.." Russian Empire spoke quietly, bags were visible under his eye and his hair in a messy ponytail, unlike how he usually styles it.

"I-I..d-did?" Prussia asked through chattering teeth and saw Austrian Empire come over towards him.

"You're shaking..here." Austrian Empire got an extra blanket and put it over the shaking body, gently brushing Prussia's hair out of his face and that's when the scar looked clearer.

He remembers seeing Prussia with the eyepatch for the first time ever. He looked more angry and hungry for vengeance. To this day, Prussia doesn't like being vulnerable or showing his eye scar, while he has accepted the fact that his own body is littered with scars that won't fade with time.

So right now, Austrian Empire felt like he's trespassing a boundary. He put his hand over the injured eye and covered it.

"It still hurts.."

"It's called a phantom pain, Pruss.." he answered softly. "You, Russ-" he looked over at his other friend who moved his head away, trying but failing to mask his pain and guilt from that day. "-Soviet, German Empire and even Reich. You guys tend to have those pains." Austrian Empire traced Prussia's eye, seeing the mismatched colors. Prussia's healthy eye was red, while the blind one was gray. "You'll heal, I know you will."

"How are you so sure?"

"Because you are one of the most stubborn countries me and Russ know." Austrian Empire smiled and watched as Prussia joined in laughter and broke into a coughing fit.

"It's about time you take your medicine." Russian Empire helped Prussia sit up and give him his syrup. "Easy, Crow."

"I don't need any helping." Prussia groaned while he looked at the drink, feeling it being forced down his throat while Russian Empire and Austrian Empire ignored him, knowing that if they argued back

it'll only make Prussia more stubborn.

The following hour, Austrian Empire found himself sleeping with his head on Prussia's bed right near his hand.

Prussia looked at Austrian Empire and brushed his head weakly with his hand that was hooked up to the IV.

"Careful, you'll hurt yourself.." Russian Empire grumbled and watched at Prussia didn't look at him, his eyes and mind focused on the sleeping empire.

"I did a number on him.."

"It was in the past. You two made up."

"But it's still there, you know? In the back of my mind...I'm a monster."

"You're not. You're better than anyone. You're better than me." Russian Empire clutched his own heart and clicked his tongue. "If there's a monster here, then it's me.."

"We're a mess...aren't we?" Russian Empire lowered his head when he heard Prussia ask and laugh weakly. "Let's just hope that what your grandson suggested works.."

"I hope that therapy can help..I'm..I'm tired of feeling like this.."

"Like what?"

"That I deserve nothing...no one." Russian Empire felt his eye sting him. "It's true through..I don't deserve any of you guys-" he chocked on the words, feeling Prussia hug him tightly as well as Austrian Empire, who seemed to have heard everything.

"You deserve that you're getting right now, Russ..including us." Austrian Empire spoked sadly with a small sob.

"And the forgiveness of your son." Prussia finished, wrapping his wings around the two as he saw Russian Empire's lips quivering while his eye gurgled with tears.

"I hate you two.."

"Aw.." Austrian Empire laughed and ruffled Russian Empire's wings happily, with the Russian not backing away from their touch. "We love you too, Ruski!"

☆-Unpleasant Reunion-

A/N: I swear I'm still on my break but I couldn't stop myself from publishing this - *when I planned to not to* - BUT LOOK AT ME *HUH SNOW??* *couGH-*
Take this chapter my loyal readers! I'll announce to you all once my break is over! Hope you enjoy! ٩(๑ ╹ᵔ╹ ๑)۶
———

Characters: Germany, Russia, Napoleonic France, WHO, UN, NATO, Ukraine, Canada, Prussia, German Empire, Reich. Mentions of Soviet.

————————-

Germany was walking down the halls of UN's building with his earbuds hooked to his phone and talking to Russia.

Germany's walk isn't aimless, he's taking the route over to his office since he needed to get some paperwork home in order to work on them and sort them out for the upcoming meeting.

"Russia, do you regret telling that to Urgroßvater?" Germany asked bluntly, stopping his walk. "I mean, you never told anyone but Herr Sowjet..we only found out about them. But to tell him?" Germany titled his head and closed his eyes in deep thoughts. "How did it happen?"

The end of Russia's line was quiet for a few seconds, forming his answer and collecting his thoughts. "*Well.*" He started with a humorous huff. "*I think I underestimated how we both have a few things in common.*"

Germany opened his mouth to ask for clarification, but shut it close. "Oh.."

"*You know I trust you, right? But I think it's better for it to be between me and Mr. Prussia.*" Russia sounded apologetic and Germany smiled.

"I know, that's why I didn't want to press on you." He said and snapped his fingers unconsciously. "I'm by my office, I'll call you once I'm home."

"*Sure, let me just put on the airplane mode.*"

"You little-" Germany laughed when the line was cut and he put his earbuds away, opening the door and looking through his drawers and files for the papers he needed.

Unbeknownst to him, outside the halls that lead to Germany's office, walking unsupervised: was Napoleonic France.

The man walked around with a whistle, appearing bored and out of his mind yet glad to be outside instead of his chamber with the hate messages as his decor in his room.

He heard a door open and stood behind a wall, watching instinctively to see if it was NATO to keep hidden. But his face brightened up when he saw who it was exactly.

"Pop...pop..popsicle.." Germany was mumbling the words while popping his lips, stimming as he enjoyed the feeling of the word, while snapping the fingers of his free hand.

It disgusted Napoleonic France how he acts, wanting to just wipe that smile off his face and make him show the face he missed so much.

Wide eyes, mouth hung open, tears threatening to fall and his wings shaking. As messed up as it sounded, Napoleonic France wants to see Germany both scared and transformed.

He clinched his prosthetic hand tightly. Time to put on a show Germany will never forget. A show titled: revenge served in a silver platter.

"My my~? Is that my dear ***doll***?"

Germany's little happy stim was immediately gone, his body freezing and his wings fluttering.

"Come on, give your best friend a one-eighty turn and grant him a hug~" Napoleonic France cooed and walked over to Germany, leaning down to make his mouth hover by his ear. "*Missed me?*"

Germany let out a small gasp, his papers crumbling inside the file due to his tight grip while his other hand clutched his heart. Where's NATO? Where's the UN? Why is it now that he's alone is Napoleonic France alone too?!

He flinched and jumped away as soon as he felt the cold fingers of Napoleonic France's hand around his neck. He turned around quickly to slap away his hand that made his brain overstimulate itself from panic and anxiety, the upbeat mood he had was immediately replaced by a threatening meltdown.

He let out a pained cry when Napoleonic France stopped his attack and held his hand in a vice grip. "Nu-uh~! I don't think you can do that." He tightened his grip and enjoyed the scene as Germany tried to free his bruising wrist. "It's been so *so* long, my doll. Why don't you visit me? I'm not too far away from you now." He could feel Germany's bone getting squeezed by his prosthetic limp.

Germany took a shuddering breath, opening his mouth to speak but couldn't get his voice out. The lights were suddenly too blinding and the simple sound of his heart beating in his head was so loud it's deafening. "Lass mich gehen.." he managed to stutter the words.

Napoleonic France's smile only grew and before he could take a step closer, a hand pushed him away by his chest and suddenly someone stood between him and his doll.

"Napoleonic France. You're going too far." Ukraine growled at the country, standing defensively in front of the German who was cradling his sprained wrist, his head hanging low. "You're not supposed to be here, especially near Germany."

"And what can a girl like you do?" Napoleonic France mocked as he looked down at her. "Cry to papa?" He pushed her from her

shoulder forcefully and slammed her back into the wall. "It'll be easy getting done with you then going back to Germany-"

For a split second, Napoleonic France felt the lights become too bright and the world tilting before he regained his consciousness and felt a burning pain erupting from his left cheek. Lifting his head up, he saw Germany and Ukraine stare at something behind him and he turned to see what exactly happened.

Canada breathed hoarsely as if he had been running, his fist shaking and outstretched out where Napoleonic France was standing, a few bruises appearing on his knuckles from the attack he just landed.

"Hands off.." Canada hissed at his mother's uncle. "I knew you were low. But I didn't think you would get as low as to put your hands on a woman." Canada sounded purely angry, standing before the two countries. "Not only that! You went to harass Germany again, causing his mental health to get jumbled?" Canada was ready to explode all over Napoleonic France's face but a hand over his shoulder stopped him.

"It's enough, Canada. We'll handle it from here." The door looked over at UN, WHO and NATO standing with clear dissatisfaction on their faces. "WHO, I want you to check up on them. NATO and I will take Napoleonic France."

"Be careful." She looked at her brother then left with the three countries, leaving me with the wrath of UN and NATO.

_____

Ukraine thanked WHO as she patched up her shoulder and got out from the room, looking at Germany as WHO approached him.

"Germany, let me see your wrist." She assured with a motherly smile at the country yet became worried when he didn't answer. "Germany?"

Germany was sitting on the waiting chair next to Canada who looked over at Ukraine in sympathy then turned to Germany.

"Germany?" Ukraine called out quietly. "Do you hear me?"

He hears them. He can hear them but he can't move nor talk. His brain has shut itself and his body was frozen cradling his pained wrist that became purplish and swollen. He can't see where he is right now, he only sees the dark basement and the blood around him.

What sinks the panic deeper in the hearts of the three watching Germany is the fact that he forgets to breath until his brain registers that he needs oxygen and he would take a small gasp that sounded like he had been crying.

"He's having an autistic shutdown." Ukraine recalled the symptoms her brother told her. "He won't respond unless someone he knows is here. Miss WHO can I call my father? I'll tell him to bring Reich or German Empire."

"Please do." WHO didn't avert her eyes from Germany, trying to encourage him to breathe steadily while Canada offered his jacket.

Instead of only Reich arriving, the three Germans were by WHO's medical ward to see Germany.

"Mein sohn!" Reich looked around frantically. And Germany spoke his first word at that:

"*Vater*.." he blinked his eyes and looked around him, seeing that he was in a medical room with everyone looking at him concern. That's when he recalled everything and let his tears fall. "I'm...I'm sorry.."

"Sorry? But for what, you did nothing wrong. He came over to you!" Ukraine cried out. "Don't apologize!"

"Ukraine." Prussia spoke as calmly as he could muster himself. "Please, could you explain to me everything?" He pointed at the door and she nodded, following him. Canada was right behind her to add his side of the story while German Empire and Reich were trying to calm the panicking country while assisting WHO to be able to work on his wrist.

Eventually the room was empty except for Germany and Reich

being given their privacy. Ukraine and Canada were let go, Prussia and German Empire went to meet UN for a few words to get this situation resolved without using violence, much to Prussia's dismay.

Germany finally calmed down from his panic and shutdown, wiping his eyes and cleaning his glasses.

"Feeling better?" Reich asked gently as he rubbed his son's back and handed him another bottle of water. "You shouldn't be sorry for being helpless. He triggered your fight or flight response, the pressure was too much on you and we don't blame you..the last time you saw him was in that basement and we made sure you never see him again yet it seems that NATO had his guards down and Napoleonic France, the sly man he is, used it for himself and went to you."

"But I should be stronger..I only dragged Ukraine and Canada into trouble they didn't need.."

"You are strong in your own way, Deutschland. You have to remember that." Reich ran his hand through his hair, pecking it. "I'm glad that I saw you." He rested his cheek on his son's hair, feeling Germany lean on him heavily.

"Am I a burden?" Germany blurted out and let his intrusive thoughts speak for him. "My autism is only draining you all, and it makes my brain hurt..what if I am a burden yet none of you want to say that?"

"Why do you think we would say something we never even thought of? You as a burden? Never has been a passing thought it our heads." Reich lifted Germany's head up to look at him. "You're never a burden. And your autism is part of who you are and that's okay. It was never something to be ashamed of. You think differently, you solve problems and have fun in a way that's unlike us. You're only doing what makes you feel safe and happy, and that's never something bad." Reich wiped away Germany's fresh tears. "We love you as you are."

"Danke.." Germany said barely above a whisper and sobbed again, letting his father take him into his hold and hug him tightly, giving him a squeeze and Germany returned the hug strongly, yearning for

the safety he needed.

The door was open with Prussia and German Empire joining the two, saying something to Reich who immediately agreed without his eyes leaving Germany.

-Earlier, UN's office-

"You better get this fixed or believe me when I say I'll do something that I **won't** regret." Prussia hissed in hostile while being held back by both NATO and German Empire who were doing their might to keep him from chewing out UN. "**You hear me?!**"

"Someone can stay with Germany!" UN put his hands up in defense as he wailed. "Someone can accompany Germany as a guard for him but it has to be kept secret, as in: you can never be seen." He said nervously and looked at Prussia. "Think of a way, because right now I'm giving you the green light to be with Germany while in my building and in my meetings we're dead countries don't attend mostly. One of you has to be with him at a time." He stared up at Prussia who became quiet and clicked his tongue, easily pushing of German Empire and NATO due to being half transformed.

"Fine. How can we do that?" Prussia looked at his son who thought for a few minutes then came up with a plan.

"I know, listen..."

———

The next day, Germany was back in the building, but taking a new route to his office. He thought that everyone would have their eyes at him, whisper or talk about the events of yesterday yet to his surprise, things appeared normal.

He saw Canada talking to Russia, waving at him with a smile and Russia made finger gun at him.

"Your wrist's okay, Germany?" Russia asked and Germany flinched, nodding his head and smiling nervously. "Good, at ease. I'll see you after work?"

"J-ja.." Germany rubbed the back of his neck and looked at Canada in gratitude then left.

He noticed Ukraine talking with Estonia and Czechia, lifting her head up at Germany and then returning back to her chat, acting as if it's another day in life. And Germany almost broke down at the idea that Ukraine and Canada kept everything under the rug so that he wouldn't have another panic attack at everyone staring and asking.

Well, of course Russia gets a detailed update about what happened from both Germany and Soviet: who got it from Reich. The Germans can't get themselves to hide anything from the Russians, they have to get it out of their brains. It's their dynamic through the centuries.

Germany got inside his office and sat down on his desk, taking out the small ball from his pants pocket.

German Empire huffed and shook himself, looking around him in his Countryball form. He jumped his way to Germany's hand that was offered out for him and gave the kid's thump a gentle headbutt.

"Danke for coming with me, opa.."

The countryball jumped off the desk and turned to his human form with a sigh. "Don't thank me.." he smiled at his grandson and patted his hair. "Although, I wish to ask for a request from you..it'll be breaking UN's rules but..*I need to see the two*."

Germany blinked his eyes with a head tilt, nodding once he understood who he needed to see.

"I'll get them, turn back and hide." He said with a bright smile.

Minutes later, Germany walked into the office with both Ukraine and Canada behind his tail.

"Germany, you really don't need to thank us. It was the rightful thing to do." Ukraine huffed playfully and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Allow me to thank you myself."

Canada and Ukraine both helped in surprise as German Empire appeared from thin air, looking at the two with a gentle smile. "You two got out of your way to defend Germany. I'm in gratitude for that." He nodded at them and put his hand over his heart. "You mustn't tell any one of this, but UN allowed one of Germany's family to guard him if anything like this ever happens again."

"Woah.." Canada awed softly and blushed sheepishly. "I-it's an honor to meet you personally, Mr. German Empire." Canada greeted the dead country who's on good terms with his father: which earned him Canada's respect.

"N-no need to! I couldn't stand there while that psycho hurt Germany! Him or anyone else, I would jump to defend anyone who's not wrong!" Ukraine spoke fast and nervously, a bright blush in her face as she heard German Empire laugh at her spiraling.

"If ever you need me, I shall be there to protect you two. It's a repayment for saving him." German Empire promised.

Once Ukraine and Canada got out of the room, the two stood dumbfounded, recalling what just happened.

German Empire, the fearsome dead empire, has promised them safety if they needed.

Ukraine pinched her arm while Canada slapped his cheeks softly to wake himself up. *It was as real as it could get.*

☆-40K special / QnA!-

Ask statues: CLOSED!

Hello!!! First of all I want to thank you all for your support and the respect I've always seen from you all! My book has reached 40K reads and I'll be honest, I never imagine my book hitting such numbers ('°ω°｀)♥!!

Also, the book is ranked #3 in Prussia tag!! WHAT?!(ಥ □ ಥ)

So, as I said in my message board: QnA takes a bit of a long time **BUT** you guys *deserve* such gift for being always the best readers. Yes! A new QnA!

But this time I'll state the rules and I'll be strict with them so it won't be hard on me to write down the asks in my note, so listen carefully:

Rules:

1- any offensive ask or something relating to lgbt will be discarded and blocked

2- any question about shipping the housemates (other than those who are married) will be discarded and blocked

3-write your questions UNDER the characters names that I'll put out, so that each character will have their questions under their name comment section, anything outside the name (aka: chapter comments instead of under the name) will be ignored because it messes the whole thing and makes me work extra to locate asks Dx so HELP MEH PLS—-

4- any repetitive questions that have been answered will not be answered

Hopefully that's all the rules eh?...let's go!!

_____-

-Russian Empire

-Prussia

-Austrian Empire

-Kingdom of Hungary

-German Empire

-Austria-Hungary

-Reich

-Soviet

-Germany

-Russia

_____

-Napoleonic France

-Tsardom of Russia

_____

-UN (+ NATO and WHO come alongside him in the package)

-America

-UK (+ France she can come along!)

-others (specify who!)

-author

Important note: that chapter will get under work and published

once I'm back from my break!

☆-Old Letters, Old Ties. Do They Still Link?-

In an office, there's a locked drawer that holds secrets. Secrets that were never revealed.

Secrets that emerged and died between three countries.

Once the drawer is open, there were a stack on old and crumbled letters, neatly kept there and were tided from first to last based on the date.

The first letter is written in a fancy hand writing, delicate and elegant and had a wax seal on its envelope.

It states:

Dearest,

I hope this letter finds you well. I don't know if you'll open it or throw it away: knowing that you're currently angry at me..and it's deserved actually. But deep down I do hope you'll open it.

I know my plan is not what you wish to go with, and I'm surprised that you're doing it right now and didn't use it to exploit me..yet deep down, I have a feeling that one way or another it'll benefit us.

It'll benefit you. Trust me.

I'm sorry that you can't see Germany right now, but it's for the sake of the plan to work, as soon as I have a sense of security, I'll let you see him, that I promise.

Yours truly, T.R.
/1939

Going through the pile, the last letter in date is taken out and opened. What's noticeable about it is that the font wasn't as elegant or smooth as the first one. The wax seal was messy.

It states:

Dearest,

I'm sorry. I failed everything. All my plans crumble before me but one.

I hope you now see what I saw back then. I hope you understand the reason I kept you away from Germany, but knowing you: you put the pieces together, didn't you?

Whatever happens with me, I want you to know that I cherish you. You made me feel like I have something in life other than what I've lost, even if you're only a secret between me and Austria.

Thank you, I'm sorry.

Yours truly whom you own his heart,
Weimar - the Fallen Reich.

☆- The Forgetful Childish Guy- (republished)

[image]

*A/N: this is an old chapter that got accidentally deleted and I'm now republishing it upon someone's request! I was (and still am) shocked that this **specific** chapter is remembered! I don't upload it again because I think it didn't get enough recognition and also maybe I'm embarrassed about it couGH-*

This chapter digs into one of Koi's characteristics builds: rejection sensitivity

I put the star next to the chapter name because there are some canon things like koi's Rejection Sensitivity is in my current canon even if this writing is old

Also important note...it has typos (as always xD it's just natural now yall get used to it pls-)

Hopefully I won't upload anything now until I get the QnA done! Enjoy!!

—

Characters: kingdom of Italy, imperial Japan, Reich, Soviet and kingdom of Greece.
————————-

He's always been a people's pleaser. Whether it be Reich or the allies, he always tried to please them and to get a positive feedback from them, to Imperial's displease.

He always told him to not give in to that, to not try to please everyone on the account of himself and his safety, yet Fascist is like that.

A forgetful childish guy.

A guy who would do anything to never get rejected.

Imperial can't forget when Fascist kept needing attention and care from him and Reich during the last few years before the disastrous defeat of the axis, how he was constantly rejected by both of them because their hands were 'too full' and who used that to manipulate him?

The Allies.

They pulled the strings on him, they promised to not hurt him, that they'll help him, be friends with him and lend their friendly hand towards him. And he believed their lies immediately. He wanted to please the stronger hand in the war, to become their best friend and their favorite.

Like the forgetful childish guy he is.

He was pampered with attention and care at first, being shown how they are the good team and that his old friends are the bad guys. Only to throw him at the court with Reich and imperial. Breaking their promises right in front of his eyes. And he broke down to no one until Imperial and Reich soothed him. And he went back to normal like his heart and trust hasn't just been broken in half.

Like the forgetful childish guy he is.

And it has become a character trait with him, how he would please everyone and cling to them, how he would get very hurt to even hearing the slightest of criticism, how he would shut himself off the rest of the day if even the smallest disappointment was thrown at him.

And even though it has been years since he has been showing these signs, yet only a few countries understand how he functions.

Fascist held his shopping bag while walking and humming happily to himself, texting with his phone as his legs lead him to the grocery store mindlessly.

Reich I'm coming!!! Is Imperial with you??? :0

Outside. With me.

Okay!!! :DDDDD

Fascist put his phone away when he saw them and ran over to them with his arms open and before Reich could escape the hug, he was pulled into it

"Guys Mmf! It's been so so long!"

"It's only been a week." Reich groaned and pushed Fascist's cheek away while Imperial laughed with his tail moving in an expression of pleasure.

"A month for me." He said and hugged Fascist back tightly and Reich as well, getting the hug he was denied from when meeting Reich.

"How long is the list?" Reich pushed them both away and cleaned his clothes which made Fascist take out the list and scan it.

"Twelve items!"

"Pasta section?" Imperial added in a joke while Fascist grinned from ear to ear, making the cat country laugh and walk with him inside the store, followed by Reich.

Whilst in the store, imperial and Fascist were discussing the list, and Reich was burying his face in the imported food section.

"Fascist! Can you get me these?" Reich held up two bags of ice cream. "I'll pay you."

"Sure! Get me one too!"

"It's not on your list.." imperial was the one holding the shopping list now while Fascist went to follow Reich and grab some ice cream bag.

Minutes later, the shopping list, the wallet, and the cart were with imperial. Fascist and Reich? Begging imperial to get items that were off the list.

———-

"I told you it wasn't on your list." Imperial said as he watched Fascist carry his heavy bag, whining about the weight of it.

"I couldn't stop..." Fascist huffed, grateful that Reich and imperial carried some bags as well with him.

"You really haven't changed one bit."

Reich immediately turned to the voice with a growl, imperial's eyes hardening at the country that spoke to Fascist.

"Mm..?" Fascist turned around and smiled wildly. "Kingdom of Greece! How long has it been?!" He ran over to him and reached out to hold his hands. "Remember the old days-"

Kingdom of Greece slapped his hands away and stared at him with disgust. "Don't you dare come to me as if I'm one of your friends."

Fascist winced with a small whimper and looked at Kingdom of Greece with pain and confusion. Hasn't everyone moved on? Fascist went to prison, learned and became a better country. So why is Greece still hatful?

"Greece. Just leave." Reich glared deeply at him and fisted his hands, making Fascist look at him, the confusion and heartbreak evident in his eyes and it hurt Imperial, wanting to just take Fascist away and treat him to anything that would make him forget the interaction.

"Or what? You three are still under a heavy watch from everyone. You think you three can live normally? Please!" Kingdom of Greece laughed and wiped his eyes. "I haven't laughed like this in a while.."

"We severed our time. Now move on and get out of our way." Imperial ordered sternly.

"Yes! We can be friends and forget the past! Like Britain and- and Soviet too! He hangs out with us! And you can join!" Fascist spoke with visible hope and excitement while Kingdom of Greece only eyed him up and down and grinned wickedly.

And Fascist froze, the hope and excitement dying as soon as they lived when he noticed the look he was given. Greece's face said it all and Italy wanted to run, yet he felt as if his legs were planted on the ground and before he could turn and leave, the disaster fell. Greece voice cut through the chaos in Fascist's mind.

"No wonder why they call you the dead-brain of Europe."

Fascist's stomach flipped as he stood in his place, not realizing the red blur that came from next to him and slammed Kingdom of Greece to the ground, unable to make out the screams that Greece and Reich threw at each other.

"Fascist?! Hey-" Imperial flinched when he saw Fascist lifeless eyes and the tears falling from them uncontrollably, not stopping. Yet he was silent. He didn't make a sound as he cried.

He stood still and wasn't breathing. And it frightened Imperial as he pulled him in a hug and closed his nose. "Italy, breathe!" He shouted at his friend who was in a shock.

And a gasp of breath was heard, then the sobs came. Thought all of this, Imperial held him tightly in his arms, trying his best to calm him down.

"Let go of me! Get off!" Greece yelled while Reich punched him mindlessly.

"Take me to prison! I'm okay with that!" Reich laughed yet he was pulled off by someone who grabbed him by his collar.

"Finally!" Greece got off and wiped his nose when he saw his savor and stopped. "Soviet.." he eyed him silently as Soviet stared at Greece, still having Reich in a hold.

"Dot attempt telling UN. Both you and I know you provoked this to get a reaction out of them. Using the safety of your state and their own dangerous state to get them to make a mistake." Soviet said as he lowered himself to be closer to Greece's face while letting go of Reich. "The way weak countries try to manipulate their way into being the victim."

"I-"

"If you tell him, then I'll join against you and give my testimony." He said and crossed his arms, Reich standing next to him and eyeing Greece who growled and wiped his bloodied nose.

"Whatever." He turned and walked away, and as soon as he was distance away from them, Reich went to Fascist who was crying in Imperial's arms.

"It's alright, he's gone now.." yet Fascist didn't answer and kept crying in his arms, burying himself and hiding from Soviet and Reich.

_____

Fascist was sitting on the large couch between Imperial and Soviet, or more like hidden between them as he hugged his knees, pulling at his socks, his mind replaying the events and hearing Greece's voice again and again.

"Am I..Brain dead..?" His voice was weak and shaky, full of torment at what he heard.

And even if it was them umpteenth time he asked again and again for reassurance, to be told against what he heard, to be allowed to hug them even in their discomfort of the physical touch or to just let him squeeze himself between them in the tightest areas because 'the heavy pressure calms him'. They didn't once feel aggravation.

They answered him. The knew him. They know how he functions. Because he's their forgetful childish friend.

_____-

*The request to republish it ^^*

☆-Unsigned Letters 4.0-

A/N: I just want to say...thank you. Thank you for the patience, for the reads and notes, for the comments that always come even with no new update. I apologize for taking so long, work is taking up a big time of my day, the shifts got longer and many more news about my work that I just, let's just ignore. This book is my comfort anyway so I'm healing! ^^ I want to hear from you my loyal readers! Are you well? How have you been? Stay hydrated and warm in this winter! And enjoy the chapter! This might be the last time I make QnAs because they really take a lot of work and energy and it makes me nervous about making it perfect cOUGH-

This is the housemates part of the asks! I tried to put as much as I can, I'm sorry if yours wasn't here :(next part will come soon and will hopefully be more easier than this one pfff— this chapter is 14k words...someone give me a blank and coffee-

Again, thank you guys so much for everything. Thank you , and I missed yall!! Where my fav girls at?!

———-

"Vati go work?"

"Yes, mein sohn. But don't worry." The little child looked up and saw the shadow of a smile. "Your tante is coming over to stay with you!" It made the young child smile brightly and nod his head in eagerness.

The scene changed and Germany stood by the door that he opened after he made sure it was safe to do so, just as his father taught him.

'Never open to anyone unless it's me or tante Austria, ja?' His voice was in his mind.

"Hello, Deutschland!"

"Tante!!" The child squeaked and threw his arms up to get carried. "Up up!" He was lifted into her embrace and he hugged her neck tightly, noticing the other figure behind her.

In a cloak, the shadow cast over her face but her warm smile was there.

"Hello, my dear Deutschy.."

He couldn't see her face, he couldn't recognize her even after she held him. Her face was blurred under the cloak but he could feel something.

Deep down, he knew and acknowledged that that stranger is non other than his mother.

"Mami.."

Germany eyes opened and he found himself staring at the ceiling of his room, his breathing uneven. He stayed there, blinking slowly to try and understand what he just saw. He could already feel the dream fading but one thing stood out.

His mother.

It's so rare to dream about her, but when it does happen, he feels overwhelmed with sadness and longing for something that he has no memory of.

He blinked his glossy eyes and sniffled quietly, sitting up on his bed and looking at his shaky hands that reached for his sleep shirt, pulling at it tightly with a little whimper escaping his lips. He reached for his phone and sent a simple but quick text to Russia, being greeted with an immediate respond.

'I dreamt about mother.'

'Come over to my house as soon as you can.'

_____-

Reich walked into the kitchen while holding a letter with the familiar baby blue wax seal and a bird imprinted in the middle and delicately painted in white. "Pretty people of the house-"

"This only addresses me then. The others can go back to their things." Prussia cut off smugly only to see his grandson roll his eyes with a smile.

"As I was saying.." Reich waved the envelop. "Letter from United Nations. I'll open it for you all and read it." He announced, opening the letter and scanning it.

'Dear dead countries,
I hope this letter finds you all well! I send you this letter to invite one of you to come into my building and meet me privately. Anyone who's free tomorrow morning can arrive over to me, bring the letter and hand it to NATO and he'll take you to my office personally.
I'll talk more about why I'm asking one of you to come once we meet, but worry not! No danger or threat is after you.

Thank you, The United Nations.

Side note, if possible that anyone comes other than Prussia us would mean a lot, sorry for the inconvenience!'

"And there's a little doodle of a shy UN." Reich snorted while Soviet was full on howling in laughter.

"S-shut up..kid deserves to fear me with how unprofessionally he handles Napoleonic France.." Prussia muttered with a blush, using his coffee mug to hide his face.

"Well, I wish I could help but I'm busy tomorrow with chores. So is Austrian Empire and Kingdom of Hungary." Russian Empire spoke gently to Reich with a little head title. "What about you?"

"Busy."

"I can go." Soviet walked from the sink after he put his plate. "I'm free by then." He stood next to Reich who handed him the letter and he scanned it then put it in his hoodie pocket.

———————

Belarus opened the door after the third knock, letting Germany walk in without questioning anything, only letting him know that

Russia is in the roof waiting for him. She and Ukraine already know why he's here and therefore they gave him his privacy in order not to overwhelm him more than he already is.

The house that they live in is the same house that Soviet owned back in his days as a ruling country, therefore it had all the marks and secret spots of their shared childhood: with the roof being Russia and Germany's sanctuary when things would get out of their hands.

Upon walking out into the roof, he saw Russia sitting there yawning and nursing a mug of coffee in his hands.

"Sorry I woke you up." Germany sat down next to him, bringing his knees up to his chest. "We could have done it later.."

"It's fine, I'm the one who asked you to come." Russia handed out another mug that apparently was hidden next to him. "So, tell me more."

Germany held the mug tightly and scowled. "I..I didn't see her face, but you know that feeling you get? When you are certain of who you dreamt about even if you didn't see them? I-I got that! It was her, I know!"

Russia hummed in thought and looked down at his mug. "Dreams are fascinating..they manage to touch a memory buried deep down even when it's almost faded..I think it's just your brain not wanting you to forget her."

"I never did...I think.." Germany swished the coffee. "I..I just want to know what happened..why Vati can't bring himself to tell me about her.."

"We won't have answers unless we ask-"

"I tried! He would always just-" Germany moved one hand up in the air in exasperation. "-find a way to shut the subject!"

"And that was when? Back when you were a child?"

"I-.." Germany sighed and turned his head away. "Ja..I didn't have

that many attempts to ask him..I just got him back too you know.." Russia frowned, murmuring a small apology.

"I think the only one with answers is your father, Германия. You should confront him." Russia studied the features of Germany's face, his furrowed eyebrows and his chewed lip. His hand kept playing with the string of the hoodie he's wearing.

"I just feel...selfish about it."

"Selfish?" Russia tilted his head in confusion. "What is selfish in this topic, Германия? I don't get it."

"I.." Germany's shoulders raised up as if to shield him from his embarrassment. "My Vati did everything for me even without me knowing my mutter, and I know he's ready to do more for me..so asking about her makes me feel like I'm being ungrateful to him."

"That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard. And I'm sorry for my cruel honesty." Russia flicked his finger on Germany's ear, making him squeak in pain. "How can you think that? She's your mother! Of course you want to know all about her if given the chance!"

Germany lifted the mug up to cover his face, mumbling a small apology with his cheeks having a small blush. "I'm just.."

"You just need to ask him. That's what you need to do." Russia put his hand over Germany's head and kept it there when he accepted the physical touch. "So what do you say?"

Giving it a thought, Germany nodded slowly even when he still didn't look convinced. "Yeah, o-okay..I will-I will ask him." He turned his head towards his friend and almost fell forward from Russia's strong hand patting his back.

"Good luck, I'm rooting for you." Germany fixed his glasses with a strained smile.

"Ruski?" Germany asked after a while of comfort silence. "Will I regret it?"

Russia looked up at the sky and laid back on the roof, resting his

head on her hands. "One should never regret asking for the truth. Even when it can hurt us. That should be the answer."

Germany felt like Russia didn't want to give his real answer, seeming nervous as well from the whole situation. So Germany accepted that answer.

Russia didn't want to tell Germany that he doesn't know and worsen the issue, so he said what he felt right.

———-

The next morning, Soviet sat on the steps leading to the entrance inside the house, tying up the laces of his boots before he could leave to see UN, the letter neatly tucked in his coat pocket on the inside of it.

"Need a companion?" Austrian Empire asked as he fixed the stubborn hairs on Soviet's head.

The Russian looked up with a chuckle. "What about the laundry? I don't think it'll do itself." He laughed when he saw the troubled face of Austrian Empire, turning away and whistling.

"Well, I tried. If any trouble happens give me a call and I'll be ready to assist!" He turned to him brightly and Soviet returned the smile as he got up.

"I know." He grabbed his father's car key then waved his hand and got out the house, not looking behind him as he started his journey.

It didn't take long to arrive at the building, but finding a parking spot near the entrance was hard. He noticed a lot of countries hanging around the building such as Austria, Hungary, Switzerland and many more.

But what surprised him to the core was the familiar tricolored flag, her white hair lifted up in a bun with a few strands coming loose. She always looked elegant even in her current country age. He found himself running towards her and putting his hand on her shoulder.

Spooked, she turned around with her face showing confusion and slight discomfort but it immediately vanished to show clear surprise.

"Soviet?"

"Hey, mother.." they both hugged tightly with a shared laugh.

"You little naughty boy! Your kids see me more than you see me! Give your mother a visit next time!" She let go and cupped his face, tracing some new scars on his cheek. "Seems like you've been having some adventures alongside your father.." she felt Soviet hold her hand and peck it.

"Some trouble likes to follow us..but we're managing." He smiled and they both let go. "What are you doing here?"

"I could ask you the same." She brushed a hair strand behind her ear. "Little United Nations sent me a letter to come here..as well as everyone else apparently." She gestured the countries, seeing Czechia and Slovakia meet up with Austria's group.

Soviet felt a tingling sensation in his heart as it sank. He could already see where this was heading. "Oh yeah..I see.." he murmured then noticed NATO coming towards him sharply.

"Mr. Soviet Union. United Nations is waiting you." He announced firmly and reached his hand out. "May I see the letter, sir?"

Handing the letter, Soviet bed his goodbyes to his mother the followed NATO to UN's office, taking his seat and getting offered coffee.

"I'm glad you came! How are you and the rest of the housemates?" He asked brightly, making Soviet decide not to throw a dark humored comment about the last events with Napoleonic France.

"We've been well..laughed at the last note in your letter." Soviet teased playfully, seeing UN'a cheeks turn a little purple due to the red blush mixing with his flag.

"Wah! Don't tell me Prussia knows?!" With Soviet's laugh, UN

covered his face with a muffled groan.

"A-ahem! Anyway- I want to see you for-"

"Letters." Soviet cut off swiftly, seeing UN's face become surprised. "Sorry for cutting you off, but I guessed when I saw the countries around the building."

"You're smart, Soviet..but yes. That's true.." UN raised his hand and immediately the door opened with NATO holding a bag of letters. "Ah..they are for your housemates as well as the kids, if that's alright." UN looked flustered at the idea of handing it out like that in a bag.

"Don't worry, UN. This isn't the first time it comes in a big bag." He assured him and opened it, rummaging through the letters then closed it and slung it over his back. "Good thing I decided to take the car today. Sorry for troubling you, kid."

"Oh no no! It's alright! NATO is ready to carry the bag for you if you'd like. Or me if you don't want NATO?" UN brightened up and stood to follow Soviet to the door, holding it open for him while staring up at him.

That pure smile touched something deep in Soviet's heart that he tried to keep buried. "You're too kind, kiddo." Soviet said in Russian and looked back at him then at NATO. "Just keep the kid safe."

"It is my job." NATO scowled and watched Soviet leave while UN stood in his place, surprised at Soviet's way of showing affection.

"Was that 'caring' for others?" UN almost squeaked while NATO gagged and pushed his boss back to his chair.

"Don't look too much into it, that's Soviet. You still have to invite and listen to each country that got the letters."

———

"I like the sugar texture in these! Maybe you should take them?"

"But I took them last time. Maybe I should change.."

"I hate changing from my comfort food."

Russia and Germany stood in the grocery store by the gummy section, with Germany trying to help Russia to pick a bag for himself.

"Hey look, it's fruit shaped gummies." Germany took the bag and gave it a squish. "Oh these are soft.."

"Mm?" Russia took the bag and squished it. "You're right." Before he could put them in the basket, his phone rang with message notifications and so did Germany's.

Both countries grimaced at the messages and looked at one another. "I think I need to take more than one bag for tonight.."

"Yeah..I'll go get myself anything that's made with cookies and cream, in case of a meltdown."

———

"..." Russian Empire stared silently at the bag then over at his son who was busy arranging the envelopes to each member, Reich and Austrian Empire helping.

"How about we do some changes this once?" Prussia hovered over next to Russian Empire. "We opened them from youngest to eldest! That makes me last-"

"If I may argue, I want to be the last one. Take it as a mental age staircase from youngest to eldest." Russian Empire looked at Prussia who chuckled with a shrug.

"Fine fine, mental age ranking then."

"Mein sohn will not have fun with that." Reich snickered then turned his head when the front door opened. "Speaking of him." He got up and greeted his son with a tight hug, feeling Germany hug him back. Russia walked inside to see his family and the others.

But what Reich noticed was how Germany's hug seemed nervous and uncertain.

"Mein sohn, are you okay?" Reich whispered and felt Germany nod in the hug. "Hey, we can do this another day-"

"No it's okay, it's not the letters..just- some thoughts here and there." He smiled and let go of the hug, feeling Reich squeeze his shoulder in assurance.

"Come on, sit next to me and I won't let anything bad happen to you!" They both walked into the living room.

"I don't think there's anything as bad as you." Soviet taunted, seeing Reich sharply pointing at him.

"You take the back-" he turned to Germany who was laughing with Russia, making Reich grumble and sit down with a huff.

Once seated comfortably, everyone stared at Germany in anticipation while the youngest looked confused and embarrassed. "Y-yes..? Why aren't you starting..?" He asked Prussia who laughed.

"New rules, we start from the youngest to eldest. Mental age." Prussia said with a wave of his hand. "So, go ahead!"

"Oh..o-okay, sorry!" Germany opened his first letter.

'You small poor little bean! You're loved by everyone but now you need to decide who you like more!'

"Who I like more..? Like from you all?" Germany looked up at the group who stared at him with pleading eyes and he squeaked. "No! I like everyone! Everyone!"

"Can't your Vati be a little higher~?" Reich cooed, making Germany look embarrassed and guilty.

"I-I.."

"Stop it, you're making the little one nervous!" Kingdom of Hungary laughed while shooing Reich away. "Germany can like us all equally and we shall not discuss that!" She defended Germany who looked at her with gratitude.

"She's only doing that to be his favorite." Russian Empire whispered to Prussia who gasped and pointed at Kingdom of Hungary.

"You stop that!"

Soviet laughed at his father's attempt to cause a racket, covering his face immediately. "We're already off to a great start huh, father?" He grinned at Russian Empire who felt a his breathing hitch and his heart pounding in his ears.

That smile and that comment was directed to him, only him.

He smiled and chuckled softly. "It appears so, my son.."

"S-second letter!" Germany announced through the wave of snarky comments.

'How old are you? Mind and body.'

"Well..mind is twenty-two...I think..as for my body, if we calculate my physical age from the date of my reunification then I'm.." Germany counted off his fingers. "Thirty four, will be five this year."

"Awe..you're just a baby!" Russia squished his cheeks only for Germany to slap his hand away and point at him.

"Physically I'm older than you! You took the rule in 1991! In December too! So clearly you're a 2000's baby!"

"Oh~? This is just the foundation dates, you know very well I was born before you little tiny crow. Foundation date is only a number that doesn't define our real age, right~?"

"....shut up..."

"Also, mentally I'm older so-"

"Shut up!" Germany blushed furiously and kicked Russia's rib, making him fall on his back and laugh loudly.

It felt like silk in Soviet's ears.

But what Russia said is true, foundation date is only what's on papers. It isn't the birth of the countryhuman itself. Soviet's foundation date is back to 1922, but at that time he was already a grown adult.

Germany recovered from his embarrassment and opened the other letter.

'Have you even bitten anyone?'

"My pens..it's official that biting and chewing on something is a form of stim for me, but I don't remember if I've bitten anyone.." he looked at Russia who chuckled. "What..?"

"One time you bite me when we were kids, man your teeth were sharp even when you were tiny." Germany blushed deeply and groaned.

"Why do you remember something that I don't.." he grumbled and threw the paper at his friend who dodged it.

'How do you feel after everything? Do you even feel safe? Also how's your wrist?'

"I-I am safe! I don't need to doubt my safety!" Germany looked up at everyone, nervously fidgeting with the letter. "Things can happen and they are out of our control but you all have shown me nothing but care and protection..so I know I'm safe..as for my wrist, it's healing." He lifted his sleeve up a little to show a black wrist support that he wears over the hurt area and around his thumb like a glove. "Tante told me to keep it on for two weeks."

"Oof..can you do your work fine?" Austrian Empire winced softly while Austria-Hungary carefully touched his wrist.

"Yeah, but I have to take breaks whenever my wrist starts to hurt. But I'm better now! The first few days were the worst."

"If I could I would tear his arm off.." Prussia muttered venomously.

'Did you tell the others what the secret was that you told Austrian Empire?'

Germany flinched and immediately crumbled the letter, Austrian Empire panicking as well and looked at him then at everyone.

"What..secret?" German Empire asked quietly as he eyed the two.

"I..I was going to say it but..things happened and..uh.." Germany started clinching and unflinching his hands. "Mm..it's just that..I-i hate when..mm.."

Austrian Empire opened his mouth to help him but Russian Empire and Prussia stopped him. They wanted Germany to find his voice and speak of his concerns.

"When Vati and Herr Sowjet would fight- like a big bad fight kind of thing- they both mean a lot to me and when I see them angry and distant it makes me feel helpless who to choose and support about the fight! Who should I empathy with..I-I can't choose one! So I just feel- I hate it, and I always close on myself until the fight is over and the two make up.." Germany closed his eyes tightly and prepared to hear laughs or worse: harsh words about his childish mindset.

But instead, he heard Reich and Soviet shuffle awkwardly. He lifted his head up and saw the two look apologetically at Germany, Soviet rubbing the back of his neck while Reich scratched his cheek.

"We didn't know we caused that much pressure on you, маленький один.." Soviet murmured with a little blush. "Me and your father can get a bit too childish sometimes.."

"Yeah- I'm sorry mein sohn. Next time I'll keep in mind how these fights make you feel and I'll avoid them as much as I can." Reich promised with a gentle smile. "Anything for mein sohn."

Germany nodded slowly and looked down at his hands. His father is giving him everything. Should he really ask about his mother?

'Do you get enough sleep?'

"I try to maintain eight hours of sleep..when I don't have work to overthink or procrastinate about...or when my mental health isn't low..so yeah, I don't my best to track my sleep!"

'Are you doing good? Please don't get hurt every time! You always make me worry! Continue being a good boy and a cutie pie, understand?'

Germany blushed and his ears were red, lowering his head deep down and nodding slowly. "D-Danke.."

"Aw, he's shy!"

"милый.." Russian Empire put his hand over his mouth to hide his smile while tilting his head to the side, watching Germany with fondness.

Russia looked at his grandfather and grinned. "I heard that, дедушка." He saw Russian Empire look at him surprised then turn his head away.

'Who hugs the best in your opinion?'

"Me." German Empire answered smoothly before Germany could speak, making Prussia howl in laughter while Austria-Hungary giggled uncontrollably. "It's me, next question."

"But it's-" Germany snickered when German Empire shook his head and Reich took away the letter.

"It's not the name of someone starting with the letter S, no. Nein. It's vater and that's it." Reich deadpanned teasingly.

"Oh come on, give me the credits. You guys are just jealous." Soviet joined in with a playful glare, and Germany was laughing as much as his grandmother, giving up and opening the other letter.

'Do you play video games?'

"Yeah, sometimes with Japan and Italy, sometimes alone using vati's console, he has many games in it so, I get to try new games without having to buy them." He grinned.

'How could you not know you have a transformation form?'

"Maybe because I reached adulthood and I still never transformed

until that night? I never had anything related to it for years.." Germany sighed. "Still trying to control it, but it's hard.."

"I never knew he had it too, until that night.." Reich patted his son's back. "But you'll get the hang of it, just like vater and opa."

Germany smiled slightly at that, finding comfort in the way German Empire and Prussia smiled at him as well.

'How did you reunify yourself? How did it happed? And do you have scars other than the one on your chest?'

Germany flinched unconsciously, closing the letter. "I..I reunified myself when East and West finally met after breaking the wall...we reached out to touch each other's hand when we were finally allowed to and..a light surrounded us then it was just pain.." he traced a finger across his chest. "Had to be patched up after the rough reunification.." he mumbled and then saw a scar on his hand and smiled sadly. "At least there are some scars with happier times." He showed his hand with a laugh. "I got this when me and Russia were racing as new countries that recently got into ruling. We needed a breather from all the pressure and decided, "hey let's race to that tree." I fell and scrapped my hand on a rock. Russia announced me as the winner so I wouldn't cry. Mind you we were both adults." Everyone laughed at the story, with Russia admitting that it worked and that Germany only gave out few sniffles.

'Did Russia finally buy you a second comfy hoodie?'

"Second? He got me a pack of **five**!" Germany was immediately bursting with bright colors and his cheeks glowing. "I'm wearing one now~ look!" He displayed the hoodie to everyone with a happy grin and put his thumbs in the sleeve holes. "He got me two blacks, one grey, one khaki and one brown! Now I have a whole wardrobe of comfort hoodies!"

"How adorable! Can I feel it?" Austria-Hungary asked softly and Germany let her, laughing when she suggested German Empire to get both of them some to try.

'For you and Russia: 1- how old were you two when you first

met? 2- Did you guys immediately become friends or did it take sometimes? 3- Do you guys have any funny stories from your childhood? Was there any trouble you guys got into when you were kids?'

"Oh, I like this adorable letter! Do tell us!" Kingdom of Hungary was cupping her own cheeks and Austrian Empire was interested in hearing it.

"We were like, four and six? We were still little when we first met." Germany answered and Russia continued.

"At first Germany was shy to befriend me while I was dragging him into adventures and games. But we immediately hit it off on the first day. Came back from playing to our parents with mud in our hair and Germany loosing a baby tooth. It was worth it. So I think it counts as a funny story." Russia laughed at the memory.

"Trouble? Ruski was the troublemaker while I was the 'baby face factory'." Germany looked at Soviet with a grin. "My little cute face got us out of many troubles~"

"You remember that huh?" Soviet stuck his tongue out.

"It's one of the few memories that I didn't forget, let me enjoy it!"

'Do you meet with your aunt and uncle and keep contact with them? Have you ever seen them when you were young? Who do you have a stronger bond with?'

"I saw them a lot in my childhood, especially Austria since she was like a caretaker to me, so she's the closest to me...Onkel Ungarn is like the young cool uncle, so it feels like I'm hanging out with a friend which is nice." Germany held one last letter and waved it. "Ah, last but not least!"

"Hey, we were on a good roll!" Prussia grinned. "Open it!"

'Do you remember your mother?'

The words rolled out his tongue before he could stop himself, and suddenly the dream came back. Germany took a shuddering breath

and but his lower lip, his heart sounding too loud suddenly.

"Mein sohn-"

"Germany..?"

Both Russia and Reich turned towards him, unable to see his eyes.

Russia put his hand on his shoulder and squeezed it. He wants him to use the opening now.

"I.." Germany understood and closed his eyes tightly. If not now then when? "I dreamt..about mutter yesterday.." he spoke barely above a whisper.

"Y-you did..?" Reich's face showed panic for a split second before fading into surprise. "Did you see her face..?"

"No..I couldn't see her face.. but I knew it was her. I felt it, I heard her.."

"What did she sound like..?" Reich asked after a harsh moment of deafening silence.

"...comforting.." Germany didn't realize his tears were falling. "Why do I long for someone I don't know..? Vater.." he looked at Reich with pain and confusion in his eyes. "Who's my mutter..?" The question made Reich's insides twist with guilt and shame.

"Deutschland.."

"Please.." Germany's tears were more. "I just..I want.." he couldn't form his words, gasping and sniffling. What does he want? He has a father, a whole family! Then why cry over someone he barely remembers?!

"..we can talk about it later.." Reich looked away, his eyes casted downward. "Just give me some time, ja?" He smiled sadly at Germany.

"O-okay.." he fidgeted with his jacket, the guilt settling in. Before Russia could open his letters, Germany gripped Reich's arm sleeve

and cried. "Vati, I'm sorry.." he hiccuped and wiped his face. "I-I'm so selfish to ask about mutter..y-you can tell me no I-if you don't like it.." Germany cried and Russia scowled.

"Germany, we talked-" but Reich shushed him and turned to his son.

"You're not selfish, you're asking for what's right to know..and I'm sorry I've kept it away for so long. It's just..it's not something to speak about openly..things caused this to happen.." Reich whispered to his son but he couldn't speak more of it, closing his eyes. "We will speak soon, me and you..I promise.."

Germany nodded and hugged his father tightly, burying himself there for comfort.

"Five minutes breaks guys, who wants coffee?" Austrian Empire asked softly while draping a blanket over the shaking Germany.

"I'll help." Russian Empire said and got up, the sitting coming to a calm silence with only Germany sniffling and Reich's soft whispers of comfort words.

———-

Everyone returned to their places, Germany huddled between German Empire and Reich with a bowl of ice cream and drying tear streaks on his cheeks.

Soviet silently tapped Germany's shoulder then pointed at a weighted blanket that he put near him, earning a quick nod from Germany and his eyes shone with gratitude.

Russia decided to lighten the mood and took out a letter with his and Germany's name. "Hey we have a letter for the both of us!"

Germany looked doubtful, but nodded anyway and listened to Russia reading it.

'For you and Germany: who do you think is stronger, Russian Empire or German Empire?'

"I know opa is strong.." Germany started, feeling German Empire

ruffle his hair. "I think Herr Russisches Reich is strong too, maybe a little stronger than opa?"

"I think your grandfather is stronger, he can transform to a monster." Russia argued and Germany made a small 'oh' in realization then they both turned to the two.

Russian Empire and German Empire shared eye contact for a second then shrugged their shoulders.

"It's still under debate." Prussia answered with an arrogant smirk. "Bah! It's always me on the top of the scale I see~"

"It's because you're unhinged." Russian Empire muttered while adding honey to his tea, earning a laugh from Austrian Empire while Kingdom of Hungary and Soviet wheezed.

"What's with this sassy man today, throwing off sarcastic comments like his life depends on it." Prussia scoffed and started messing up Russian Empire's hair. "Apologize to your elder!"

"Hey- hands off!" Russian Empire tried to push Prussia away, opening his wing and smacking him with it.

'What's your opinion about Tsardom of Russia and Russian Empire?'

"Russian Empire is my grandfather. Ever since my first memory with him and he was nice to me and my sisters..he even took us in his home during the Second World War to ensure our safety." He smiled in memory, folding the letter closed. "I never met Tsardom of Russia, never really got answers about him. But I can see you all tensing up at the mention of him." Russia's eyes lingered longer on Russian Empire who felt for once unable to hide his emotions from showing. The clear desperation and hatred evident there. "I think I won't like him." He answered and put the letter away to open another one.

'How was your childhood during the war and with your father? Where did you hide during the war?'

"Second question was just answered. As for the first ones: my

childhood was great. I won't say it was colorful and rainbows, but I knew that отец did his best to give us everything we needed to grow." Russia said, choosing to leave out the part where he had to carry the responsibility of the house most of the time when Soviet wasn't around because they don't have a mother, taking care of three younger siblings if Germany is counted in. Then the coma that came during his collapse and how it was Russia's last straw even if it happened when he was grown.

'Have you played with a full grown bear?'

"One word: beans." Russia said and Germany laughed at the memory of the bear the Russian's decided to adopt and raise.

'Do you know other languages? Do you know how to do ballet?'

"I do know ballet. So does Belarus and Ukraine." He blushed, feeling like he had to add that fact not to seem embarrassing. "As for languages..I know a bit of German, English, little bit of mandarin and of course my mother tongue: Russian." He smiled proudly then noticed Austrian Empire clap his hands.

"Woah! Mandarin?! That's amazing!" He praised the young country who thanked him while turning his head away shyly.

'What's your relationship with the rest of Eastern Europe?'

"Most of the Slavs are like little siblings to me..we bicker here and there but it's good around us." He shrugged and saw Germany snicker. "What now?!"

"Slovakia is like a little student.." he laughed at the blush on Russia's ears and how his body stiffened. "He's like a little baby chicken following you around sometimes.."

"Aw, really?" Soviet cackled at his son's face. "You two are friends I assume?"

"Y-yeah..he has good humor and is cool." Russia rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "I just get flustered when everyone reminds me how the little one admires me.." he mumbled and opened another letter before he could be nonfunctional due to embarrassment.

'Are you introvert or extrovert?'

Before Russia could answer, everyone around him answered for him, including Russian Empire. "Introvert."

"...wow. Thanks everyone for making my job easier?" Russia retorted but there was no hatred there.

'How are you? Are you doing okay? Same goes to your grandfather and Prussia since you three need therapy so bad.'

The three looked at each other silently then each looked away or busied himself.

"At least I regularly do go there.." Russia spoke to himself then looked at Prussia and Russian Empire who looked at each other, one looking nervous, the other looked pleading.

"I told you we will go.." Prussia said with a little chuckle. "We will. I have given you my word." He saw Russian Empire nod his head then look down at his hands to avoid any eye contact.

'How are you and USA?'

"Eh. On each other's throats." He looked at Germany who crossed his arms with a clear frown of disapproval. "Okay fiiiine...we can be good friends sometimes. I won't deny the fact that America literally got me sleeping aids and went around the city asking about what brand can go well with my antidepressants. Or the check incident in the pharmacy.." Russia rubbed the back of his neck with a shy scowl. "That capitalist.."

'Cats or dogs? Sweaters or hoodies? Stay safe and take care of your physical and mental health! We love you and the world won't be the same without you!'

Russia stammered, losing the ability to talk over how nice the letter was. "Is this how it feels to get nice mails..?"

"Rare achievement unlocked." Reich dramatically motioned with his arms. "Being cared for." He laughed when he heard everyone around him erupting into a fit of laughter.

"You get eighty points." Austrian Empire added and laughed with Reich who made sparkling sounds.

'Can I touch your fluffy hair?'

"**No!**" Soviet and Germany answered simultaneously, making Russia unable to answer another letter.

"Okay, my dear guards. At ease." Russia rolled his eyes. "This gives me a feeling of Deja vu. Alright last one! Then who's after?"

"Me." Reich twirled the letter in his hand. "Then your father."

'Who's your favorite member of the German family?'

"Easy, Germany. I'm done!" Russia sighed tiredly and leaned on the couch. "Oh the feeling of being done and now I can just listen and comment.."

"Feels good right?" Germany chuckled while huddled in the weighted blanket. "Like you don't have to worry about your coming turn."

"Yeah." Russia agreed with a smile then turned to Reich when he started clearing his throat to read his letter out loud for everyone.

'What is your favorite artwork you've done?'

"Hm..it's the forget-me-nots. I loved the way of using a whole grey color palette then breaking the darkness with the bright blue flowers." He looked at Prussia who was glancing at his phone with a smile only for Russian Empire to take it and hand it over to Austrian Empire who stared at the screen with an awe.

"Is that the painting?" Austrian Empire asked and showed the phone to everyone. "He has it as his wallpaper!"

"You. Are. Kidding." Kingdom of Hungary took the phone then it was snatched by Soviet who looked at it with an evil smirk.

"How soft~" he teased while handing the phone to German Empire who showed it to the kids and described the painting to his wife.

"Stop it, give me my phone!" Prussia took it away and shoved it in his pocket. "Reich just read another one!"

"Fine fine, my biggest fan~"

"You.."

'Play video games against Soviet!'

"Not right now, but we can do it later." He looked at Soviet who cracked his knuckles. "Sniper battle game?"

"I have been training myself for the rematch. But even if I lose in game, I'm better at sniping in real life."

"Well, whatever makes you sleep at night, I guess." Reich covered himself from Soviet's cushion throw.

'Are you and Soviet good now?'

"Good is a grand word." German Empire intervened playfully with a smile. "I think the best word is..."

"Surviving?"

"Manageable?"

"Toxic?"

"Cute!"

Everyone turned to look at Austria-Hungary who blurted out the last answer, her eyes fluttering with fake innocence. "What? They are very respectful around me and treat me well, so it's cute!"

"...cute..." Prussia pinched the bridge of his nose with a snort. "I love it."

"I can't imagine the words cute and my name being in the same aspect.." Soviet and Reich both said with a small embarrassed laugh.

'What is your favorite candy?'

"Cookies and cream-"

"The ask says candy not chocolates!" Austrian Empire cut off with a hand wave. "Candy! Candy!"

"Ugh..lollipops." He said finally.

"I like the milk and strawberry lollipop, it tastes comforting." Germany confessed and licked his lips. "Now I want one.."

German Empire gave an amused laugh and ruffled his hair. "I'll get you some then, one day." He promised his grandson who leaned to his touch.

'Sharkyboi! if I hold shark nuggets in front of you while you're sleeping will you wake up because of the smell or will you dream of them?'

"That's the wildest ask we have gotten today." Reich closed his eyes with a sigh. "Just...amazing.."

"I say, and I quote, rare achievement unlocked." Russia smirked at Reich as he returned the comment to him.

Russian Empire laughed all of a sudden, a pure laugh that let everyone surprised including himself.

"S-sorry.." Russian Empire mumbled under his hand that covered his mouth. "I just didn't see that one coming.."

"He's taking after you both." Austrian Empire chuckled as he pointed at Russian Empire and Soviet. "That same sense of sass."

"Russians, am I right?" Germany stuck his tongue hue out only to have Russia remove his glasses and put them over his head while Germany tried to reach for them.

'Do you think about how your son is like a magnet for bad stuff? Getting split up and now being chased by a psycho?'

"Woah there, those are some big accusations." Prussia glared. "A magnet for bad stuff? That's absurd! Kid's got nothing to do with

whatever happened! The split was non of his doing or choice and neither is getting chased by that dead weight." Prussia took the letter and ripped it. "Move on." He spat bitterly and looked at Germany who took his glasses from Russia quietly while looking away. "Kid, you know what I'm saying is true, right?"

Russia nudged Germany and smiled at him. "He's right though, you're not a magnet for bad stuff." Germany gave a little nod and looked down at his feet.

Germany, Reich and German Empire both flinched in surprise when Kingdom of Hungary materialized near them all of a sudden, giving Germany a tight motherly hug.

"I know what you're thinking, and I'm telling you: you're not a burden and you don't cause us trouble. Everyone here is willing to keep you safe and happy. From our eldest to youngest." She cupped Germany's cheeks and gave his forehead a kiss. "Keep remembering that."

And suddenly, Germany now has a second in first place as the best hugger. "Wieder.." he tugged at her arm sleeve and was yet again engulfed in a tight hug from his grandmother, making him sink in her arms.

German Empire scooted a bit to the side to let her take his place being next to Germany.

'How do you feel that Germany is always getting targeted by the enemies of your family? First the allies split him and now he gots targeted by that French man?'

"What?! Allow me!" Austrian Empire took the letter and shredded it to small pieces. "There. In its right place." He turned to Kingdom of Hungary who had covered Germany's ears the moment Reich read the word 'targeted' out loud. "Thank you, liebeste."

Germany frowned and looked at Russia who shook his head and patted his hand. 'Nothing to worry about'

'Do you forgive your father? Or do you know anything about

his past?'

"I do forgive him. He made mistakes, I made mistakes. We picked choices that hurt us and our kids..but what's important is that we're fixing our old mistakes." He looked at German Empire and they both silently shared a look of understanding, knowing they both share the same burden. "I don't want to dwell too much into the past." Reich blocked out the memories quickly before they could resurface.

'Do you like the stories your father reads for you?'

"Uh..vater doesn't read me stories...he sometimes does talk about some events that happened during his rule days so I guess these count as one? There's cool and I enjoy listening to them."

'When did you find out about Germany's reunification? Was it a big surprise when he stood outside your door? How was it?'

Reich put the letter down and let a small smile appear on his lips. "I was in prison that time, still serving my sentence..one day Soviet came to me with the news of my son's reunification..and before I knew it I was crying tears of joy." Reich said, only letting half the memory out. He didn't talk about how he banged his head on the door behind to be let out to see Germany, he didn't talk about how Soviet was the only one to ground him and anchor him, promising him that he will see his son soon when things get under control. What was even more agonizing is the fact that that day was the last time Reich saw Soviet.

After being released in November 1990, Reich was living in a small flat before he was taken to live with his family: more like dragged. German Empire and Austria-Hungary were not allowing of the idea that Reich would live alone and pay for his own place when his family existed.

Flash forward to 1991 Soviet was announced to be collapsed and in a coma with indefinite date. January 1992, Germany stood there. His figure thin and shaky, his hands fidgety and his eyes wide with pleading and weariness.

The moment felt like a blur, from standing in the door to flying in his son's arms and crying there. They both cried like they never did that day, hugging each other and kneeling down as they held each other like it was their lifeline.

"Vati.." Reich blinked his eyes and looked up to see everyone looking at him with worry and sympathy. "You're crying.." Germany said softly only to be brought into a tight hug from Reich.

"Ah, sorry.." Reich gave a wet laugh. "Vati is becoming old and emotional I guess." He ruffled Germany's hair but wasn't surprised when Germany didn't laugh.

Germany gave his father a hug, the weigh of guilt becoming heavier in his heart.

"Ich liebe dich, Vater." Germany tightened the hug and buried his face in his shoulder. "Du bist der beste." He let go of the hug and looked up at Reich with a smile. "You recently got out prison but you became better and you're ding the best to reconnect with me and make up for lost time. You're my comfort in hard days. You mean everything to me, vater."

"Kid..you'll make Vati cry even more.." Reich grumbled and hugged Germany again, tighter and closer this time.

Prussia smiled at the scene then looked over at Russian Empire, seeing the man looking at anything but what's happening. His hands were clinched on his knees and shaking.

Prussia looked at him with a sad frown then over at Austrian Empire who was also looking at him.

Austrian Empire tilted his head towards Russian Empire with a pout: *what should we do?*

Prussia sighed and leaned back in both his hands with a shrug: *it's out of our reach. He needs to do it himself.*

Austrian Empire pouted more and clinched his hands: *he's our friend!*

Prussia looked at Austrian Empire then at Russian Empire, noticing the distant look in Russian Empire's violet eye. He sat upright and smacked Russian Empire's back forcefully.

Russian Empire looked at him shocked and confused, his panic attack vanishing from the hit.

"You're here. Not there." Prussia reminded him with a smirk. "Soviet is here. Not there. You two are getting it together."

Russian Empire bit his quivering lip and looked away. "Sorry."

Austrian Empire scooted closer to Russian Empire and started rubbing soothing circles on his back to assure him.

Things got back to their flow and Reich opened the other letters.

'Before they book Germany away from you, did you take care of him alone or did you have help from others? Was it his mother? What does she look like?'

"..I had help. It was Austria mostly.." Reich answered carefully, his arm around Germany as it rubbed his arm. "His mother would visit sometimes.."

"Were you two divorced?" Russia asked slowly. "If I may ask.."

Reich calculated his words then looked over at Germany who was looking at him with anticipation. "I.."

"It's a yes no question, come on." Prussia pressed on.

The thing is: no one knows who Reich is married to. Or was. There's no clear answer.

"Will you tell me..?" Germany asked quietly and the bang of guilt returned quickly. Germany immediately saw that and covered his mouth. "S-sorry.."

"No, no..you're alright. Just as I said..I need time yeah..?" Reich rubbed Germany's arm then let go. "That was my last letter..we have some German Family letters. Shall I?"

"Leave them with my turn." Prussia took them then nodded for Soviet to start. "Go ahead."

'What's your opinion about USA, UK and Canada?'

"British is a good friend of mine, Canada is a good kid..America is trouble.." Soviet rolled his eye with a scoff. "A big trouble if you ask me." He opened the next letter.

'Which is better: cats, dogs or bears?'

"I pick.." Soviet's eye softened immediately at the faint memories of the many street cats he encountered in his life. "Cats.."

"Cats for better lives!" Austria-Hungary threw her arms up. "Cat cafe!" She cheered playfully, earning a genuine laugh from German Empire who's next to her.

'Your relationship with USA, is it good or no?'

"Is it bad? Is it good? Is it complicated? I'm..honestly out of answers on that one." Soviet looked at Reich then everyone as he rubbed the back of his neck. "Kid is trouble just like that. I can't even know or understand how I see him. I hate him? Yes! I enjoy teasing him and throwing friendly fire at him? Yes!"

"Emotions are..complex.." Russian Empire added with a head tilt. "I can see how you're struggling, son.."

"I like when you address Soviet as son." Austrian Empire blurted out with his innocent facade that he loves to wear, enjoying the blush on Soviet and Russian Empire.

'Were you neutral during the beginning of World War Two?'

"Yeah, I was neutral at the start, but after the German invasion with operation Barbarossa, I sided with the allies." Soviet folded the letter with a weary smile to Reich. "Seems like the senders enjoy bringing up bad memories."

"Tell me about it." Reich said while patting Germany's head.

'Would you give everything to save your kids?'

"Yes." Soviet answered without hesitation. "This isn't even up for debate."

"We're not kids anymore.." Russia spoke softly with a gruff voice, his frown making everyone surprised. "It's not about saving us anymore, отец..it's about all of us protecting each other." The surprise turned into ease as everyone let out a breath they never knew they were holding.

"You scared me there." Prussia chuckled with a head shake then added, "almost jumped on you."

"So heroic.." Germany admired with big eyes that sparkled. "I want to say that one day!" Which made Russia blush furiously and turn his head away.

'Do you have a wife? Who is she?'

"She was a commoner, not a country..but she filled my heart when it was empty." Soviet gave a sad smile. "She was the best, I wouldn't ask for anyone other than her."

"You even still wear the ring. How romantic.." Kingdom of Hungary pointed out and Soviet covered his hand sheepishly, hiding it behind his back and opening a letter with the free hand.

'Any opinion about Reich? What's your dynamics?'

"I hate him, he's a bad guy and a competitive player, he sucks at all the chores except making his OWN bed and he won't even apologize to his habit of throwing his plucked feather on my bed. While I'm sleeping in it." The room was shaking with laughter, Reich blushing then sticking his tongue out as his own argument. "I hate you." Soviet threw the letter at him.

'Any siblings? What's your relationship with Alaska? Nothing?'

" I know Alaska was found by my father, but I never got the chance to meet him. He was mostly in his country where отец found him, rarely visiting the castle..soon after, he was sold to America."

'How did you lose your eye?'

The question made Reich and Soviet flinch, with the letter feeling a flare of pain run through his eye. "Dagger injury." He ended it there.

'Do you have trauma or something from your childhood? Surely you must have something because you didn't get any love.'

Russian Empire felt his blood run cold. Why is it that every time he tried to forget the past someone had to remind him of it? He looked over at Soviet and saw the conflict in his eye, but deep there he found another glint.

Anger? Sorrow? Hurt? Hatred? How funny. They were such emotions that fit to be directed at Russian Empire.

Soviet frowned and put the letter away to open the one after it which is his last one. Yes it's true: he has a trauma that won't be wiped away or forgotten. Yes he didn't get any love as a child, yes he only suffered physical and emotional abuse during that time until it broke him to insanity and almost killing his father. But he'd rather leave it behind him because now things have changed.

Now his father is here, learning to befriend him, to mend what he broke, to even seek redemption and therapy for himself.

'I just want to congratulate you and Russia for being the only healthy father-son relationship in the russian family.'

"I.." Soviet groaned and closed the paper. "I'm..thanks, I guess..?" He nodded his head to German Empire t let him open his wife's letters.

'Do you prefer sweet or salty?'

"Both! Sweets more though, I enjoy having them with my coffee." Austria-Hungary answered happily. "What's funny is that mutter doesn't like sweets."

"Nope. Only bittersweet desserts like tiramisu or matcha." Kingdom of Hungary explained herself.

'If your eyesight was restored, what do you wish to see again? And what are your honest thoughts about the housemates?'

"I'd wish to see everyone, my husband, my kids, Deutschland..id want to see the world and the blue beach. Just about everything." Austria-Hungary laughed warmly then moved to the next question, "as for my opinion, I'm cool with everyone! Ahem..just a little- uh? You know..awkward spark between me and Mr. Russian Empire.." she spoke softly and lowered her head.

'Do you still hate Serbia to this day? And Koi?'

"I..I do hate Serbia still! I can't stand the mention of his name alone..as for Koi, he's.." she raised one shoulder while moving her head towards it. "He was a very annoying kingdom but now that he's more calm and less troublesome.."

"Say the real reason, come on." Prussia teased with a laugh as he saw Austria-Hungary blush with a groan.

"Fine he's my son's friend so I'm tolerating him!"

"There we go." German Empire chuckled at her angry face, tapping her puffed up cheek.

German Empire opened a letter then ripped it to pieces swiftly. "Bad letter. Next one."

Ripped letter: how did you hurt your head in World War One?

'Do you love your parents? If so how much?'

"A lot much very." Austria-Hungary put her hands on her hips, grinning proudly at her mistaken grammar on purpose. "I love them! They are the best of the best!"

"My baby princess.." Austrian Empire awed softly, hugging her tightly. "You're so adorable! Vater loves you a lot too!"

"I married a child.." Kingdom of Hungary huffed with a laugh.

'Are you proud or disappointed in Third Reich?'

"He's redeeming himself, he's seeking help, he's learning to be better and he's reconnecting with his son and family. I am so proud of him! We are not going to mention the past in this house!"

"You just spoke about Serbia-"

"Shush! We won't talk about the past!" Austria-Hungary cut off her husband with a pout and a blush.

'Did your hair grow back? Also, you are pretty!'

"Thank you! Also yes it grew back a few inches-" she tapped her hair that was starting to tickle her neck. "-I'm thinking about trimming it again..I'm liking it short.." she twirled a strand in her finger while leaning on German Empire. "What do you think?"

"You're pretty with any haircut.." German Empire smiled warmly and put his arm around her shoulder. "That was the last letter." He said and started his own.

'Call Prussia cookies 'n cream'

"...next one." German Empire murmured softly.

'Why and how out of all the countries do you have tentacles?'

"Yeah, isn't it only you?" Soviet asked curiously, intrigued.

"I'm not sure myself..maybe it's genetics."

'You're always calm and logical, why? Why don't you talk much and always quiet?'

"...I'm just like that... is it bad?"

"No no, it's not honey." Kingdom of Hungary laughed while patting his shoulder.

"Being quiet is cool, just like Russia!"

"I'm.." Russia blinked his eyes with a grumble. "Not like that, Germany.."

German Empire couldn't help a little smile at his grandson. "If you see that as cool then I'm fine with it.."

'Choose: power or your wife and kids?'

"Second option."

"Of course you'll say that cause you already HAVE the power-" Prussia was cut off by a tentacle from German Empire covering his mouth.

"Finally. Feels calmer now." Russian Empire and Austrian Empire joked harmlessly while Prussia tried to push his son's tentacle away.

'Who's your favorite kid?'

"All of them of course, I won't choose one over the other. Even if I see Reich everyday while Austria and Hungary have their life to work with, I still see them whenever I'm able to, and I cherish them." German Empire nodded at Reich. "Although I do miss seeing them more often like when they were kids.."

"They're still our kids, no matter how many years go." Austria-Hungary put her hand on German Empire's arm and felt him relax to her.

"You're right.."

'I dare you to throw your vater while he lands on his feet.'

"Isn't this like a cat test? Like those videos that test cat reflexes." Germany asked and everyone around him laughed including Prussia.

"Do it! Test my reflexes, sohn!"

"No! I won't do it!"

Germany shook his head with a laugh. "I think you'll pass the test, Urgroßvater. You're super reflexive and fast!" He said with admiration.

"Oh oh~? Why thank you my favorite descendant!" Prussia gave a wide smirk in pride. "Your compliment brings joy to me~ make sure it's only to me and no one else, got it?" He pointed his finger at Germany who laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"We'll see?"

'Personality type? I'm enfp!"

"Enifpy? What..?"

"No, it's E-N-F-P. It's a personality test that you take and it gives you answers about what your character is like. Introvert or extrovert, logical or emotional, and more. It's a good scientific based test so it isn't something baseless." Germany answered happily. "We should have you all do it one day!"

"I'm cool with that. I'd like to know what my personality is like." Soviet nodded his head and so did Austria-Hungary.

"I feel more extroverted..but I'd like to know too!"

"Then we can do it one day!" Germany was beaming excitedly now.

'Favorite book?'

"No name that comes to mind yet..but I enjoy classics."

'How old were you when you realized you could transform just like your father? When did you master it? When and why was the first time you used it out of your free well?'

"I was seven when I realized about my power..and after enduring a big and great training with my vater I mastered it fully after a year and eight months." German Empire transformed his arm then turned it back to normal easily. "By the age of twelve I was already a great shifter in Europe. Nations feared me at that little age." He looked down at Austria-Hungary and pinched her cheek. "All except for one little girl.." he melted at hearing her laugh, feeling her wrap her arms around him in a tight hug.

"My turn now~" Kingdom of Hungary held her letters with an

excited glint in her eyes.

"Mein Liebest!" Austrian Empire was already cheering for his wife. "Do your best!"

"It's only three letters, dear.." Kingdom of Hungary sighed but couldn't help a little smile. "Alright, first one.."

'What is your most memorial memory that happened with Austrian Empire?'

"Hm..well..it'll be his confession to me about his feelings in the rose garden." She smiled at Austrian Empire and a blush appeared on both their faces and they looked away.

"You two were married then, correct?" Russia asked politely and earned a nod from the two flustered couple.

"I was smitten by the prettiest rose there.." Austrian Empire smiled and his head fell to the side with a lopsided grin. "I got lost for a while in her eyes there.."

"Oh stop it you fool.." Kingdom of Hungary pushed his face away although she looked to be happy by his sincere words.

'Are you proud of what your family has achieved?'

"we won't talk about the past so.." she looked at her daughter with a chuckle. "We're all healing. Slowly but eventually, and I'm proud of us taking the good steps for becoming better.."

'Favorite dish?'

"Lángos. I like having them for breakfast sometimes." She put her last letter down and looked at Austrian Empire. "Your turn now."

"I make her Lángos by the way..ahem!" He snickered as she hit his shoulder gently.

'Have you ever felt excluded or forgotten while you were around your friends?'

"Hm? Oh no! Everyone here includes each other into activities of little chats, we don't exclude anyone. Be it a simple talk of the weather, or a conversation about oil paintings, new games, how trains function. Anything we do there's always someone to listen." Austrian Empire said brightly and Russian Empire cleared his throat.

"Though..no one is a better listen than you." He smiled at Austrian Empire whose eyes sparkled with emotions of pride and joy.

"Really?" Austrian Empire's question was barely above a whisper as he put his hand over his heart. "Thank you, Russ.."

Russian Empire nodded silently and tilted his head away, his eyes darting to anywhere but Austrian Empire. He doesn't understand why his heart flittered in happiness at seeing his friend happy to get a compliment from him.

"Rare achievement-" Soviet put his hand over Reich's mouth and hissed, "you ruined the moment.."

'Favorite memory with each housemate? What is a memory you have that you hate?'

"Favorite memory would be the beach day. We had a lot of fun there and it even has shared memories with everyone." Austrian Empire's smile could brighten the whole room. "As for..memories I hate..I'll just say the day we discovered that Napoleonic France is.."

"No need to continue." Kingdom of Hungary placed her hand on his arm.

'Why do you feel like you're responsible for fixing arguments between people?'

"Because-" Austrian Empire was cut off by Germany who counted on his fingers.

"Because he's nice. Caring. Noticed any subtle change in the air. Wants everyone to be happy and safe." Germany looked up and blushed. "Oh, sorry I cut you off.."

"N-no it's fine..although t your answer was very exaggerated, don't you think? I'm not all that." Austrian Empire chuckled softly but noticed the faces of everyone in the room show clear signs of disagreement. "Wait, guys-"

"What Germany said is true." German Empire tapped his fingers on his knee. "You are all of that, and maybe we should add stubborn and childish? Mischievous."

"Silly." Kingdom of Hungary grinned as Prussia laughed.

"My own loyal troublemaker duo!" Reich added proudly only to make Austrian Empire blush a deep shade of red.

"Okay, stop it! All of you!" He put the letter on his face trying to regain his composure.

'What is the stupidest thing you've seen Prussia and/or Russian Empire do?'

"Little brother-" Prussia tried to stop Austrian Empire who pushed him away and spoke without hesitation.

"Denying therapy is one thing out of many they did." He stared at the two who groaned and rubbed their faces.

"I said we will go!" Prussia screamed to the air. "I swear me and Russian Empire will go just please stop the harassment!" He told everyone as they grinned.

"Therapy is nice. You two already have one in mind?" Germany asked, playing with his sleeve. "I go to Dr. Switzerland!"

"I want us to go there as well, based on WHO's recommendations." Russian Empire said softly, his wings twitching a little. "How are your sessions with her..?"

"The best." Germany put his hand on Russian Empire's hand and patted it gently. Russian Empire accepted the touch, surprisingly.

'Do you like yellow canaries? If so why?'

"No reason! They are just cute and sound pretty." Austrian Empire looked over at his wife upon hearing her murmur something under her breath about similarities. "What's that?"

"Nothing!" She fluttered her lashes innocently.

'Huh, my social media followers like you apparently..name one person in this room who you could trust to go clothes shopping for you!'

"Hm hm..someone, someone.." he looked at everyone in the room then grinned and pointed at Russian Empire followed by a point at Kingdom of Hungary. "These two!"

Kingdom of Hungary grinned happily with a prideful laugh while Russian Empire nodded a little, feeling surprised at being chosen.

"What about German Empire?" Austria-Hungary asked with a pout. "He's a model!"

"My love.." German Empire grumbled with a blush on his face, making Germany laughed.

"I like your style." Russia spoked sheepishly while rubbing the back of his neck. "It's calm and speaks volumes kind of style..makes you look fearsome."

German Empire looked at Russia then Germany who was nodding eagerly alongside Austria-Hungary.

'What is it about grocery shopping that you like?'

Prussia was laughing and holding his stomach, Russian Empire chuckling softly knowing Austrian Empire's hobby. Austrian Empire and Soviet looked at each other with shared understanding.

"It is a calm and relaxing chore." Austrian Empire spoke professionally like he's explaining an equation. "Back to you Soviet."

"Statically speaking, it is better to arrive by opening hours for fresh food, cool morning weather and empty carts to pick and choose from." Soviet nodded. "Thanks for tuning in the news."

Russia raised an eyebrow and snorted, covering his mouth and trying but failing to suppress his laughter. The way his father and Austrian Empire acted as if they had rehearsed all of this yet he knows it came purely unplanned.

"I like when Russia laughs." Germany said to Soviet with a grin. "It makes his eyes crinkle in true happiness. Not fake one.."

Soviet was moved by the kid's observations. "Is that so..?" He gently ruffled Germany's hair and felt a surge of warmth hit his heart at how Germany accepted the touch with a heavy lean to his hand.

'Do you play the peacemaker role subconsciously or on purpose?'

"Both. My man does it both ways. It's why I married him." Kingdom of Hungary joked.

"I believe her." Prussia snorted. "The reason for marriage I mean."

"I thought you married me cause I'm pretty.." Austrian Empire pouted and pinched her cheek. "Sassy wife. Insufferable."

"But I'm yours~" Kingdom of Hungary laughed freely when Austrian Empire sighed a dreamy sigh.

"I can't fight that."

'Do you love your daughter? Also do you know? You're the best at taking care of kids!'

"I do love her! Also, thanks for that, little one." He smiled and out the letter away then looked at how much left: three.

'How did German Empire get your approval on marrying your daughter?'

"By being such a loving loyal gentleman. Right honey?" Kingdom of Hungary teased her huffing husband.

"No! He was stubborn and not willing to stop confronting me!" Austrian Empire crossed his arms on his chest. "Loyal, humph!"

'How did Napoleonic France treat you?'

"Austry-" Russian Empire couldn't stop the thing spark in Austrian Empire's eyes.

"Harshly." It was one word, but it sent a pain in everyone's chests. The pure pain that single word held made the air feel heavy.

"Not anymore. I promise you're protected." Prussia reached his hand over to Austrian Empire and hesitated then squeezed it. "I promise-" he was cut off by Austrian Empire hugging him tightly.

"Protection is my job..after all.." he let go with a grin, his eyes sparkling again. "I am the shield in this trio." That made Russian Empire and Prussia smile.

'Imagine if you got wings or something~'

"Agh! I wish I wish! I want my own wings.." Austrian Empire playfully whined with his arms kicking in the air. "I can take German Empire's wings! He has tentacles anyway-"

"Nein!" German Empire's wings puffed up and everyone laughed.

"Relax relax." Prussia chuckled and opened his letter, clearing his throat. "Great first question I see..."

'How do you feel about the Russians?considering all the wars both families had..'

"Uh-huh. Wars yes. I'm sorry but can the sender like, realize who I'm living with?" Prussia pointed at Russian Empire. "I'm living with him. And his descendant. My great grandson was literally raised by Russians! Oh I don't know it looks bad!" Prussia threw the letter at Soviet.

'Do you ever feel like a wrinkly old man when you're around Germany and the other young countries?'

Russian Empire made a small stifled sound. Prussia put the letter down and looked at Russian Empire. "Go on." He whispered. "I dare you."

Germany was trying to suppress himself too but he broke loose. His laughter echoed in the walls and his face was filled with tears from laughter than sadness.

"Germany.." Russia looked surprised but laughed too. And Russian Empire let himself relax for once. He dropped the walls he built around himself and joined in the kids' laughter at Prussia. Soon everyone was latching, but it was pure. The warmth in Prussia's chest wasn't too overwhelming. It was just right.

He, for once, decided to leave it like that. If it got the pained countries to give a beautiful laugh that is unfiltered, then so be it. He's a wrinkly old man. And that's okay.

'Favorite memory with Austrian Empire?'

"Falling?"

"Sparring?"

"Prank?"

Everyone we've random answers that sounded typical for Prussia. But he didn't agree. Not one answer was right but the one that lingered in the back of his mind.

"Being forgiven.." Prussia's response was calm and full of emotions, his voice thick with it. "That's my favorite memory.."

Kingdom of Hungary looked surprised, staring at Austrian Empire whose fingers shook and fluttered with excitement and happiness.

"I'm happy for that," Austrian Empire smiled brightly at Prussia then added finally, "Brother.."

'You're my favorite!'

"Danke Danke~" the boisterous character immediately shone again and no one wanted anything other than happy Prussia.

'How's Chile doing?'

"Kid's alright. I should see him more often, I miss being a mentor for that lizard child." He chuckled warmly, his eyes glistening with fondness.

'How did you find out you could transform? How did the others react to you when it first happened and how did they find out?'

"I was training by fighting a training doll..I wasn't feeling myself that day and lashed out at it. The next second I was standing there with claws on my four limps and a tail swishing around me. It was..scary. I immediately fainted when one of the maids called for me..it was terrifying but I was trained to control it."

'If you had three wishes what would they be?'

"One: Napoleonic France is dead. Two: I get my eye. Three: change the past." Prussia answered quickly then opened the next letter.

"But the past helped us become who we are now." Germany spoke softly while pulling a string of his hoodie. "As long as we acknowledge and try to fix our mistakes.." Germany looked at the patterns of the carpet. "I don't think I want another version of you if you changed your past..I like mein Urgroßvater just as he is." Germany looked up at Prussia then down. "If it's okay.."

Prussia put the letter away and went towards Germany with a warm smile. "You do like me as I am? Traumatized and loud and obnoxious."

"Mm.." Germany smiled and nodded his head. "Just as you are.."

Prussia got up and went to his place. "I'll change my last wish. I'll wish for bigger wings." He grinned, noticing the smile stretching more on Germany's face.

'Why are you resisting therapy? I went for two years, still going and my mental health's getting better. Besides, owl will only go if you do.'

"Okay you know what?! That's it! I'm taking Switzerland's number! I'll set the appointment okay? Great? Happy?!" He tried to not noticed the way Russian Empire flicked in nervousness and

anticipation.

'How old are you?'

"Wrinkly old man-" Reich whispered and Austrian Empire wheezed in laughter, along his breath.

"No no, isn't he like, young at heart?" Russia teased with a stifled chuckle, Prussia pointed at him with a wide grin.

"Finally! Thank you very much!"

'Was German Empire a cute baby?'

"Very~" Prussia and Austria-Hungary answered simultaneously, German Empire looking away with an embarrassed blush.

'How was your reaction when HRE adopted (yeah?) Austrian Empire?'

"I was naive. Jealous. Envious." Prussia moved in to the next letter. But not after looking at Austrian Empire apologetically.

'Who's your emotional support human?'

"Russian Empire." Prussia pointed at his friend. "He handles my emotions well, even when he's unable to handle his own."

"Thank you." Russian Empire muttered with a deep frown.

'How do you feel that Germany always chooses someone else before you?'

Germany flinched and fidgeted with his fingers. "Ah, n-no..? I-mm.." he appeared nervous.

"So what?" Prussia answered simply with a shrug. "Kid sees the world differently. And we understand him in different ways. Maybe someone's it's German Empire who knows what Germany needs. Maybe it's Soviet, maybe it Reich. Maybe it's me. Germany can get to choose who he wants to be with." Prussia looked at the letter. "I'll rip this letter, I didn't like it."

Reich looked at Prussia in surprise. It's true, they all have different levels when it comes to understanding Germany and what he needs. He looked at Germany who was quietly talking to Russia.

But Russia takes the top podium. He knows Germany like the back of his hand.

'Do you know much about Germany's transformations form? Is there something unique about it? Stronger than you and German Empire? Or is he still the weakest in the German Family?'

"I wouldn't call it weakest. That's harsh. He's just..fourth place? It's me, then mein sohn, then Reich then Germany. Under the best training he might surpass Reich because of his genetic transformation." Prussia smiled encouragingly. "I think the most special ones are mine and German Empire for now. Tail, tentacles. We still need to see what Germany has, but we won't pressure him to master it."

'What is it like to be watched 24/7? I'm watching you >=)'

"Stop that." Prussia huffed and crumbled the letter. "Alright last one!" He grinned at Russian Empire who grimaced.

'Does Germany have eating problem? Because when he ate only one half of the sandwich and said he was finished and Russia forced him to eat you said: "Thank you! I hate it when he does this, he needs to grow his muscles."'

"Well..the kid has a small appetite, but it still worries us all. He needs a good diet to build his body and become stronger." Prussia smiled at Germany. "I know he has his special way of eating and how he likes his food..and we'll learn to make the best meals that he can enjoy."

"I have a list of all the ingredients he hates and a list of what he likes, and how to make his food." Russia smiled gently. "I can send it over to you if you want."

"That would be lovely!" Kingdom of Hungary clapped her hands. "I'll

keep it hung in the fridge! Is that okay, Germany?"

Germany nodded his head shyly, taken back by their gentle love and care. "Ja..I would love that.."

"Before Russian Empire could start. Two letters for the German Family. I'll read them together."

'What are your thoughts about UN, NATO and WHO? Also do you think that Germany is safe? Do you know it.'

"We know Germany is safe. Because we're are with him, always." German Empire spoke coldly, making Prussia proud at his answer.

"Exactly as mein sohn said. As for our opinions.." he looked at Reich and German Empire who three agreed about not having that much of a linking to the three while Germany mumbled softly about respecting the three who seek world peace.

After that, Russian Empire looked at the pile of the letters and felt his chest tighten. He reached his hand to open the first one.

'What is your favorite book? Do you sometimes realize that you're expressing emotions? If there was a memory you could forget what would it be?'

"Ah..I like classic books..and as for the second one..I..mm.." he looked at everyone, already feeling overwhelmed to answer them. "Can I skip it..?" He relaxed when everyone nodded their heads.

'Don't read out loud!' Russian Empire stopped and scanned the rest of the letter then frowned with utter disappointment, showing Prussia the letter who started cackling and showing it to Soviet who blushed.

"What does it say!" Germany waved his wrists excitedly in a stim. "Read!"

"Uh..I dare you to ruffle Soviet's hair then when it's all calm, slam his head on something soft.." Soviet rubbed the back of his neck. "Weird.."

"Just open the next one." Austrian Empire laughed with a hand wave.

'Which is the best event in your life?'

"Maybe..when we built the house.." Russian Empire smiled about the memory. "It felt..nice, no ruling that took our time and energy.."

"I like that too." Austrian Empire grinned happily. "Best event!" He enjoyed seeing Russian Empire agree with him.

'Cats or dogs?'

"Cats are nice and cute..calm too and like to sit still in your lap as you read."

'If you were given a chance to go back to the past where Soviet was born, would you become a better father for him?'

Russian Empire's hand trembled a little and he tried to hide it from the eyes of everyone who caught that. "I would want to be the best..the father Soviet deserves.."

"You're trying now.." Prussia said carefully, but he knows what Russian Empire is thinking.

'I am. But it's too late.'

Russian Empire opened the next letter slowly.

'Honest thoughts about the housemates? Also I dare you to smile! Also hug Soviet, you need a hug!'

Russian Empire blushed a little and gave a weak smile that didn't reach his eyes. He looked at Soviet who tilted his head with questioning eyes.

"Can you handle physical touch?" Austrian Empire asked quietly and Russian Empire shook his head. "Okay, no hugs for now. It's alright." He nodded to Soviet who nodded back.

"My thoughts..everyone is nice..Austria-Hungary and German

Empire are..distant from me and so am I to them..we have this space between us..Reich is fun to hang around with.." he answered simply, not wanting to mention everyone then freeze when it comes to Soviet. He hates how he doesn't even understand himself.

'Do you live your wife? And do you have any siblings?'

"I respect her, that's what's important. I don't have any siblings. Unless we consider grand duchy of Finland like a sibling? We aren't related but we had a shared past.."

"He's the same Finland of today?" Prussia asked and Russian Empire nodded. "Flag changes. I see."

' Do you have a security blanket? Who's your emotional support human?'

"I don't have a security blanket..what's that?"

"I have a weighted blanket! It's very nice and gives me a steady pressure when I feel overwhelmed. I can't lend you mine cause I need it..but I can take you to buy one." Germany smiled at Russian Empire. "Would you like that?"

"...sure.." he nodded and returned to the question. "Also my human support..it's Prussia.." He looked at Prussia who, as rare as it can be, didn't boast about it. He respected the comfort Russian Empire finds and didn't joke about it.

'Name someone in the room who you would trust to go clothes shopping for you! Don't read this part out loud I want confusion.'

"Oh..sorry." Russian Empire apologized as he read it out loud. "You wrote it at the end..but it's Austrian Empire or Soviet. I trust they won't get me something I'm uncomfortable about."

'Are you planning to take America's suggestion to arrange a meeting with Alaska's?'

Russian Empire rubbed his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "I think it's better to take it..to clear things between me and Alaska.."

"That's nice, I agree with that." Austrian Empire have a thumps up. "You changed and he should know that too."

As Russian Empire opened the next letter, he couldn't bring himself to read it out loud. And not even the one after it. Nor the one after the other two as well.

He couldn't do anything but scan them with his eyes and forget to breathe. The sounds in the room faded, the edges of his eyes blackened and chest ached with stabs that didn't stop.

'So you sometimes think about the trauma you caused to Soviet? Even if he hides it, there must be some trauma left.'

'Do you think about how bad you were to Soviet more than your father was to you? How do you feel that Soviet was a great father even with his extramly bad childhood and you didn't manage to become a good father? Soviet showed you that it works to be a good father even with a bad childhood.'

'Do you realize that you are almost like your father? Almost because at least you know that you made mistakes. Did you for once NOT consider Soviet as your son? When he was a child?'

Breathing felt like a hard task as the letters each slipped from his shaking hands, Russian Empire heard muffled voices but he could t make out what they were saying. The voices started shouting but he couldn't hear. He couldn't breathe.

Everything felt too much, the lights too bright, his clothes felt like sandpaper on his skin, his fingered twitched and his sight turned blurry and glassy. He saw a red hand reach for him and take him in a. Tight hug, a frantic voice behind him talking about something of a meltdown and a panic attack. Then he heard a newer sound, so close and it sounded different. Weird. Unnatural.

Russian Empire was hearing himself sobbing uncontrollably.

..

Prussia noticed Russian Empire becoming quiet, his hands working shakily as he dropped a letter and opened another one, repeating it

again and his eye held nothing but fear and pain. A glint of agony was burning there.

"Russ..?" He knew it was useless to call him. Russian Empire wasn't with them anymore. "He's not breathing-" he pulled the letters away and his eye landed quietly on them and his wings twitched in shock.

How could someone ask such detailed questions about someone's past this casually?!

"Oh nein. Ich kenne das.." Germany hugged himself tightly. "Meltdown, panic attack..everything feels too much..brain hurts.." he mumbled to Russia who froze and looked at Russian Empire who was barely gasping for breaths, his hands itching at his chest and small broken sounds were escaping him.

"H-he's panicking! T-turn down the lights! Give him a pressure weight!" Germany tried to assist the situation and looked at Soviet. "Help him! He needs you!" That was all it took for Soviet to push Prussia and Austrian Empire away then wrap his arms tightly around Russian Empire. And the man broke.

He started sobbing loudly, the sound sending shivers down everyone's spine as they sounded raw and unguarded. Russian Empire clung to Soviet and kept crying without realizing what he's doing anymore. And Soviet gave him the pressure and gold he needed, just the way young Germany needed them when he would have his autistic meltdowns.

Their similarities were slowly growing more and more. Soviet hopes that therapy will help his father understand and learn how to live..

_____

It was well past midnight, Reich stood outside the house as he stared up at the winter moon with the winds calm yet biting at his skin for how cold they were.

"It's such nice weather." A feminine voice spoke from Reich's phone that was left on speaker. "Don't you agree?"

"I hate the cold, dearest. You know that." He heard her laugh, the way it rang in his ears and heart made him relax unconsciously.

"Is Mr. Russian Empire well now? You shouldn't be late on them." Her worry touched his heart. Reich is a lover for his wife. He sure is.

"He's with Soviet, Prussia and Austrian Empire. He's surrounded by those he needs." Reich said quietly with a sigh. "Dearest..you know this isn't why I called you, right?"

"Ja.." she hesitated a little then spoke. "What do you need, mein Weimar?" She was the only one allowed to call him that for she's the only one that loved him for who he was, Weimar or Reich. And his last letter for her was signed by his old name, too.

"It's Deutschland..he wants to see you.." her breathing hitched and Reich continued. "He deserves to know..we almost lost him, I almost lost him..he's old enough now, dearest.." he spoked softly and weakly.

"I.." he was met with static. "Weimar, I don't know...you made this plan. I know we didn't think it would last this long but...the danger of the consequences, and what if he hates me-"

"I'll take responsibility-"

"No, It can't be on you only! I must share it-" her professional speech was cut off.

"Dearest..I made this plan and set it into action to protect you. I won't stop protecting you now..it's my responsibility, liebling." He looked down at his phone and held it up. "Shall we do it?" There was that same static. "Dearest, no matter what happens, he's our son..he would be angry yes but..he'll love us. Like we love him.."

After a while of quietness, he heard a reluctant sigh. "Okay..well do it, together..just give me a bit of time, please.."

"Of course..we'll talk more about that, hm?"

"Yes." He heard the slight relief in her voice. "*Mein Weimar? I..miss*

you."

Reich smiled sadly and lifted his head up to stare at the stars. "*I love you too....*" He murmured her name quietly.

☆-Wives! Assemble!-

A/N: please read the note in my message board (。ŏ ﹏ ŏ)!!

Characters: France, Scotland, Kingdom of France, Kingdom of Hungary and Austria-Hungary.

———————-

The smell of freshly brewed tea and baked biscuits flew around the living room of Scotland's home. France was arranging the tea cups and the biscuits stand, making sure to align them perfectly and then taking out her phone to snap a quick photo, showing it to her mother who nodded approvingly.

"*It's beautiful*." She said in French, tapping the photo twice to zoom on the biscuits. "You think they will like it?"

"Mama, you know Scotland's baking. If they don't like it then their tastebuds are the problem." France beamed with a laugh. "She even made sure to make it with a natural sweetener so that Miss Hungary can eat them." She noticed her nothing tilting her head in confusion, so she explained further. "Kingdom of Hungary doesn't like sweet stuff."

"Oh..should we make coffee then?"

"Already done!" Scotland walked in holding two kettles and putting them over the candle stand to keep the contents hot. "If they come just tell them I'm changing." Scotland waved her hand and went to her room to change from her clothes into something else.

The gentle knock on the door made France get up and greet the two women. "You made it! Come in!"

"It smells comfy.." Austria-Hungary smiled softly as her nose

wriggled from smelling the air.

"That would be my doing." Scotland emerged with an oversized sweatshirt and jeans. "Come on we got some chit chats to have since our men aren't here! England made a fuss about leaving the house so I got Britain to take him out for some shopping or whatever, right after declaring France coming here."

"He couldn't fight his mother back." France laughed while she served the tea. "It's nice to have a girl's gathering." She smiled as she noticed her mother looking a bit more excited as the sitting was new for her.

"Oh please, Austrian Empire kept whining in bed about me leaving all day to see you all, I had to promise him a dinner next week or else he might cry." Kingdom of Hungary groaned but there was no bite in her tone, and a smile was cracking under her exasperation act.

"Kaiser was okay with me going, he was happy I'm making more friends outside of Bulgaria but he did sound worried about me, since we're kind of..a package together. We rarely act alone." Austria-Hungary rubbed her hands nervously.

"Aw, hey! There's a first time for things! We're good friends lassie, don't worry!" Scotland beamed. "I can imagine Bulgaria being jealous."

"Surprisingly she isn't! She's all like "yeah make that bubble bigger!" And sending me a lot of emojis that my phone shut down from the overload of work from using the text-to-speech function. Too many hearts." That made everyone laugh.

"Team caring husband." Scotland pointed at France and German Empire, "team clingy husbands." She pointed at herself and Kingdom of Hungary who sighed with a head shake.

"So clingy, so silly." Kingdom of Hungary grumbled.

"But~?" Austria-Hungary smirked at her mother who swatted her shoulder.

"Respect your mutter!"

"Yeah she loves him." France laughed as she lifted her leg in the other. "You guys have the cutest love story as I remember."

"Not this story again!" Kingdom of Hungary's ears heated up from blushing. "Scotland, dear, just please serve the biscuits!"

"Oh no no, not until you admit it!" Scotland clapped her hands, turning her head towards Kingdom of France who let out a soft surprising chuckle at the endearing scene before her.

Kingdom of Hungary was not fond of being the center of the talk.

Their talks shifted from their life, to their routines, their hobbies and more. Until it turned to their descendants.

"Maybe my eldest doesn't show it, but my grandkids have their grandfather's anger issues. Aussie for an example!" Scotland dipped her biscuit in her tea. "Kid will lose it for a minute then become exhausted. Canada has given up trying to cool him down while America just watches. Kiwi is treating it like a normal burst."

"Yeah, England can be a bomb sometimes.." France tapped her thigh. "I love him but his anger makes me scared. I'm surprised how Northern Ireland is nothing like him even with their similar flags!"

"*Northern Ireland is...bright.*" Kingdom of France spoke softly in French, France translating it for the guests who really didn't need translating but appreciated it.

"Aw, I want to meet him!" Kingdom of Hungary put her hand over heart.

"Eh! He's probably out there chasing England like a lost puppy or with Ireland scheming a plan." Scotland snickered at the image. "Kid loves both of them but things are complicated..." her tone shifted and Austria-Hungary gently reached her hand for her, wanting her new friend to let it out a bit.

"How so?" Kingdom of Hungary pressed gently.

"Well..Ireland is not pleased with the land area of Northern Ireland being under United Kingdom's rule..he wishes for a untied Ireland but it's hard..then there's England who feels like he's keeping the kid in a leash not to lose him to Ireland and the mere mention of his name makes him unpleasant, worrying that I still have attachments to Ireland." Scotland sighed, rubbing the ring in her finger. "I love him, you know? England. I love my family..I respect my ex-husband and I just want to live life easily but things..things can be rough sometimes. And with United Kingdom taking after his father, the intensity in relationships still remains.."

Everyone in the room quieted down at that, moved by their friend's struggles and clueless to help.

"Things will be better.." Kingdom of Hungary said firmly. "It's hard, but trust me when I say that you're the one keeping them together, Scotland."

Scotland smiled and her eyes glistened with unshed tears. "Thanks..thanks for listening, it feels better knowing I shared this with you girls. Well, Kingdom of France and France both know already so it's just you two but- ugh you get it!"

Laughter wrapped around them like a warm comforting blanket, hugging them.

———

Reich sat outside the backyard of the house, staring at the dancing flowers from the winds. The field was missing the familiar blue forget me nots due to them dying in winter, but in their place were planted tulips. He's not a poet, no. But it amazed him how these fragile little flowers actually love the cold conditions and they grow bright and big in them.

"Hah, kinda reminds me of you.." he murmured to himself as he remembered her. He's harsh, he's as cold as the winter. He pushed her away from their son to protect them both. And yet she grows. She keeps growing. And her love never faltered. And through all of that, he feels he's not good for her.

"Getting sentimental?" Soviet's voice rumbled behind Reich, sitting down next to him. "You still haven't told him? It's been three days."

"I need time-"

"How long has Germany **waited**?" That made rich shut up.

"Just go watch over your father, yeah?" He didn't mean to sound harsh as he said that, he cares about Russian Empire and he's still worried about him after that breakdown. And it left a scar on Germany because it was familiar. *Too familiar.*

Prussia and Russian Empire already signed for the appointment to meet Switzerland for their therapy, hopefully that'll get Russian Empire out of his room.

The house feels too chilling without him around, and that was a shock for everyone to realize. Even Austria-Hungary felt his absence.

Reich doesn't remember Soviet leaving but he didn't stay outside for long, he got back inside and walked to the living room but not after staring at the stairs that lead up.

He didn't need to wonder what's happening up there. Prussia and Austrian Empire never left Russian Empire's side all that time and he's sure they're there now, talking to the unresponsive country.

Soviet too. Soviet never left unless necessary. On cue, Soviet walked past him to take the stairs, going up for his father to stay with him while Prussia and Austrian Empire would come down.

———

"*I'm here..*" Soviet said softly in Russian, going over to the occupied bed of the room.

Russian Empire rested unmoving on his bed, his violet eye lost its color to appear grey and lifeless. The tear stain marks on his cheeks would eventually crave there from how unstoppable they were. Every time he remembered, every time he compared himself to his father, every time he saw Soviet, they just fell again.

"I made myself coffee. Though it's not the same as the one you make for us. Yours is bitter but tastier." Soviet kept talking, knowing the Russian Empire won't respond. "Ukraine called, she asks about you." No movement. "Mother called too." That got a flinch from Russian Empire. She knows? She must be enjoying that. "She's worried..and she's glad to hear you're attending therapy. She hopes things get better for you."

"Why.."

"Because she knows about your change too." Soviet reached his hand out for his father and when he didn't move away he put it on his shoulder. "Mistakes can be forgiven."

"Not..not mine. I deserve to rot with them."

"No-"

"Yes." And Russian Empire never responded to anything Soviet said after that.

Once Russian Empire fell asleep, Soviet left the room to tell Prussia and Austrian Empire about what happened.

"He's rotting in bed with clear signs of depression..can't we make the appointment sooner?" Austrian Empire asked as the three sat with Reich and German Empire in the living room.

"Isn't it next week? For therapy that's actually soon." German Empire tried to assure Austrian Empire.

"We just have to get him to get out of there room and be around us, that can help." Reich sighed and looked at Prussia who ran his hand aggressively through his hair.

"We've been trying for three days, kid. It's not that effective." Prussia said, almost pulling his hairs out while his tail swished. "He can't give up now.."

"We have to wait as well. Don't give up or else all hope is lost." Soviet ended the talk with that.

☆-Therapy Session and Confession-

Characters: Russian Empire, Prussia, Switzerland and mentions of Germany.

_____

"I can't express how happy I am to be here with you today and help you find your route to healing, Herr Russisches Reich, Herr Preußen. Our first session and you two chose for it to be done together yes? May I ask why?" Switzerland spoke softly to the two rigid countries who sat facing her on the comfy chairs in her home office.

Switzerland has made a specific room in her house as her therapy office, to help give her patients the comfort of a home instead of a real office in a building with fluorescent lights or white tiles.

She served them her homemade tea and cake, her place smelled of the lavenders that were near her window.

"We.." Prussia started awkwardly as he looked at Russian Empire then back at Switzerland. "We decided to start off easy, getting to know what's in it for us and what we get and how we do it.."

"I understand, it is important to be sure about something before you take a step deeper in it, and I respect that. Here with me we will talk about everything you guys have went through, no matter how small you may think it is, it can be the key to more answers for healing. Now, let us start simple, hmm? What brings you two to therapy?"

"My family insists I see therapy ever since that French man appeared alive and my uh.." Prussia pursed his lips. "My anger

has been getting the best of me..I was once diagnosed with bipolar disorder but I never checked in again with a therapist.."

"Mhm.." Switzerland nodded as she started writing down her notes. "And who hooked you up here?"

"Германия."

Prussia was too nervous to notice but Russian Empire saw her shoulders tensing a little then immediately relaxing. "Really? I'm surprised!" She laughed warmly, a pink blush dusting her cheeks.

"Yeah." Prussia had a little smile, his shoulders easing a bit. "Kept pestering us that if we ever see a therapist then it's you."

"He trusts you." Russian Empire spoke for the first time during his sitting. His words weren't laced with doubt, they were sure because he saw how Germany would describe that his sessions with her have always helped him ever since he was a little country.

Switzerland smiled and looked down at her notes, her smile having a trace of something else that re couldn't name. "He's been my patient for a while indeed." She clicked her pen and wrote down her notes. "We now know why Herr Preußen is here, what about you, Herr Russisches Reich?"

Russian Empire stayed quiet. Switzerland tried not to break at the sight before her ever since Russian Empire walked in with Prussia but it was too clear to ignore that her professional character felt on the verge of shattering. He looked more thin than the last time she saw him, his violet eye that was the topic of every country? Looked dead and pale, as if life was sucked out of it. His hands never stopped fidgeting with the hem of his sleeve and his wings would flinch as a sign of nervousness.

She saw Russian Empire tug the hem of his sleeve -yet again-, his hand shaking and his eye averting towards Prussia.

Prussia nodded with a firm expression on his face even when he himself is nervous. Prussia was grounding him. Anchoring Russian Empire.

It became clear to her now why they booked the session together. Russian Empire needed someone to keep him in one piece.

"I don't deserve anything of what I have." Russian Empire started. "Not my son's forgiveness..not a house with countries who care about me. Not my grandkids visiting me or admiring me. Not Германия looking at me like I have the stars in my hands. Not my ex-wife worrying about me. Nothing." He felt Prussia go rigid next to him. "I don't..I don't deserve these things and yet..they come to me." Russian Empire took a shuddering breath. "I hate it."

It's a lie.

"You hate it?" Switzerland stopped writing as she repeated the question, seeing the confusion in his eye.

"I **should** hate it.."

"You tell yourself that you should hate it and you say so, but you don't feel it, mm?" Russian Empire hated how she caught him. "I think you deserve the good things coming to you. You're not the same Herr Russisches Reich as before. You're learning to change for the better, isn't that true?"

"How..do you know?" Russian Empire asked with weariness in his tone.

The smile Switzerland gave was genuine and yet full of professionalism. And something else under that smile, but Russian Empire can't name it. "Deutschland. He speaks so high of you."

"I'm jealous." Prussia grumbled playfully and turned to Russian Empire who looked down at his lap, his hands gripping his knees with force. "Russ?"

"Why? Why why ***why?!*** Why am I forgiven?! I'm worse than **him**!" Russian Empire screamed with rage. "I hurt Soviet, I hurt Imperial, I hurt everyone I meet!" Russian Empire looked up at Switzerland while clutching his heart. "I don't need their forgiveness!"

"That's true." Switzerland put her pen down and got up, walking over to kneel before Russian Empire and look at him better. "You

don't need their forgiveness, but they gave it to you because they want to. Right now, what you truly need is to forgive yourself. That's the first step." Russian Empire bit his lip tightly as he lowered his head, not saying another word.

Switzerland gave a nod and turned to Prussia, who straightened up and sat defensively. "What?"

"Bipolar disorder. And what about the anger?"

"Just a little bit of anger. That's all."

"I wish to help you, Herr Preußen. I'm not trying to pry into your privacy out of curiosity." Switzerland went behind her desk and sat. "So please, explain your anger."

Prussia groaned and looked out the window, his tail unconsciously swishing. "I don't know."

"That's worrisome." Switzerland frowned as she wrote down in her notes, and it sent alarms to Russian Empire and Prussia's minds.

"Because it blurs my mind." Prussia sighed in exasperation. "It just..happens when near him. I lose my control and I fully transform...the next thing when I'm conscious? Everything is.." he couldn't finish it.

Everything is destroyed. That's what happens.

"Does it always happen when near him?" Switzerland asked.

"It becomes worse when near him." So he didn't deny his anger at all.

"Herr Preußen, I think you have signs of anger issues, or it could perhaps be PTSD - post traumatic stress disorder." Switzerland put her pen down. "With more sessions together, I'm sure we will be able to track it down better and try to find your way to treat it."

After that, Switzerland swiftly wrapped it up and when the two got up to leave, she asked for Russian Empire to stay for a bit while Prussia waited outside.

"Herr Russisches Reich. Would you care to tell me about the panic attack you had? The latest one."

Russian Empire froze as he met her eyes, brown and held no fear.

"Who.." Russian Empire asked breathlessly, his hands reaching up to pull at the hem of his sleeve to keep him from spiraling.

"Deutschland told me.." the way she said his name. "He was very worried about you and Prussia when he called me to ask if the appointment is booked and if they mentioned your breakdown. I'm glad he told me about it. It enlightens important aspects in your diagnosis journey. Now tell me, what did you feel?"

Russian Empire opened his mouth then shut it. How did he feel? He felt like he was dying. The lights were blinding, the clothes touching his skin felt like fire, air was sucked out of him, touch felt like a stab. He didn't realize he was speaking his thoughts until he heard Switzerland hum and wrote down in her notes swiftly.

"Herr Russisches Reich, would you like to hear my thoughts about your diagnosis? We're still early and it's our first session but i have some guesses." A nod was all she needed to continue. "Have you ever thought about you being under the autism spectrum?"

"So you're saying that my brain is broken?"

"I'm saying that your brain works **differently**." She defended quickly. "Would you think that about Deutschland too?" That made Russian Empire freeze and look away. Again with the mention of Germany and that thing in her tone whenever she says his name. He didn't ignore the defensiveness and anger as she guarded the kid, her professionalism wavering a little but it returned again strong. "You wouldn't, you love the kid."

"I do love him.."

"Do you love Soviet?"

"Yes." He said it without hesitation. "He's my son." He decided to test his theory now. "I love him as much as you love Германия, Switzerland." The silence stretched for a few seconds before

Switzerland spoke up.

"What?"

"He's your son."

It wasn't a question.

Switzerland and Russian Empire shared eye contact.

He wasn't asking. He was **declaring**.

Switzerland didn't deny.

_____-

A/N: (ΦωΦ)

☆ ✦-Just So-

Huh? Two stars in the title? Well~!
A filler chapter but its events are canon to the world!
Because I do have non-canon fillers. This chapter takes place before the events of "Unsigned Letters 4.0"
Also, I'm trying to improve my writing of Germany's autism and I'm proud of how this chapter came out! I hope it's well written!
Any feedback is APPRECIATED!! ٩(๑ ˆ̀ᗜˆ́ ๑)۶
———————-

Characters: Prussia, Germany, Russia and mentions of others.

———————-

It was a howling winter morning when Prussia came over to Germany's house for a bit of transformation training. He froze by the door when he noticed the house lighting was dimmed below the usual. For a second, Prussia doubted the date.

He remembers Germany picking today to train since he's free, but with the lights low, Prussia worried something was wrong. One hand reaching for his phone, he walked carefully into the house and called for his great-grandson.

"Deutschland?" He called more than once with no answer, then saw Germany sitting on his armchair, knees against his chest with his head buried low, in his study room the second floor.

Prussia didn't get angry about Germany ignoring him, he walked quietly near him but kept a distance not to overwhelm the young German. "Things are too much, tiny crow?"

A weak nod. Then in a small voice barely above a whisper, Germany spoke. "Your shoe is loud." Prussia didn't need to be told twice to take it off and put it away.

Prussia is new to this, having to witness the rough days that came

with Germany's autism, but he's learning. He remembers talking to both his son and grandson about how he can help Germany and, to his surprise, it matched a bit of the things he usually does for Russian Empire.

Keep a distance when you see the tense shoulders and the furrow between his eyes. Keep your voice low, don't initiate physical contact unless allowed to. "Do you know what caused it?" Prussia's question was full of patience and understanding, and it only made Germany's face flush with a blush of embarrassment and how eyes become bright with unshed tears.

"Nothing." He sounded forced to speak.

Prussia let out a breath and rubbed the back of his neck. Okay, seems like a tough one today with Germany being stubborn. "Want me to call your vater?"

"He's busy today." Okay. Germany is slowly shutting himself out more and more. If Prussia doesn't help then Germany might turn unresponsive.

"Okay, it's okay. I'm here now, I can help." He looked at Germany who didn't make eye contact and sighed. "I want to help." He added and finally, Germany's eyes lifted up slowly, staring past Prussia's shoulder but still not making eye contact.

"...sensory hoodies..all feel wrong today.." Germany started as his eyes moved around the floor. "I tried them all, too much.." his wings fluttered in a sign of discomfort. "Why.."

"It's alright, can you show me your hoodies? How many are there?"

Germany got up to retrieve his hoodies, showing the only two pieces he has and both looked worn from wear. Prussia tried to peek at the shop name here and there but there weren't any labels, and the shop name print that replaces the label was faded from wash. Sensory hoodie alright, they did it well.

"Do you know where they're from?"

"Ruski knows..never told me."

"Why's that?" Prussia looked taken back at Russia gate keeping the name of the shop.

"He wants to buy them for me always." Ah. That's why.

"Well..I'll call Russia, are you okay with giving me your phone to call him?" He was answered by Germany handing the phone silently with the passcode unlocked and Prussia didn't waste a minute.

"Hal lo Deutschland-"

"It's me, Prussia." Prussia kept a straight face not to show emotions at how Russia greeted his great grandson in his language. "We may need a few new hoodies. Now."

"On it." Russia didn't hesitate and that earned a feeling of respect and something else Prussia couldn't name. *"I'll be there in thirty eight minutes. Tell that to Germany."*

Prussia was confused but did so, and he saw Germany stare at the wall clock and tap his fingers in seconds. His shoulders relaxed. He walked away and asked Russia why.

"Germany feels comfort in numbers, when he knows there's something steady in his routine. Something that would t play a prank on him and change suddenly. So minutes, seconds, they help him. I'm sure without looking that he's already counting while tapping."

Prussia's eye widened as he stared at Germany. "That's...correct.."

"I have to go now. I have thirty eight minutes and I can't be a second too late or too early." And the line was cut.

Prussia stared down at the phone in genuine surprise then turned around to see Germany still tapping his fingers and his eyes never leaving the ticking clock, his wings lowered in a sign of feeling at ease and his rigid posture slowly unwinding. Not only was Russia understanding of the situation but also helping in it. Prussia already knows where Russia is going to: buy new sets.

The older German put the phone down carefully and went to the kitchen to prepare something to drink, making himself and Russia

coffee while Germany will have some chamomile tea to ease him, taking his time and more at making them.

Precisely as Russia promised, thirty eight inures later the door was open by the spare key he owns and he walked in holding two bags. "I'm here."

"You came right on time.." Germany looked up at Russia, his hands fidgeting with his shirt buttons. "Thirty eight minutes."

"I told you so." Russia smiled and carefully put down the paper bags not to cause too much noise. "I got you new hoodies, but this time I bought five. You can use two and keep three for when the two get worn out."

"Did you separate them by color?" His question was small, but the signs of his previous meltdown were slowly fading.

"Mhm. Want to see?" Germany nodded and just then, he finally left the armchair and crouched to the bags, taking out the black hoodie and slowly inspecting it.

Prussia put down the tray of three mugs and two plates of snacks he found around the kitchen, his eye resting over at Germany who was slowly staring to become more relaxed and calm.

"It's right." Germany said after the long inspection the hoodie went through and he took off his shirt to put it on. "I will inspect the others."

"Of course." Russia smiled and sat next to Prussia while holding his mug.

"How.." Prussia didn't know how to form the question, but Russia understood and chuckled.

"Growing up with three siblings gives you an idea." He sipped his coffee, Prussia never asking why Russia counted Germany as his sibling. It was already there, and everyone knows it. "I was always the one who understands Germany's needs when we were kids. It can make my sisters confused, and my tired would either be busy or just clueless as to how he can help. The sessions with Switzerland

back then and to this day still help Germany understand himself and his needs. But other than her and Reich, it was me who understands."

"But Soviet is great with Germany."

"It took time, yes. But at first it was only me who managed to understand his unique mind. And it never bothered me, you know? Having to take care of him. Separate his food in a certain order, always having to dim the lights less than 80%, getting the same brand of writing pen just because "it feels good in my hand"." Russia smiled at Germany who started with the second bag that has two grey hoodies. "I'm just happy I'm doing something right in my life for once.." he unconsciously rubbed his arms.

"Russia, I thank you." Prussia said gently and looked down at his mug. "I'm still new to Germany's life..I still don't understand everything..would you be willing to teach me?"

Russia looked up at Prussia in surprise and his ears turned a little red. "M-me? I..of course.."

"For Germany?" Prussia smiled and offered his hand for a shake.

Russia relaxed and held his hand back, shaking it firmly. "Da. Anything for my brother.."

Prussia smiled and looked down at Germany who was folding the hoodies that went through a full inspection and he can now finally drink his tea while tugging at the hem of his hoodie that he's wearing.

Prussia would never say it, but he never wishes for anyone other than Russia to be this close to his great grandson.

Minutes stretched to hours with Prussia updating the two about every story in the house he shares with the dead countries, varying from fixing leaky roofs at dusk to stories about Austrian Empire trying to surprise Kingdom of Hungary with planting flowers that turned out to be poisonous and, drastically, half the garden flowers died with Austrian Empire crying in guilt. Kingdom of Hungary

couldn't keep her anger at him and allowed him to help restore the garden under her lecture.

Germany's body and mind finally relaxed at hearing Prussia and Russia sharing laughs and stories. His eyes would linger at the space between them in the couch they shared tighter while fidgeting with the string of his hoodie.

Russia immediately noticed that and took his and Prussia's mugs to put them down on the coffee table then return to his seat but this time he deliberately made a spot for Germany between him and Prussia.

As soon as Germany saw a space enough to fit him, he got up and stared at the spot. "Can I sit there?"

Russia and Prussia shared knowing smiles and nodded at Germany who went over to sit between them, his body carefully leaning towards Prussia and making their shoulders touch.

Prussia took it as an invite and carefully wrapped an arm around Germany and the kid melted next to him, letting his head fall on his shoulder and Prussia ran his hand through his hair.

"You understand." Germany spoke to Prussia without looking up. "You didn't question it."

"Because I try to be a safe space for you." Prussia answered honestly. "I still have a long way of learning, that's for sure. But I'll do my best."

"You're..good.." Germany traced a scar on Prussia's palm. "I thought you would be little me."

"And why would I?"

"Because you're powerful and prideful. I'm just autistic."

"And you're as strong as I am, having to deal with the whole world being difficult."

"But I'm broken." Germany frowned up at Prussia, his eyes holding

contact for a split second then drifting to stare past his shoulder. "You and Russia..vater, Sowjet..you're all strong even when life is difficult."

"Kid, if we're talking about being broken then I'm the one to take the crown at that." Prussia booped Germany's nose. "You want to know our secret why we're strong?" Germany nodded and Prussia continued, "you hold us all together."

"That, I agree about." Russia patted Germany's hand. "And I can't thank you enough for keeping me sane." He chuckled sadly, seeing Germany tilt his head a bit but nod silently.

"Like how you all make the world easier for me..I make it easier for you."

"Exactly that, little crow."

———————-

A/N: hello hello! If you're reading this note then I thank you! Because I want to speak about the upcoming March hiatus due to Ramadan arriving, which is a holy month for us Muslims where we do our best in charity, prayer, Quran reading, fasting, and more. Racing one another in achieving good deeds. In this holy month, we believe that Allah opens all gates of heaven and locks the gates of hell, which makes us all push for the best to earn the best in the afterlife. Therefore, I won't be online a lot in this month and I hope and KNOW you guys would understand and respect that because let's be honest here, the respect and understanding is all I've ever seen from you guys and it makes me comfortable enough to share this with you because I know you amazing readers are always looking out for each other. And that's the best community I could ever ask for.
Ramadan will be starting around the beginning of March! Today is 27 feb, mmmmmmaybe I can get a chapter tomorrow before Ramadan? Who knows xD
Thank you for reading the note! <3

☆-A Glimpse of His Past-

A/N: something short I know ASDFGHJKL- here's some crumbs until the big meals are done >:)

———————-

The snowy winds blew over the little flowery corner of the backyard mercilessly as Kingdom of Hungary tied the ropes of cover over her herbs, her face sit in determination as she worked.

"Out of everyone in this house you chose me to help? Really, Oma? How thoughtful." Reich grumbled while pulling the other side of the rope tightly, grumbling endlessly as he worked around the snow.

"One more word, Reich and I swear I'm not making you dinner tonight." Kingdom of Hungary grumbled fondly with a head shake.

After she and Reich were done, they headed inside and went to the kitchen to make some warm drinks for themselves and the others.

The moment the garden was empty, the owl winged country found himself quietly sneaking out the porch and into the snow, shoe, socks, any warm gear was forgotten.

Russian Empire let his bare feet touch the fresh blanket of snow and it immediately sent sharp sensations through his body, making his wings twitch with satisfaction as he closed his eyes and lifted his head up to the sky, feeling the crystals of snowflakes melting as soon as it made contact with his warm cheeks.

From the porch, Prussia and Austrian Empire were silently observing their friend become one with the snow. Austrian Empire tilted his head in bewilderment when he saw Russian Empire's wings lower in a sign of feeling relaxed. Not even one flinch of cold was there.

"You know," Prussia started softly, "for someone who was locked out in the snow during his childhood..it always surprises me how he finds sanctuary in it."

Austrian Empire looked at Prussia with eyes wide open in terror. "What?" He asked breathlessly as he averted his eyes to Russian Empire then towards Prussia. "Prussia, this isn't the time for a joke-"

"Does it look like I'm joking?" Prussia didn't looked at Austrian Empire, his eye focused on Russian Empire whose hands were clutched in his sides. "I met Russ when he was merely a child. I attended a party that Tsardom of Russia invited me to. Russian Empire was told to be sick." Prussia closed his eyes in memory. "You know me. I snuck around, somehow "lost" my way around the castle and found myself sitting with a child who is suffering hypothermia." Prussia's eyes opened, his blind eye uncovered in a rare sight, the grey pupil reflecting Russian Empire's silhouette. "I didn't need to put one and one together to understand what happened." And yet he remembers how Russian Empire was terrified when Prussia came into his room, how he made millions of excuses not to say he was locked out: all until Prussia told him that it's okay to inform him for 'strategic reasons' that Russian Empire's dam broke.

Austrian Empire opened his mouth to speak but Russian Empire beat him to it.

"It accepted me." Russian Empire looked up at the snow with his violet eye glowing lively. "It didn't question me..it didn't resent me. It didn't force me to become what I'm not ready for." He reached one hand to the sky. "It wrapped its arms around me. It held me." Russian Empire let his hand fall to his side and turned around to look at the three figures. "It accepted me as I am, with my flaws, my injuries, my blood ruining its pure whiteness as I walked away from what I once had, lost and alone." His eye looked past Prussia and Austrian Empire at the third figure that held his gaze.

A golden eye staring back at a violet eye.

"I-I.." Austrian Empire looked behind and saw Soviet silently looking at his father, his hands clinched and his eye showing more emotions than Austrian Empire can count. "W-we should get you

inside now!" He said and rushed to his winger friend, a blanket in his hands as he wrapped it around him, coaxing Russian Empire to get inside the house and passing by Prussia and Soviet.

Prussia looked at the back of Russian Empire then over at Soviet.

"I..didn't know.." Soviet's eye was suspiciously bright and his voice was rough with emotions. "He never told us."

"I had to get it out of him." Prussia closed the sliding glass door and went over to the Russian, putting his hand on his shoulder. "It's not your fault, Soviet."

✦☆-Hammering The Wall-

A/N: I uh...I have a lot of explaining to do, don't I? The thing is, life's been busy, that's one. Two, I've been hyper fixated on an old game I just returned to with my siblings so, energy is high xD, and three, I've been taking steps in my life as I grow, so a lot has been going on and I am trying to get myself back into rhythm and better habits (aka more hobby, less screen time. That way I can make more content and get to write more x])
I made this chapter because I really missed this place, missed you guys, and missed this silly world we built together. It's a short chapter but it helped me warm up my fingers and mind in order to return fully insha-allah! I need to answer some straw page asks and messages too, don't forget to check the link for socials!

And one last thing...how have yall been?(ﾟωﾟ`)

_____-

The dream started as dreams do: foggy, calm, serene, and dimmed of colors. He was talking to his youngest daughter Belarus. He remembers that day, a flashback.

He was asking the whereabouts of Russia and East, with both kids being gone since dawn.

It was November . It was 1989 . He knows this day very well, it's planted in the back of his mind and today it decided to return as a dream.

The scene transformed, he was walking in Berlin, his face betraying no emotion he felt as he walked towards the wall. He saw two pair of eyes look up at him, wide and scared.

"отец.." Russia sounded younger, his eyes more vibrant than current day. He stood protectively before easy, both boys holding hammers. Signs of breaking visible on the wall behind the two.

Soviet knows that the time was coming, that this separation wouldn't last forever.

East has grown into the curious boy he used to be when he was much more smaller. His wings fluttering in worry as he contemplated whether to stand next to Russia or shrink himself behind him.

"H-..Herr Papa Sowjet.." the German country stammered weakly, standing behind Russia with his hammer clutched in his hands. "..Bitte.."

Soviet looked up at the looming wall, passing next to them and reached his hand to touch the wall, brushing over it with his calloused hands.

He remembers pulling out his hammer, he remembers taking a strong swing with a sharp hit, widening the crack.

He remembers the look of pure surprise and shock at the two younger countries' faces.

The dream flashed and he was now staring at East and West Germany hugging each other tightly, crying as the light bloomed between them, mending their bodies, mending their hearts. Reforming them as who he was once.

Soviet opened his eyes with a start, his breathing labored and in small gasps.

"Had a good friend, ja?" He turned his head to see Reich sitting in his own bed, tinkering with a train model, appearing to be installing lights inside it.

Soviet sat up with a grunt as his sore body ached him, his hand brushing his hair away from his face where it was sticking from his sweat. "And you've been watching me this whole time? Creep." His tone didn't have the harsh bite. "What are you doing?"

"Gift. Germany mentioned how he started collecting train models, so o got him one but decided to put a twist to it before I present it to him." He moved the train away with an arm length to inspect it. "Your vater just went downstairs, probably for some of his tasty yellow leaf drink. The one that makes you drowsy."

"Did you mean: chamomile?" Soviet didn't mess the little invite under Reich's speech. Go to your father. Stay with him. Join him in his solitary hour.

After a moment of thoughts, Soviet left his bed and put on a hoodie. "I think chamomile is what would work for me." He said but grabbed his phone to type something then went out, leaving it behind.

Reich looked at Soviet's phone when it chimed with a reply, his eyebrow raised in curiosity as he saw his son's name alongside the message.

маленькая германия *: I don't hate you for that day, Herr Sowjet. In fact, you helped me take the step to mending myself again. I always remember the surprise I felt when you swung your hammer. Never hate yourself for that dream.*

'Mending myself again'
'Swung your hammer'
'Never hate yourself for **that** dream'

Reich saw the screen turn black and he looked at the door where Soviet left minutes ago.

"1989.." he muttered to himself and looked down at the train. "Still got mixed feelings I see...how soft." He flipped the switch and the warm light illuminated Reich's face where lines and scars became visible with the shadows. "Funny how it all comes down to me, don't you think?" He looked at the train as if it had all the answers. He turned off the lights and laid back down, hearing the faint sound of Russian Empire and Soviet downstairs, followed by the groan of Russian Empire and his son when Prussia's sound was too loud and not fitting the duo.

"Turn on the lights! Can I join? I want yellow tea." ***Prussia*** .

"Why are you awake.." ***Russian Empire.***

"I can make you one." ***Soviet*** .

"Room for me? Pretty please?" **Austrian Empire?** Great, the solitary

hour is ruined.

Reich snorted and closed his eyes, the smell of chamomile taking him to a dreamless sleep.

☆✦-Fragmented Memories-

Characters (main): Germany, Italy, Japan, America, Russia and Reich

_____-

"Don't go too far!" Koi yelled as he watched the three young countries run out in the field.

Italy had his arms wide open as he ran, Japan was chasing a butterfly and Germany was trying to catch up to them.

But little Germany had been bothered by something today that made his mood unstable and his mind in constant discomfort. He stopped his run when all three were far enough from the adults and looked down at his feet.

His father had gotten him new shoes today, fancy polished ones with beautiful laces that brought out the color of the leathered shoes. But ever since putting them on and being hit with the smell of died leather, and Germany's mind was not very...happy.

"Germany? Why did you stop?" Italy shouted from his place, already plucking flowers. "Do you need us to go back? But we just left!" He whined.

Germany didn't look up, he sat down with a grumble and kicked off his shoes. "Feels wrong!" He finally let his tough day what's been in his head. "Too pressed, too tight..and the smell makes my nose upset." He looked at his shoes like they personally offended him.

Italy and Japan looked at each other then went to Germany. "Do you want me to make the laces less tight? We can try that." Japan offered and sat down next to Germany, his tail wagging gently as he took the shoe and opened the laces.

The moment the shoe made contact with Germany's leg, the boy flinched and his wings fluttered uneasily. "Too tight.."

"But he didn't tie them yet!" Italy tilted his head and pouted when Germany shrunk. "Sorry- maybe we should talk to your papa about the shoes if they make you upset.."

"Italy-kun is right.." Japan held the shoe gently and put it on his lap. "Maybe he'll know why it makes you upset?"

"But then..I'll make Vati upset that I didn't like it.." Germany looked at the shoe and hugged his knees. "He got it for me today..I don't want to throw it.."

"Hm..oh! I have an idea!" Italy whispered to the three, grinning when they all agreed to the idea. Once making sure Germany was actually comfortable, the three ran back to the adults.

"Otōsan." Imperial Japan looked back when his son called for him and his eyebrows shot up at the sight.

The three kids looked normal, nothing out of place. But looking down at their shoes, that was when it came different.

"Japan.." imperial sighed with a head shake. "What happened now?"

"I'll say!" Italy stood forward proudly. "Germany was feeling upset about his shoes feeling all wrong and mean on his legs, so I gave him mine! And I swapped with Japan so all three of us could have new shoes! And look!" He pointed at Germany who was wearing Italy's shoes that were laces free. "Germany's feet aren't upset anymore!"

Germany looked up at Reich whose face was emotionless. The older German kneeled down to his son's level and looked at the new shoes. "Mein sohn, is that true?"

"Mm..s-sorry..."

"No, I'm sorry." Reich put his hand over Germany's hair and gave it a gentle pat. "I didn't ask if you felt comfortable with the new shoes. Next time, I'll take you shopping with me so we can buy you the

one you are comfortable with, okay?"

Germany's eyes widened and he nodded vigorously. "Ja! Ja! Danke Vati!" He was standing on his toes excitedly and started blabbering about how Italy's shoes felt just right, while Italy was handing out the flowers he plucked and Japan was admiring the shoes that were Germany's but now his, amazed by the clearly expensive marksmanship in the leather making.

———————

"Germany? Hello?" Germany blinked rapidly when a hand waved before his face closely. "There you are! You just stood there staring at the shoes all of a sudden, buddy! You feeling okay?"

Germany looked up to see America and Russia looking at him with confusion and a ring of worry. "We can take a rest if you're feeling unwell." Russia offered with a pointed finger towards a small restaurant. "Or we can get you home."

"No I'm.." Germany shook his head with a small smile. "Just remembered something, is all.." he walked ahead of them, his steps looking lighter. "Come on, I still want to buy that new train model and you promised to pay for it, Amerika!"

America and Russia shared a look that barely lasted a second before the two followed their friend into the antique store, feeling assured already that whatever memory it was, it appeared not to be triggering.

———————

Reich was watching Kingdom of Hungary having a heated debate with both Austrian Empire and Soviet about plant care, where Austrian Empire was taking notes enthusiastically while Soviet called it "water once and call it a day" to which made Kingdom of Hungary's face turn comically shocked.

"Soviet, of it weren't for your father being a founding member of this house, I would have kicked you."

"What?! I used to care for sunflowers and they only needed water!

They'd follow the sun anyway!"

"***Soviet***! You take it back!"

Reich was quite enjoying the show when his phone started ringing and he left the room to answer for his son.

"Hallo, mein sohn! What's got you calling this old man at this late hour?" He teased with a smile at hearing Germany laugh.

"Nothing to worry about, vater. I remembered something today when I was with Ruski and Amerika."

Reich froze and stood straighter, knowing that his son's memory is a bit of a mess after the events of the separation and the reunion. "Is that so? What was it?"

"Remember when you got me those new leather boots? From when I was a child." Reich's breath hitched. Germany continued, *"when Italy swapped with me, then swapped with Japan so we can all have new pairs..I remembered it today when we passed by a shop that displayed new shoes, they looked so much alike-"*

"I'm sorry." Reich cut his son off abruptly. "I'm sorry..I didn't- I never realized or asked for your-"

"*It's okay, I'm not sat, vater*." Germany spoke softly. "*Never was..*"

"You should be. Back then..I never looked at myself as if I was wrong." He closed his eyes tightly when the image of a younger Germany appeared with Austria carrying him. "I should have...I.."

"*It's okay, Vati*." Reich could hear the smile in his son's voice. "*It was your first time being a vater..we all make mistakes in our first time at anything*."

"Don't you think I made too much?"

"Maybe.." Reich felt the air getting sucked out of him. *"But you're changing. You and I both know a certain dead country who still insists against change..you're becoming better. I see it, everyone does."*

"Certainly not France."

"She can be emotionally driven..and that's okay. I'm sure she's learning to heal differently than all of us."

"Yeah..maybe.." Reich murmured and looked over at a hung painting of the Forget-Me-Nots. "Germany, are you happy? Truly."

"I am." Germany answered with no hesitation whatsoever. *"Truly am, vater."*

"Good.." Reich sighed and felt the tension leave his body, if only just a little bit of it. "Very good."

"I have to leave, I want to build my train."

"A newer one?" Reich laughed with a head shake. "Well, don't let me drag you, but you better show it to me."

"I will! It's a model based on a train from the 1800's! I'm ecstatic!" Reich could hear the gentle finger tapping on a table, indicating that indeed, Germany is happy.

And that makes him happy. But he's dreading what's coming up soon, because he knows that this small peace will be fractured. And he is hoping that it won't be a permanent damage.

☆-The Missing Piece-

The sky was gray and heavy that day, filling the skies with the distant sound of thunders and the weak illumination of lightning. Forecasters predict a rough rain by this evening, maybe even a storm. Many advised to stay indoors for utmost safety.

Yet here sat Reich, legs crossed and picking on the grass of the garden he and his housemates share. He didn't hear the sound of footsteps approaching him, but he noticed the shadow of a country with the usual messy hair and folded wings.

"Hallo, vater." Germany sounded unsure, nervous, and Reich couldn't really blame him. "You called for me to come, sorry if I was late.."

"You're fine, come." Reich patted the spot before him, his head staring down at his lap where two pictures laid with their faces down. "You know why I called?"

Germany sat down, his eyes scanning the patio door where no one was in the living room then back to his father. "I think I do."

Reich took a shuddering breath and closed his eyes, hoping to gather some courage. "Main sohn, what do you know of your mutter? Or what do you remember."

Germany took a minute to think, only to come with blurry memories that he couldn't place if they are real or his mind making them up on the way. "I..I'm not sure. My memory after.." he trailed off, his hands nervously fidgeting with his fingers.

"Tell me, and I'll correct them." Reich promised and Germany went on about how he doesn't remember much about her but her smile and that she had short hair, which Reich approved correct. He then spoke of his dreams and how she always radiated the feeling of a

warm spring, always had that sweet optimism that made any fear small.

"That she did have. Still has, I hope..life wasn't easy on her you know.."

"Still..has..? She's alive?" Germany's voice cracked with emotions. "Have I seen her? W-why doesn't she come see me? Is it my fault? Is it because of my autism-"

"Breathe! Hey, hey it's okay! None of that..I'll explain everything." Reich held Germany's hand when they started fluttering nervously and picking at his nail skin. "She didn't stop seeing you because she chose to..I told her." Germany's eyes widened and he took a small gasp.

"W-what..?"

Reich almost cried at seeing his son's face, the pure heartbreak and pain in his eyes was enough to tighten his throat and moister his eyes. "Listen to me, mein sohn..she..she didn't want to leave, she never wanted it..it was the only way for her to see you even if it means she'll have to keep distance and keep her relationship to you buried. I told her because if they knew- if the allies knew who she is, I don't want to imagine the punishment that would have fallen on her." Reich has stopped looking at Germany, feeling stupid for his reasons. "I-I told her because I knew they would not care less for anything. Look what they did to us, separating me from my own family, they even pushed you away from them. If they knew her identity, they would have pushed her away from you-"

"But you pushed us away from each other.." Reich looked up and froze. Before him, Germany was motionless and his tears already making lines on his cheeks and dropping to their linked hands. "You..you pushed mutter..you kept her away just like they did to me with opa and the others.." Germany was shaking already, his wings fluttering.

"I know! I know I'm sorry..I'm sorry it's the only way to keep you both safe..I'm sorry..." he gripped the pictures in his lap, already regretting opening the door to a subject that can't be closed again.

"She loves you, god she loves you so much Germany..believe me when I say that, we both love you.."

Germany looked at Reich's hands and reached out for the pictures slowly. When Reich loosened his grip on the pictures for Germany to take them, he looked at his son's reaction.

The moment Germany looked at the photos, he dropped them like they burned. "No." He breathed weakly, his eyes widening as he stared at the fallen pictures. "No no- you're lying. This isn't real it's- it's fabricated!"

"Mein sohn-"

"It's not real! Switzerland-" he gasped as he sobbed, his hands gripping his hair in agony and utter break. "She's my therapist! She's not- she can't be-!" He cried and hugged his arms, his eyes unable to stare away from the pictures: one of Switzerland pregnant and Weimar, and the other was Switzerland and Germany alone. He couldn't be older than three. "It's not true it's not true it's not..no..no no no-" Germany started hyperventilating, all memories from his first day in the therapy to this day crashing down at him. Every single memory of meeting Switzerland in UN meetings or in hospitals or just about anywhere. All that time, he was living blind.

"Germany-" Reich reached his hand out only to have it slapped away, Germany looking at him with bloodshot eyes and despair.

"Don't..don't touch me."

"Please, don't do this.."

Before Reich could reach out for Germany, the young country got up and started running to the front door, uncaring if he passed by Russian Empire or Kingdom of Hungary, not looking back at the sound of glass shattering as the base broke and the dandelions fell on the floor, accidentally getting stepped over by his father who started running after him.

"Oh god.." Austrian Empire whispered and gently moved Austria-Hungary away from the shattered glass, looking out at the door

then back at Russian Empire for answers.

Russian Empire looked at the open door then turned to Soviet and Austrian Empire both. "Go after them."

"But-"

"**Now!**" Russian Empire shouted and saw the two leave the house, he turned to speak to Kingdom of Hungary but felt claws grab his shirt and push him to the wall forcefully.

"You know something we don't." German Empire hissed, his eyes turning black. "Speak. Up."

Russian Empire looked at German Empire with his face in the usual expression of nonchalance, then turned to Prussia who didn't try to stop his son. "I do." He finally said when he looked back at German Empire. "And since Reich has already spoke it, I assume I can as well.."

"Get it over with." German Empire tightens his grip, trying to control himself.

"The identity of Germany's mother." German Empire's grip was gone, making Russian Empire stand straighter and fix his collar while avoiding eye contact.

"Who.." Kingdom of Hungary didn't dare finish the question as she could see her son in law and her daughter already paling.

Prussia's tail came out without his control.

"Switzerland. It's Switzerland, she's his mother and Reich's wife."

German Empire didn't realize his tears, nor did he realize that Austria-Hungary collapsed on her knees, sobbing.

———————-

A/N: SOOO...*nervous cough* about that- I'm sorry for being gone so long IM REALLY TRULY SORRY I MISSED YALL!!!! Life's been busy but I'll try to make time for this book! After all, you sweet

beebs are the best thing to happen to a dreaming writer such as me! I'm thankful to Allah for having such wonderful readers such as you all.

I was going to write the WHOLE ARC in one chapter, ya know? But at the last minute I went "EHH LETS MAKE IT INTO PARTS AND POST THEM! YEH!" So, enjoy the waterfalls! It's only the start, trust me~

Life updates - temporary chapt (i hope)

Uhm...hey guys I uh, I have a lot to say-(`•◘•́;)

I'm sorry for being gone that long, a lot is happening and I feel it would be unjustified if I don't update you guys

The past few months it's been hard to get hyped with CH (and I hope it's just temporary low battery thingy and that I can get back because I still find some content beautiful even when I find myself unable to create some sobbing-)

Also I've gotten engaged! My wedding will be in 2026 so preparations are underway and I've been busy around balancing all the things to be done as well as work

And lastly, I'm heading to Thailand for medical appointments, if some of you remember my knee injury, I'll be seeing a specialist there to help me in my healing journey.

So a lot is happening indeed, and I feel awful for not making any chapter for you all but I hope this little life update helps bring things into light..and I do hope to get back to the book and write more, I'm even ready to tell you guys what happens in the next chapters just so I can be able to write silly stand-alone chapters again SKDBIWNEJS—

Love you guys, really, you've been the best thing to happen to me when I was at my lowest, and I don't want to even stop having you around guys

Thank you, stay hydrated and stay awesome guys, and thanks

thanks thanks so much for the reads, they bring me so much joy

Your silly snow/froggy author,
With love and head pats!! (ଘ□ᴗ)

☆-The Mirror Cracks Open-

America found himself in a hurried walk as the rain started pouring gently overhead, muttering to himself about not listening to Canada who told him to get an umbrella.

"Great, the day I decided to wear a jacket without a hood!" He grumbled to himself as he took a turn and immediately felt a crushing weight hit his chest and he fell back with it.

Groaning as his head hit the asphalt, he craned his head up and looked at whoever or whatever crashed into him, only to freeze when he saw the black unkempt wings and the shuddering figure of Germany burying himself into America's chest, crying and sobbing his throat raw.

Protectively, America hugged the country and looked up to see Reich, Soviet and Austrian Empire staring with trouble clear on their faces.

"America-" Reich backed away when America glared and brought Germany closer in his hold.

"What did you do to him..?"

Before Soviet could step forward and probably cause the scene to be messier than it already is, Austrian Empire spoke quickly. "J-just a bit of a discussion gone wrong is all! No need to worry about it, America, Germany just..." he looked at Reich for help, still not knowing the news of what happened.

"Oh ho ho, you want me to easily let go of Germany who's literally holding on to me for dear life?" America laughed with clear bitterness. "Over my dead body." And suddenly the rain wasn't bothering America anymore.

"America, this isn't about you." Reich took a step forward. "Stop pretending to be the hero in everyone's stories. Leave Germany-" but what made Reich stop was his son flinching away from him and clinging more onto America. "Mein sohn.." Reich stood in defeat.

"Swiss..Amerika, he says Swiss is my mutter...it can't be real, tell him he's lying, tell me it's a lie please.." Germany couldn't see America's face as the color drained from him and he looked up at Reich.

Soviet and Austrian Empire, who heard Germany's revelation of the truth, stood helpless and frozen in their place as they shared eye contact. The truth settled heavily in the air as America's mind worked restlessly to connect dots from decades ago.

"W-we can discuss this calmly! Just, let's return home and-"

"You are not to talk to Germany unless under UN's jurisdiction." America cut them off coldly. "You! You kept this a secret ever since that time?!"

"UN?!" Soviet and Reich tensed up. "Hey, don't make it bigger-"

"Don't make it bigger? Reich, you messed up. Bad this time."

Reich's vision blurred and whitened on the edges, his heartbeat becoming too loud in his head and breathing felt like a grueling task. "Please..don't.."

He messed up indeed.

China looked down at his phone with a detached expression, rereading the message over and over again whilst waiting in the UN hall just outside the meeting room.

He looked up when the elevators opened and saw Russia walk in looking paler than usual, and that in itself made China worry. A lot.

"Russia, what's wrong? Do you know why UN gathered us here?"

"He..it's.." tears swelled up in Russia's eyes. "Oh god, China it's a big mess..I.." he took a shuddering breath and covered his face, scrunching it in hopes not to cry or break into a sob.

China put his hand on Russia's shoulder in comfort, squeezing it tightly and looking back towards the newer arrivals: America and both his parents. Behind them was Germany, Reich, Austria and Switzerland.

China wanted to ask why they are here, he wanted so many answers, but the gates opened to reveal UN, NATO and EU, the three not speaking as the members walked in, with himself and Russia following behind.

As they got seated, UN stood on his podium and cleared his throat.

"The meeting was called due to a truth being presented to us all..that Switzerland is the mother of Germany, and the hidden wife of Reich all those years."

"Oh, just wonderful." France looked at Reich who kept his head low. "Another filthy lie made up by you, another mistake yet again decades after the war ended! Tell me, Third German Reich! Tell me more, entertain me with your lies again!" She was standing up from her chair, her face red from anger. "What reason might you have to make such a masterpieces of a lie! Come on, chef militaire, tell me more of the hidden lies, tell us all what you kept hidden. **Tell your son!**"

"I- I never had any benefit from it! Believe me! UN, listen to me, please! I hid her away because I didn't want her to get harmed from my own mistakes!" Reich placed his hand over his aching chest. "*Please*, me and you both know that Switzerland did nothing in this war, she was neutral! Wouldn't you all prevent her from seeing her kid if you all knew she's related to me?!"

America clicked his tongue and looked over at Russia who stood helplessly listening to the truth all over again after hearing it from his grandfather, watching as Germany's body wracked with silent sobs.

Looking over, he saw Austria holding Switzerland's hand, the latter crying quietly and, reading her lips, she seemed to be apologizing over and over again.

"**I don't care!** She's related to you she gets the *SAME* treatment as you! I don't care about any heroic husband thing you did! Hey, UN, let's go ahead and reveal the truth to everyone! Let them know of his lies and her actions too, she allowed this to happen no?" France slammed her desk, ignoring how Britain was trying to calm her down.

"I-"

"Stop it! Stop acting like you are the right side in this! Have you forgotten what you all did? Allow me to remind you!" Reich's face was full of anguish, anger and grief. "First of all, the treatment towards German Empire after the war, your treatment was awful not to him, but to me. You were one of the many reasons why I became this! Why Weimar **DIED** and became what I am now! Switzerland? She married **HIM**! She married the hopeful man who tried to help his country, but you all killed him! You all watched his misery and didn't lend a hand but America! And even that wasn't enough to prevent what I went through! But I still loved her.." he panted and looked over at Switzerland, wishing to take her away from her. "I loved her and I knew how messed up you all can be when victory gets into your heads..first, you split my son..second, you took the right from the whole German family from seeing Germany grown, do you know when was Germany's first meeting with German Empire after the war? 1991! He saw his grandfather **IN 1991 YOU FREAKS! And you were SO okay with it! You didn't care!** You didn't care about German Empire and how much he put into work to make Germany trust him again and let him know he's a safe adult! The only people Germany trusted were his caregivers from the split and **HER**!" He pointed at Switzerland. "She was the only one who listened to his voice in her sessions..to both sides. She watched her son split, confused, and in pain. She watched her son reunite and lose some of his memories. Now tell me, would you have allowed her to be his therapist if you knew she's his mother? Would you have let her see him like a mother should? Or would you have pushed her aside with all the German family? **TELL**

ME!"

"**SHUT UP!**" France cried out and pointed at Reich. "*YOU DONT GET TO PLAY VICTOM HERE YOU MESSED UP FREAK! YOU SPLIT ME TOO! YOU HURT ME!*"

"I never pushed you away from Britain or America **EVEN DURING THE SPLIT!**"

"CALM DOWN!" UN shouted, running his hand through his hair. "Just- let's settle this matter calmly! Please!" The door slammed open. All eyes turned to those who walked in, and France almost fainted.

Russian Empire was pushing a wheelchair carefully into the room, his attire was just like the days he used to be a Tsar. Next to him was German Empire, his wings larger in a sign of irritation and war, his eyes filled in black and his red pupils glaring with brightness. Soviet was standing with his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes never leaving his son's, with Austrian Empire looking at UN with pleading eyes.

"UN, we demand to attend this meeting, for it involves family matters."

And before them all, was Prussia. His cloak fluttering gently, his tail swishing and his war helmet concealing some of his face. But they all saw it, his red eye staring at France with anger and disgust.

"I believe...Miss France has a hidden family member as well. Would you like to present her to the class? Oh wait. UN knows and helped you conceal her, no?"

"You..." France flopped down on her chair, her tears streaming down her cheeks. "I.."

"Yeah, that's what I thought." Prussia smiled, his sharp teeth showing. "You're just like him, aren't you...?" He muttered to France, watching her flinch and lower her head in shame. No, she can't be like him, she can't be like Napoleonic France..

Prussia's smile was dry of happiness.

☆-The Weight of Tomorrow-

"Yeah, that's what I thought." Prussia smiled, his sharp teeth showing.

Before UN could talk, Prussia was walking towards where France and Britain were sitting, crossing his arms over his chest. "Why not play this fair, hmm? Why is it only you and your precious family that get to have the special treatment in this situation?"

"Special?! She would have died if we didn't take her in!" America interjected only to freeze at hearing Prussia cackling menacingly.

"Oh, hoho! So she gets to keep her identity hidden from the world but when Reich does the same to protect his wife and son he can't?! Alright then, let me say something here, and I quote: I don't care! She's related to you she gets the SAME treatment as you! I don't care about any heroic husband thing you did! Hey, UN, let's go ahead and reveal the truth to everyone! Let them know of his lies and her actions too, she allowed this to happen no?"

Russian Empire looked down when he felt Kingdom of France shiver and turn her head away, her eyes darting towards anywhere but the countries before her.

"So! Let us be civil and settle this." Prussia clapped his hands and nodded to his son who walked forward to speak.

"It's one of two choices and only that: one, the truth comes out to everyone, allowing both countries to finally have their secrets revealed and the heavy weight lifted off, to live normally among everyone without having to hide a fundamental aspect about themselves: as hard as that could be."

"But-"

"Or." German Empire cut off America swiftly, "keep their identity a

secret, keep them hiding under the hopes that they won't slip one day, stay low to the point where they can't live normally anymore for the rest of their lives, that they'll have to either face the same walls of the same house over and over again: that be Kingdom of France, or face the same countries and see her son day after day without the chance of getting to let the world know about it, of having to endure helping her kid as a doctor instead of as a mother."

The quiet that fell upon the room was deafening, everyone waiting for someone to speak up for themselves.

"Je..." Russian Empire looked down at Kingdom of France, kneeling down to listen to her properly. "Je ne veux plus me cacher.."

"Non, maman! What if he finds you?! Please don't listen to them! Don't compare yourself to this German-"

"France, just stop, please." Britain cut his wife off and held her hand, looking towards her with tired pleading eyes. "You've carried this for too long, don't you think..?" He squeezed her hand when she tried to break away from him and shook his head. "He's right, Reich..we would have hurt Switzerland too if we knew it, and don't pretend we wouldn't have.." he glanced at Germany who finally calmed down from his crying and was listening. "Just let it go, my dear. Let yourself heal.."

France whimpered, giving up her struggling and throwing her head into his chest, wailing and crying, her fists weakly hitting Britain's chest as he hugged her tightly and nodded towards Reich and Switzerland.

"I agree to let Switzerland and her family choose what's right for them, to either expose their truth or keep it hidden." Britain said and nodded towards his wife. "My choice is hers as well."

"I agree." Russia raised his hand. "Each country between the two can choose how they want to live with their truths.." he looked at Germany and gave a weary smile. "You finally know her..as much as it hurts.."

China and America finally agreed alongside the others, closing the meeting and settling into a better agreement.

As for Kingdom of France, she saw Prussia walk over towards her and take his helmet off, smiling sheepishly and bending to speak to her in a hushed tone. "I'm sorry for troubling you, miss Kingdom of France..and for what it's worth: good choice on to letting go of your confinement and choosing to live your truth." He looked over towards his grandson and put his helmet on. "As for my family..I'll go see what happens.."

Towards where Reich was talking to Switzerland and Germany, austria was standing back and noticed Prussia walking with a stoic face, flanking him from behind was German Empire.

"Vater, we can explain-" Austria couldn't complete her sentence as she watched in horror both Prussia and German Empire, the latter standing behind Reich to hold him up and Prussia kicking his abdomen swiftly, looking down at Reich who curled on himself.

"I deserve that.." Reich wheezed with a cough, looking up at Prussia apologetically. "Opa-"

"Don't explain yourself. We heard the important part of this, we even had to dig up deeper than we wanted to just to save your hide." Prussia looked at Switzerland who was standing next to Germany. "But I'll admit..I would have done the same." He turned around and walked out of the room.

German Empire let go of Reich after helping him stand upright and went to follow Prussia. "Well then, the rest is up to you, just do make a mess again, because we won't clean after you."

"Thank you!" Switzerland blurted out quickly. "You could have left us with our mistakes but you came all the way to help us out..so thank you.."

Prussia stopped in his tracks, giving a curt nod then walked out, followed by Austrian Empire then finally Russian Empire who helped push Kingdom of France towards her family.

Soviet looked at Germany who was being talked to by both parents, then looked over at Austria who was holding her phone and looking troubled, and he already linked it to he having to break the truth to Hungary.

"That deep, huh..how could they both handle all this time.." Soviet frowned, shaking his head. If he had to do what Switzerland and Reich did, he wouldn't have been able to handle it. Let alone live with the fact that he's his son's therapist? That takes guts.

He glanced over at Russia and China and nodded towards the door, watching as the two followed him outside.

"Mein sohn..the choice is all yours now.." Switzerland spoke softly to Germany. "You can accept the truth of me as your mother..or you-you can leave me, pretend it never happened and we can make UN ensure that the truth stays hidden..whatever you wish for.." her voice quivered at the last part.

Germany looked down at his shaking hands from the crying he went through. "Will you still be my therapist..?"

"No..you'll have to change me now that you know I'm your mother, and therefore I can't be your doctor.."

"Mhm.." Germany kept his eyes looking at his own hands, avoiding eye contact. "Do I have to choose today?"

"Well, if you're up to it, but I think UN would want to close the case with an answer.." Reich explained.

"Well..I think it should be announced to the others..but..I can't immediately act like your son..and I think..I'll learn to trust vater all over again.." Germany said in a whisper. "I'm sorry.."

"Don't be, never be sorry for something that was out of your hands, mein sohn." Reich bit the inside of his cheeks not to cry. "We can start over again, if it makes you feel better."

"Yes, I'm okay with whatever pace you want to take, Deutschland. No rushing anything, and if you wish you can still call me Miss Schweiz as you always do." Switzerland reached her hand out to Pat

Germany's shoulder, but stopped when he showed signs of discomfort at being touched now.

"I want to go home.."

"Of course, I'll d-..." Reich stopped his offer and cleared his throat. "If you want me to drive you, I can.."

Germany shook his head. "I texted Polen. He said to meet me in the cafeteria."

"Of course, I'll finish up the rest of this meeting with UN. Wei-Reich help me with it?"

"Yes." He looked over at Germany and smiled sadly. "Take care of yourself.."

Germany finally allowed himself to look up and make eye contact with both his parents for a split second then looked away again, giving them a nod and getting out of the room.

It was a start, a messy one at that, but a start nonetheless.

_____

A/N: ASJFJDLSKD WHAT?! DOUBLE UPDATE?! NYEHEHEHEH!!!!!